★ April 28, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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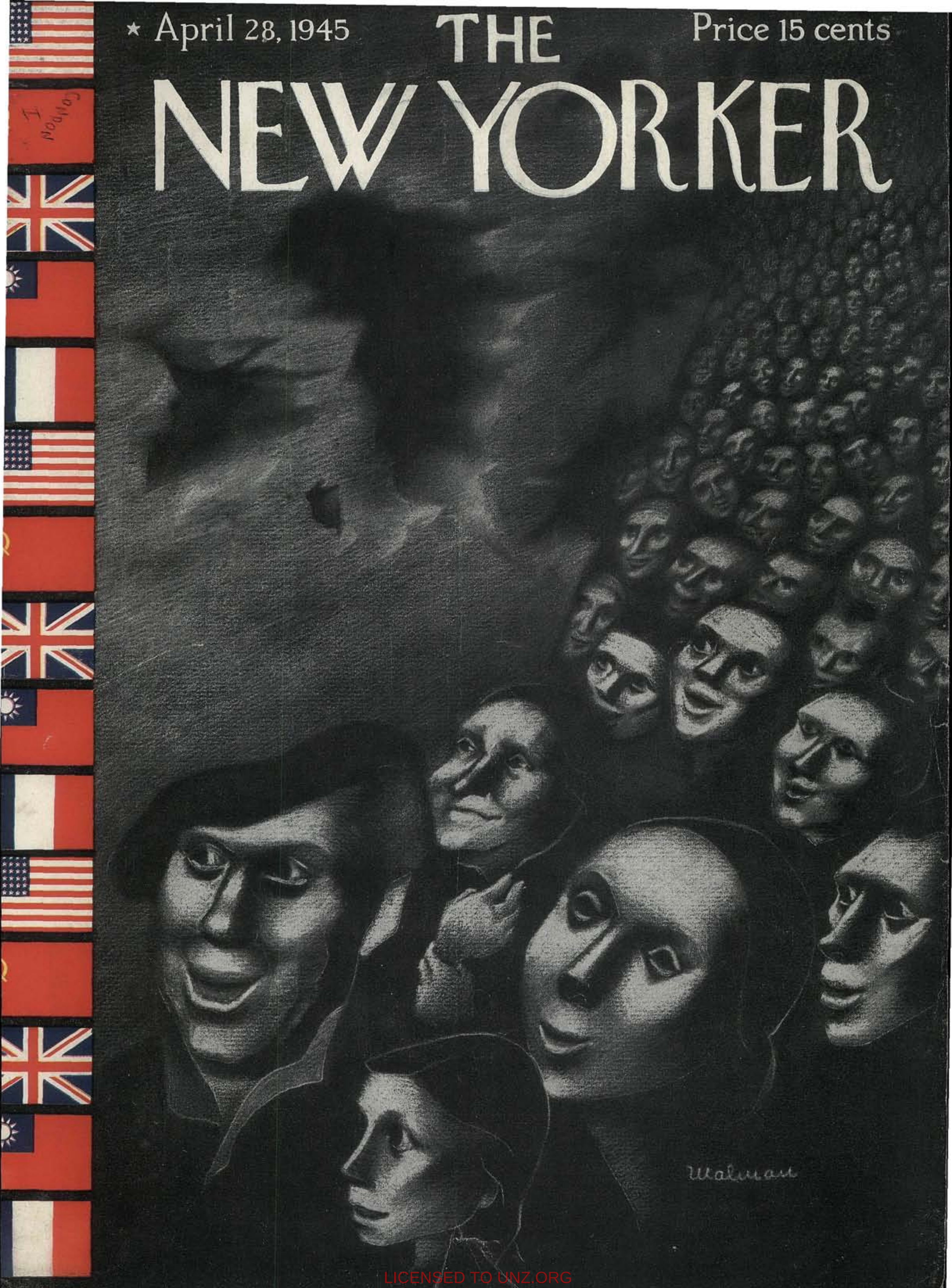

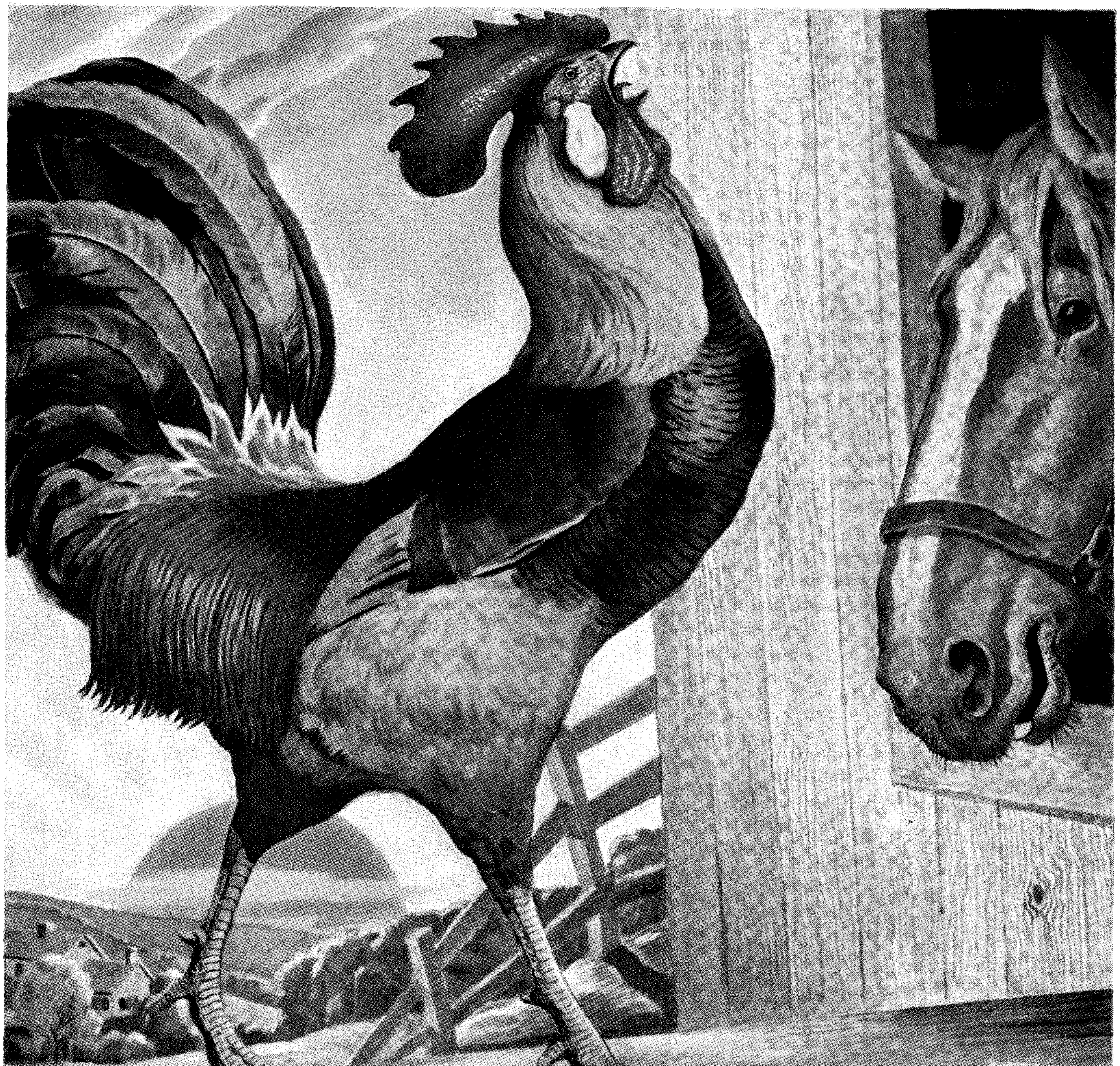

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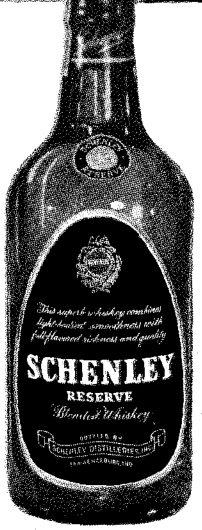
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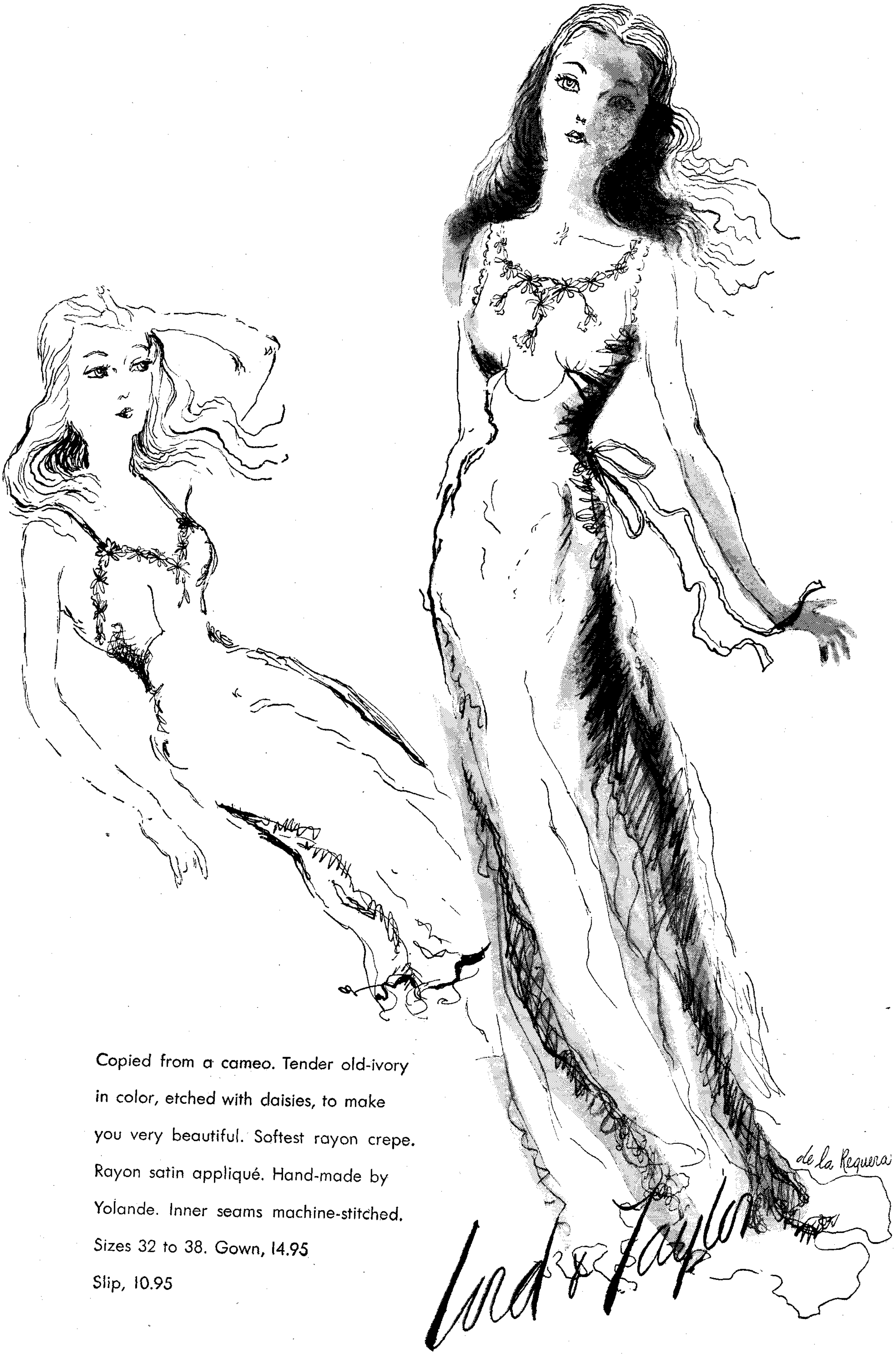

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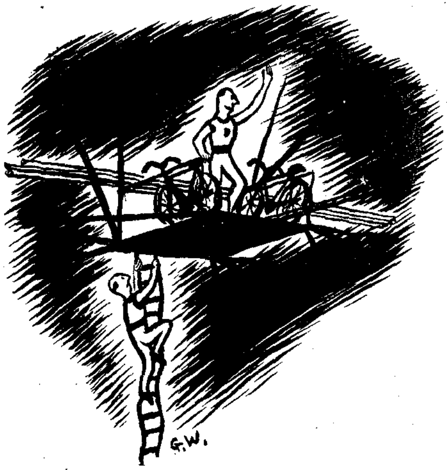
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 5.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Deep Mrs. Sykes—In spite of a brilliant comedy characterization by Jean Dixon and expert help from people like Catherine Willard and Neil Hamilton, George Kelly's new play about a domineering woman is likely to disappoint many of his old admirers. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hope for the Best—Franchot Tone and Jane Wyatt in something about a popular columnist who wants to be a thinker. Several funny scenes but not very convincing in its more serious moments. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's play about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Common Ground—A comedy written and directed by Edward Chodorov, with a cast including Luther Adler, Paul McGrath, and Philip Loeb. Produced by Edward Choate. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A brief return engagement of the Oscar Hammerstein II version of Bizet's opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. Nightly, beginning Wed., May 2, at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Liliom" is another triumph for Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille arranged the dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, and Rouben Mamoulian is the director. A Theatre Guild production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Firebrand of Florence—For some mysterious reason, Edwin Justus Mayer's fine and funny comedy-melodrama has been turned into a rather dull operetta. Kurt Weill wrote the music and Ira Gershwin took care of the lyrics. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., April 28.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and Frank Libuse do their best to redeem this latest Olsen and Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty dull and tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about three sailors and their girls that may remind you of things like "The Garrick Gaieties." With Sono Osato and Nancy Walker. Heartily recommended. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Seven Lively Arts—Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Alicia Markova, and a couple of hundred others in a spectacle that is ambitious even for Billy Rose. Cole Porter wrote the music and there are sketches by Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Ben Hecht. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun. Eve., April 29, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

Song of Norway—An operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

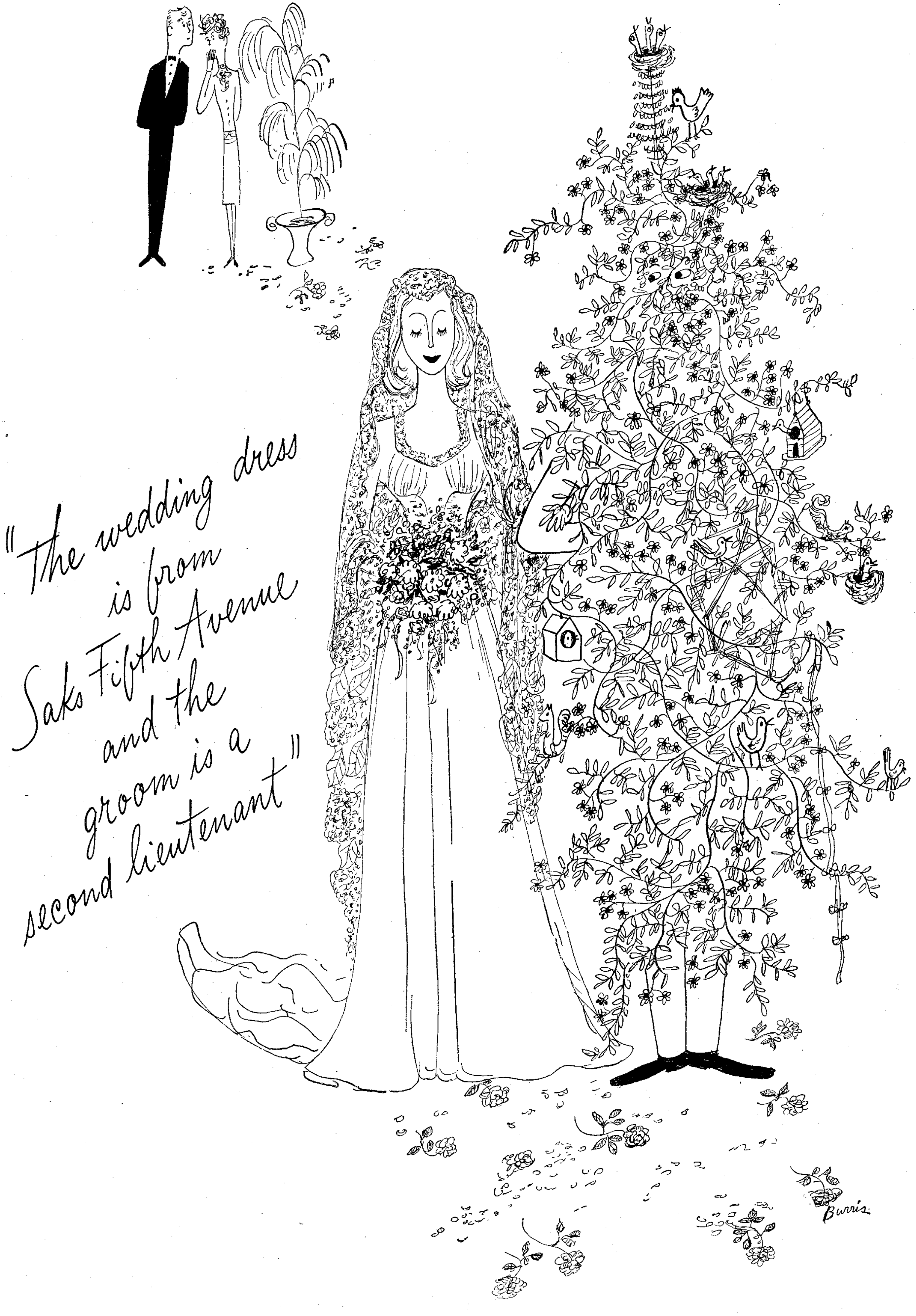
Up in Central Park—Boss Tweed and his gang set to music and handsomely presented by Michael Todd. Sigmund Romberg wrote the score, which is very satisfactory, and Herbert and Dorothy Fields are responsible for the book, which may be a little laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Too Hot for Maneuvers—A comedy by Les White

The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXI, No. 11, April 28, 1945. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1945, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.


"The wedding dress
is from
Saks Fifth Avenue
and the
groom is a
second lieutenant"
Burris

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 5.

and Bud Pearson, with a cast including Richard Arlen and Jed Prouty. Directed by Arthur Sircom and produced by James S. Elliott. Opens Wed., May 2. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:45. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:45.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting the annual big show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting "The Yeomen of the Guard"; a benefit for the New York City Cancer Committee. Thurs. and Fri., April 26-27, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., April 28, at 2:30 and 8:45 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-2665.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—Presenting "Peter Rabbit": Sat., April 28 and May 5, at 10 A.M. and 12 noon. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

King-Coit Children's Theatre—Presenting "The Garden Wall": Fri., May 4, at 4:15 P.M., and Sat., May 5, at 4:15 and 8:15 P.M. (Junior League Clubhouse, 221 E. 71. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—Presenting "Annabelle Steps In," and "The Tenth Word": Fri., May 4, at 7:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—Tentative programs—"Romeo and Juliet," "Moonlight Sonata," "Judgment of Paris," and "Princess Aurora," Thurs. Eve., April 26. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Café de Chinitas," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., April 27. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Peter and the Wolf," Sat. Aft., April 28. . . . "Fair at Sorochinsk," "Undertow," "Pas de Deux," and "Mademoiselle Angot," Sat. Eve., April 28. . . . "Swan Lake," "Undertow," "Harvest Time," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Eve., April 29. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:20. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you may reasonably expect to find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's and Louis Betancourt's orchestras playing their polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626)—Irene Bordoni singing in the admirable Bordoni fashion. Furthermore, comic monologues by Eddie Mayehoff and all sorts of nice music by Mildred Bailey and the Herman Chittison Trio; no dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Grade-A merriment by Jimmy Savo, dances by Beatrice Kraft, and slightly overwrought music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has Imogene Coca and her cantankerous comedy, Josh White and his guitar, jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and Cliff Jackson, and fervent music by Edmund Hall's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

LaRue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For an ornate but pleasant dinner or supper to the chipper dance music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—One of our largest and most luxurious tropics, fitted out mostly with a chromium-plated clientele. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Wesson Brothers, who impersonate most anyone, are in the elegant Cotillion Room. Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Paul and Grace Hartman and their collapsible dance routines are in the Persian Room with Pancho and his band through Wed., May 2. On Thurs., May 3, Hildegarde will be back, with Bob Grant's orchestra. . . . For people with fond memories, tea dancing to Mark Monte's music every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

Ruban Bleu, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787)—Good, standard Ruban Bleu amusement by Day, Dawn, and Dusk (through Mon., April 30), Garland Wilson, and the Cedric Wallace Trio; no dancing.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—This pretty pink penthouse has Paul Sparr's subdued orchestra and the handsomest view in town.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The elaborate Café Lounge presents a lot of vocal choruses accompanied by the sweet music of London's Roy Fox and a rumba band. Tea dancing every day.

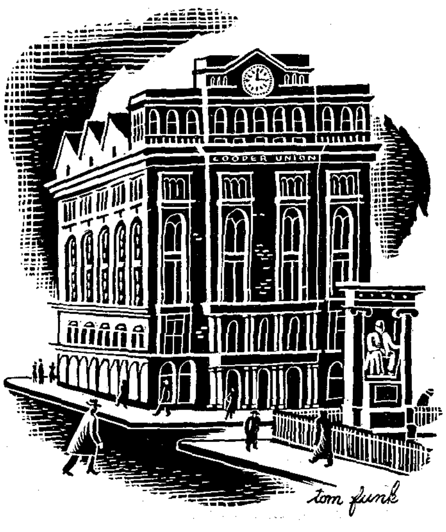
Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—What to do with the children on Nurse's night off. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand for tea dancing every day and stay on through the evening.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—John Sebastian and his accomplished harmonica and Carol Bruce and her songs are in the Wedgwood Room, where Leo Reisman's orchestra plays moodily for dancing. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Miscellaneous—At the **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peace and quiet, broken only mildly by Roger Stearns' piano; no dancing. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Kitty Carlisle, back in harness, along with a show full of delectable young ladies who sometimes seem tired of it all; dance music, rumba and otherwise. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **ZANZIBAR**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): one of those paralyzing Broadway shows, redeemed considerably by Lionel Hampton's band and Maurice Rocco's piano. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): good Spanish dishes and even better Spanish music. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy, still talking those songs about what shouldn't happen to a dog, and Carter and Bowie's piano duets. . . . **400 CLUB**, 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Duke Ellington's deep-blue orchestra in residence at this bargain-basement counter through Tues., May 1. From then on, Benny Goodman and his brand-new band. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's orchestra and a show of sorts. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **MADISON**, 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Jerry Lloyd's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra, to be replaced by Eddie Stone's on Thurs., May 3.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Pee Wee Russell, Miff Mole, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just a small hole in the ground, nicely fitted out with Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; Don Frye as solo pianist; the Lion and his Calypso songs; dancing. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Art Tatum's piano, a treat for both student and connoisseur. . . . **ONYX**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Stuff Smith and Ben Webster now collaborating in a new band. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Mezz Mezzrow and his trio; dancing. . . . **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.



ART

Army Art—Work by men of the Second Service Command of the Army of the United States: Art Students' League, 215 W. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through May 12.

Herbert Barnett—Landscapes and figures, halfway between Impressionism and post-Impressionism: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Louis Bosa—Recent paintings: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The thirteenth biennial water-color exhibit, this time a survey of the art in this country. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., April 29.

Jean Charlot—Oils and mural sketches of Mexican life: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Degas and Renoir—Nudes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

European—At the **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57: Picasso, Renoir, Manet, Braque, and other French artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57: Utrillo and Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **CARSTAIRS**, 11 E. 57: fifteen paintings by six Impressionists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Groups—At the **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57: nudes by Balthus, Miró, Masson, and eight other modern artists. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . **BARZANSKY**, 664 Madison, at 61: landscapes by J. V. Gatto, Samuel Rothbort, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES**, 138 W. 15: Albert Abramowitz, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Hecht, and others. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

William Gropper—American legends and the current scene: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

Randolph Johnston—Sculpture: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

Yasuo Kuniyoshi—New paintings and drawings: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Fernand Léger—At the **VALENTINE**, 55 E. 57: recent paintings. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5. . . . **KOOTZ**, 601 Madison, at 57: oils, gouaches, and drawings. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Max Liebermann—A large private collection of graphic art by the German Impressionist: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

André Masson—New work, including several lithographs: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 12.

Henry Mattson and Benton Spruance—Paintings and lithographs: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

Edward Melcarth—Paintings and drawings, very baroque in manner: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 1.

Claude Monet—A large exhibition of his work; a benefit for the children of Giverny, where Monet lived: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 12.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Piet Mondrian's work (through May 13); and another retrospective of Georges Rouault (through June 3). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

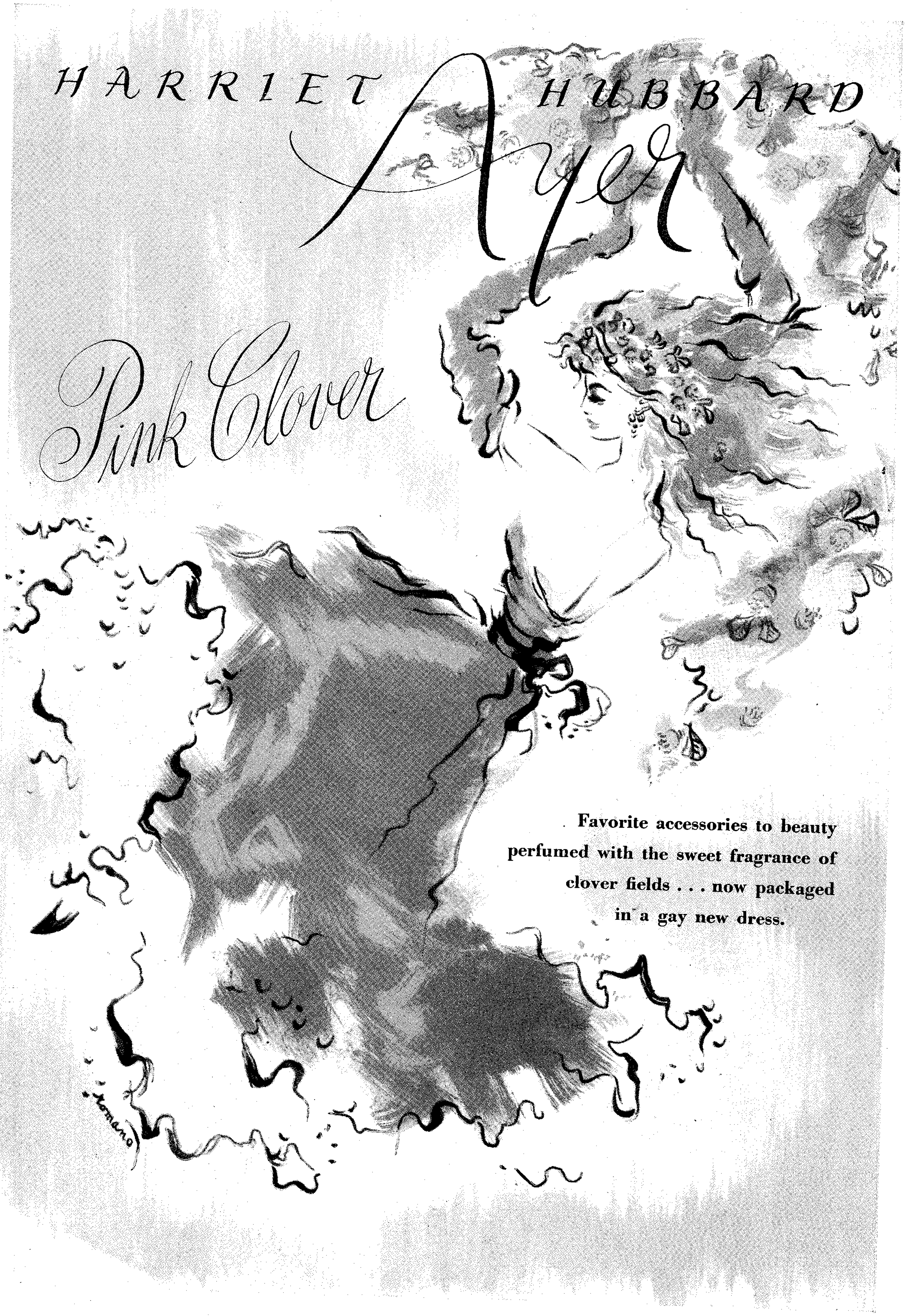
Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—The annual show of the National Association of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 19.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Paintings of the past year, mostly desert motifs: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 27.

Wolfgang Paalen—The usual techniques by this rebel Surrealist, plus smoke paintings, space-objects, and other novelties: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 12.

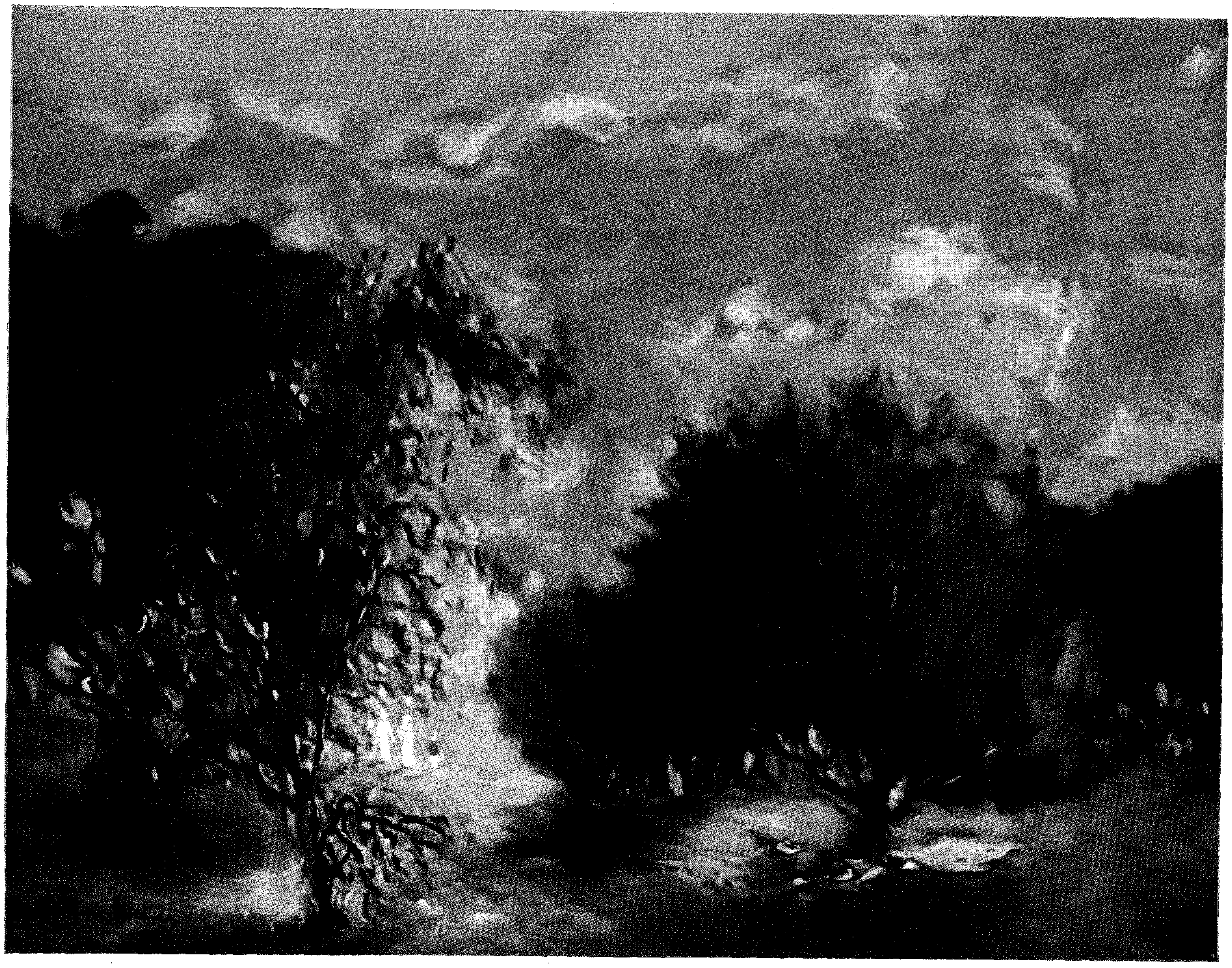
Betty P. Parsons—Water colors of Rockport, Prov-


HARRIET HUBBARD
Ayer
Pink Clover
Romano

Favorite accessories to beauty perfumed with the sweet fragrance of clover fields . . . now packaged in a gay new dress.

"*Belovedest . . .*

Thy letter has just been handed to me. It was most comfortable to me, because it gives such a picture of thy life with the children. I could see the whole family of my heart before my eyes and could hear you all talking together . . ." *NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE TO HIS WIFE*



The HAWTHORNE FAMILY *at* "TANGLEWOOD", *painted for* EATON *by* HOBSON PITTMAN. *At the dawn of his literary reputation, in 1850, Hawthorne came to the Berkshires with his beloved wife and children. Here, midst landscapes of infinite charm, the once lonely man knew idyllic happiness, wrote* The House Of The Seven Gables *and other famous books.*

HE *DREW THEIR LOVE CLOSE ABOUT HIM . . .* WITH LETTERS

More than most men, Nathaniel Hawthorne knew how much letters can mean. When work or circumstance parted him briefly from his wife and children, it was letters that dispelled his solitude . . . letters that kept complete and perfect the companionship of their happy life together.

How much joy a letter can hold! What solace it can bring! Have you, too, learned this during the past few years? Remember it, then, in the days to come. Never again let the bustle and petty business of daily life cheat you and your loved ones of the pleasure that letters alone can give.

To your friends . . . to all who love you, your letters are like the sound of your voice . . . the touch of your hand . . . the warmth of your smile. Wherever your letters go—across the world or just around the corner—they are a warm strong link with happiness . . . the next best thing to being *there!*

Eaton's *FINE LETTER PAPERS*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 5.

incetown, and Vermont: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

PORTRAITS—At the BRANDT, 15 E. 57: varied, and uneven, work by thirty-six living artists, among whom are Berman, Tanning, and many less-known painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: the annual show of the National Association of Portrait Painters. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 6.

MAN RAY—Drawings, paintings, and photographs: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

LOUIS SCHANKER—Ten abstract oils: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

JOSEF SCHARL—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 19.

JULIUS SCHULEIN—A comprehensive show, covering the past fifteen years, of oils, water colors, and drawings: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

CHARLES G. SHAW—An Abstractionist turns, with considerable wit, toward both realism and fancy: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., April 28.

WESTERN HEMISPHERE—A large collection of sculpture, water colors, and prints, by leading artists of the United States, Latin America, and Canada: Grand Central Art Galleries, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 1.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—Paintings of the Hudson River School and other early American landscapes. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 16.

HALE WOODRUFF—Oils and water colors by a social-minded artist: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 5.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

NATIONAL ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION—Leon Barzin conducting; soloist, Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Mon., April 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

FRED WARING'S ORCHESTRA—With the Collegiate Chorale, conducted by Robert Shaw, in the première performance of a symphony by Norman Dello Joio. Sat., April 28, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

CENTRE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Conducted by Angelo Consoli. Sun., April 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JAZZ CONCERT—James P. Johnson, piano; with an orchestra and chorus conducted by Josef Cherniavsky. Fri., May 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA COMPANY—"Faust," Thurs. Eve., April 26. . . . "Der Fliegende Holländer," Fri. Eve., April 27. . . . "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., April 28. . . . "The Gypsy Baron," Sat. Eve., April 28. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Aft., April 29. . . . "Faust," Sun. Eve., April 29. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Eves. at 8:15. Mats. at 2:15.)

SALMAGGI OPERA COMPANY—"La Gioconda," Sat., April 28; "Rigoletto," Sat., May 5; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

FRITZ KREISLER—Violin; a benefit for the Musicians Emergency Fund. Thurs., April 26, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

NICHOLAS GOLDSCHMIDT—Baritone. Fri., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

VIVIAN RIVKIN—Piano; assisted by Joseph Fuchs, violin; and Nikolai Graudan, cello. Fri., April 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MARIAN ANDERSON—Contralto. Sun., April 29, at 2:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210.)

RUDOLF SERKIN—Piano. Sun., April 29, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe conducting. Tues., May 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN, RAY LEV, AND MARTHA LIPTON—Violin, piano, and contralto; a benefit for Herzliah Hebrew Academy. Tues., May 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

DOWNTOWN GLEE CLUB—George Mead conducting. Wed., May 2, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CHORUS—Lowell P. Beveridge conducting. Fri., May 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

GOLDEN HILL CHORUS—George Mead conducting. Sat., May 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Thurs., April 26; Giants vs. Boston, Fri. and Sat., May 4-5; at 2:30 P.M. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Fri. through Sun., April 27-29; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., May 1-3; at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Fri. through Sun., April 27-29; Dodgers vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., May 1-3; at 2:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 31. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

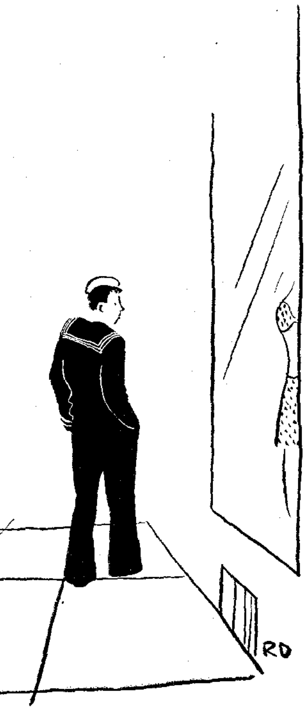
PHOTOGRAPHY—At the AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 79: the annual show of the Pictorial Photographers of America. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 20. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: two hundred prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

CIRCUS—The history of the circus in America since 1797, shown in posters and handbills: New York Historical Society, Central Pk. W. at 76. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 30.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 29.

COSTUMES—At the METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 31. . . . COSTUME INSTITUTE, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 31.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English eighteenth-century furniture, oriental rugs, and decorations collected by the late Carr V. Van Anda, the late Agnes Page Bartlett, and others: Thurs. and Fri., April 26-27, at 2 P.M. . . . Oriental rugs, paintings, including two examples by Corot, and English furniture and decorations, from the collection of the late Chester Water Larner: Sat., April 28, at 2 P.M. . . . Books on Russian art from the library of the late Yasha Bunchuk and others: Tues. and Wed., May 1-2, at 2 P.M. . . . Prints by Dürer and Zorn, owned by Lennie S. Sundheim; also drypoints by Roland Clark, to be sold for the benefit of the Red Cross: Thurs., May 3, at 8 P.M.



ON THE AIR

STATE DEPARTMENT—Archibald MacLeish, Charles A. Eaton, and Sol Bloom, in the tenth of a series of discussions of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., April 28, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., April 29, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 28, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., April 29, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., April 28, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . A symphony orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Sat., April 28, at 4 P.M., WJZ. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., April 28 and May 5, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . Ballet Theatre, Antal Dorati conducting, Thurs., April 26, at 8:40 P.M., and Sun., April 29, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . New York City Center Opera: "The Gypsy Baron," Sat., April 28, at 8:25 P.M., WNYC. . . . Budapest String Quartet, Sun., April 29, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger (from Europe), Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from San Francisco), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel (from Europe), Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing (from San Francisco), Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

COLONEL BLIMP—Roger Livesey in a very effective biography of a professional British soldier. (Gotham, B'way at 47.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

DARK WATERS—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., April 26.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., April 28. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Sun., April 29.)

THE FIGHTING LADY—Life on a plane-carrier and probably the best documentary so far to come out of the war. Actual combat shots in Technicolor. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., April 27-30. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 29-May 1.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—Judy Garland singing and making love in a very intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Thurs., April 26.)

MURDER, MY SWEET—Excellent screen version of Raymond Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 27. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., April 27-30. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Sat. through Mon., April 28-30. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Thurs., May 1-3.)

NATIONAL VELVET—Fine and touching, though quite unbelievable picture about a little girl who wins the Grand National. With Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 28-30.)

A ROYAL SCANDAL—Tallulah Bankhead, as the Em-

Never thought I'd say this to another man's wife . . .

First
I said—

Don't like to sound like a back-fence snoop, Jane, but that's an awful lot of shirts to be hanging out these days.

Just between us, where'd Bill get 'em?

Then
she said—

He's always *had* 'em! He never *wore* a lot of them because they needed minor fixing.

And since Uncle Sam wants us to conserve, I went through Bill's shirt drawer and fixed up *every single wearable shirt!*

Now
Arrow says—

Congratulations, Lady! That's using your head these wartime days!

But when the time comes for absolutely having to buy a shirt, make sure it's an Arrow.

For only Arrows have the faultless Arrow Collar; the Sanforized label; the Mitoga figure fit; and *anchored* buttons!

If your Arrow dealer can't satisfy you when you first call, try him again.

Much of Arrow's production is now going to the government. But despite tough wartime conditions, your favorite Arrow dealer is doing a wonderful job!

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

press of all the Russias, in a comedy that probably has little to do with either Catherine or history, but is pretty funny anyway. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Tues., May 1.)

The Silver Fleet—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. (World, 153 W. 49; through Thurs., May 3.)

Thunder Rock—Smooth British repair job on a fantasy which creaked on the stage here. Michael Redgrave and others. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Thurs., May 3.)

Without Love—It's hard to believe that Philip Barry would recognize this Donald Ogden Stewart version as his Broadway play, but it's very lively and amusing just the same. With Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; starting Fri., April 27.)

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers take over a department store. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 27.)

The Constant Nymph (1943)—The latest version of this old reliable. Joan Fontaine, Charles Boyer, Alexis Smith. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., May 1-2.)

Gaslight (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." With Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 27. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 29-30.)

The Good Old Days (1944)—Early movies: "Ten Nights in a Barroom," "The Great Train Robbery," "The Dempsey-Willard Fight," and "Stars of Yesterday." (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Tues., May 1.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; starting Sat., April 28.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., May 1-2.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., April 27.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 26.)

This Is the Army (1943)—Irving Berlin's soldier show, with a cast of soldiers, Hollywood civilians, and Irving Berlin. (Republic, B'way at 51; through Fri., May 4.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., May 1-2.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana-pickers, with Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 26.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—The Brontë story. Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., April 26. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., April 27. . . . Thalia, B'way at 95; through Thurs., May 3. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., April 27-29.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., APRIL 26** (at 4 P.M. only): "Kino Pravda" (1922); an excerpt from "Kombrig Ivanov" (1923); "Rebellion, Mutiny in Odessa" (1906); and "Potemkin" (1925), Russian films. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., APRIL 27-29:** "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., APRIL 30-MAY 3** (at 4 P.M. only): "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim. . . . **FROM FRI., MAY 4:** an excerpt from "Hamlet" (1920); and "The Last Laugh" (1925), German films.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are

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perfumes
CONFETTI

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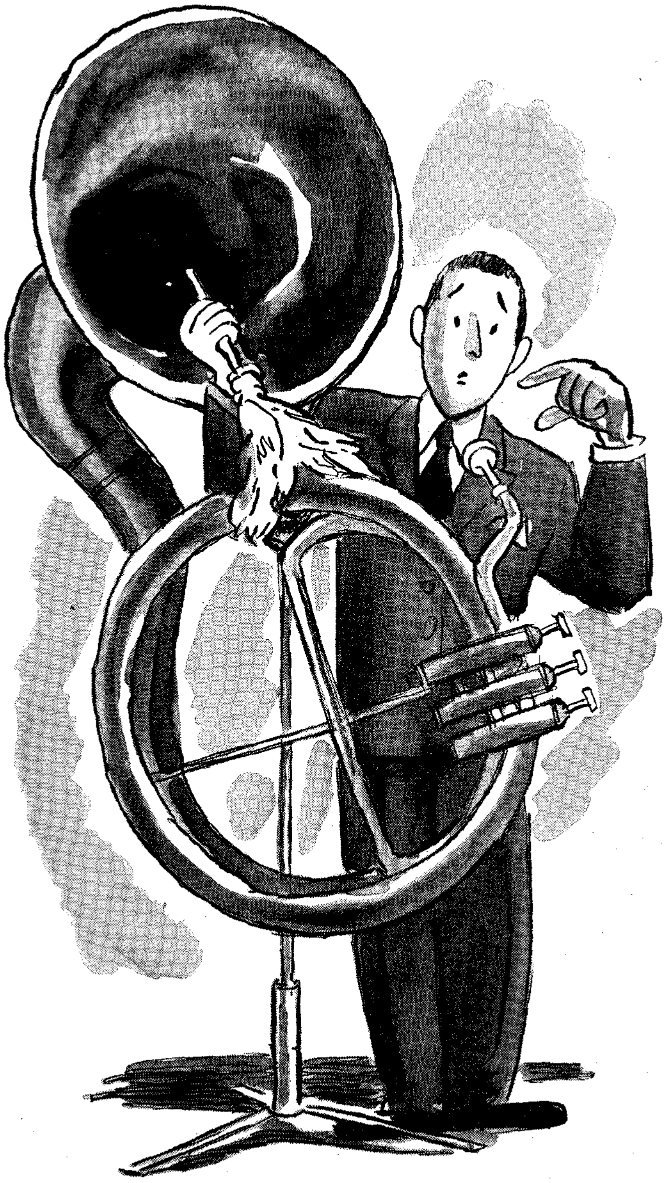


One Short Toot, Please!

● When you're right in the thick of a tough assignment, you haven't time to talk about it. So there hasn't been much fanfare over Sloane's war work. The closer victory comes, though, the better we feel about the furnishings and equipment for merchant and naval ships and other diversified jobs we've been turning out for Uncle Sam. We'll be happier still to get back to work for *you* and we hope it's soon.

Contract Division

W & J SLOANE

575 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work four daytime hours a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, day or evening, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

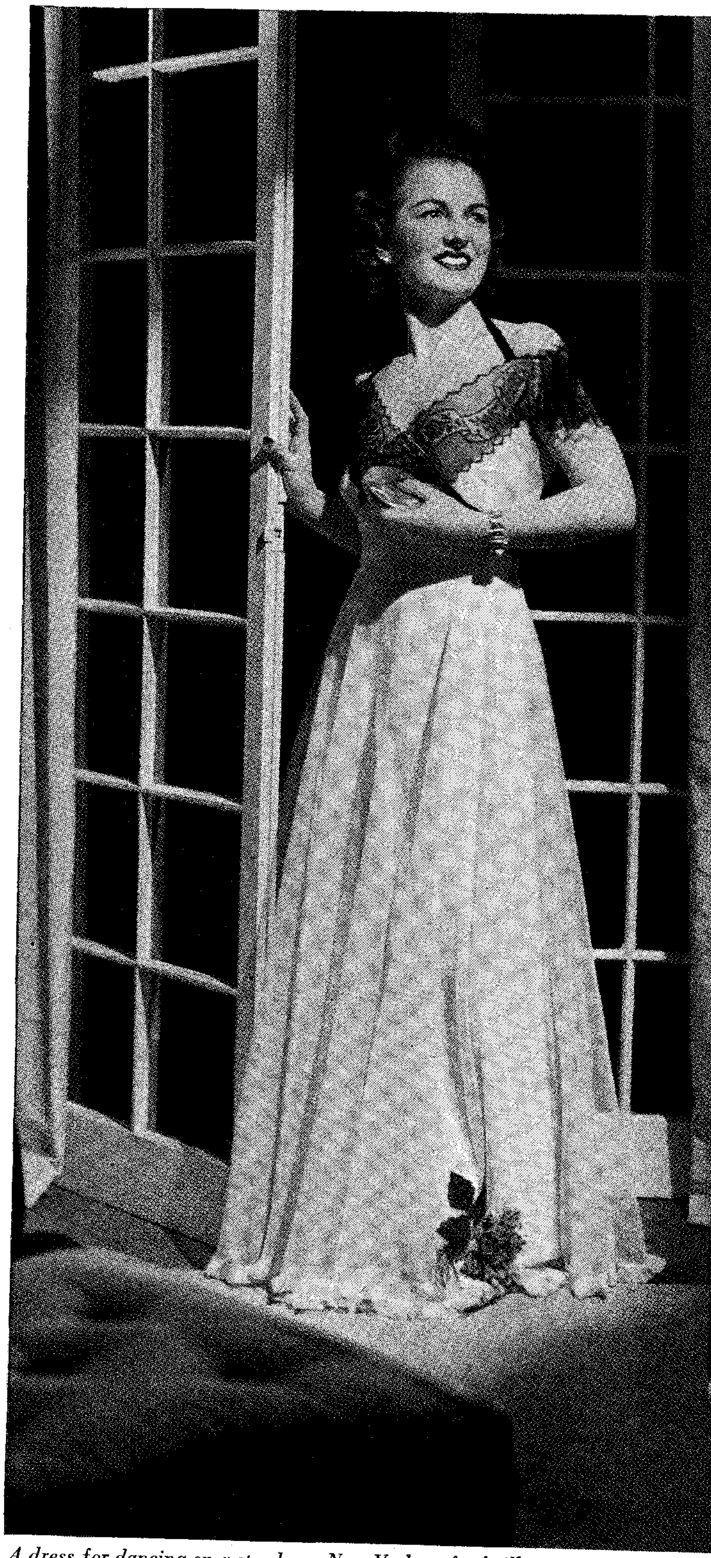
SALVAGE—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during April, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Contributions can be taken to schools, churches, synagogues, libraries, and C.D.V.O. and A.W.V.S. offices. For the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small furniture, small games, radios, records, wood-carving equipment and playing cards. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220.

Pretty New Clothes—and a Complexion to Match for Gladys Little's

Postponed Honeymoon!



A dress for dancing on a star-hung New York roof: of silk marquisette, shadowed with Chantilly lace around the new bared and beautiful neckline. An Alice Orovan original.

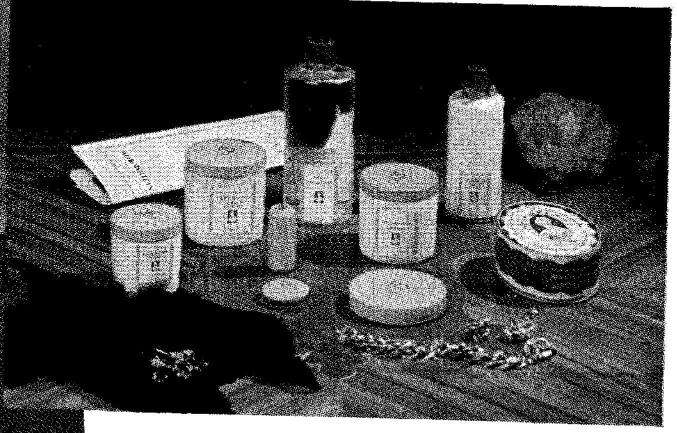
On the register of a New York hotel some day soon there'll be the names of "Colonel and Mrs. Little of New Jersey." It will be in celebration of the Colonel's return from active duty...a second honeymoon...and for it, Mrs. Little wants to look her loveliest.

So some new clothes are on Mrs. Little's list, like this lace-shadowed evening dress at the left. And a fresh new complexion for which she's thanking the DuBarry Success School and DuBarry Beauty Preparations.

She says her skin now has a radiance and smoothness it never had before she learned about DuBarry Beauty Preparations. So effective have these preparations proved that in the Success School Course alone over 190,000 women have used DuBarry Beauty Preparations exclusively.

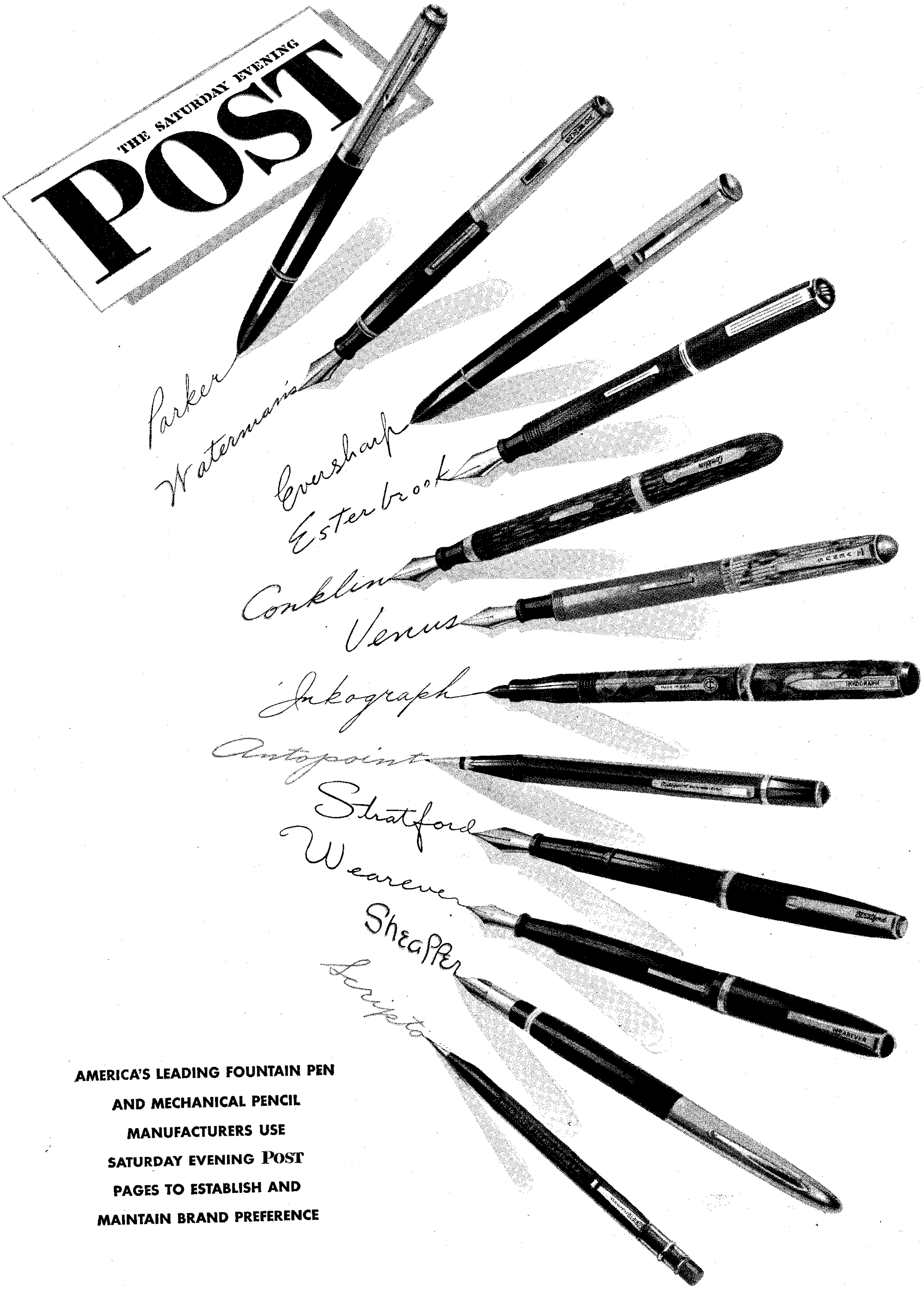
Wouldn't you like to use these same preparations that have done so much for Gladys Little and the other Success Course pupils? Then go to your favorite cosmetic counter. Ask for free copy of the DuBarry Success-O-Plan...and find out what DuBarry Preparations you need. Do it today, won't you?

DuBarry Beauty Preparations, available at better cosmetic counters, contain no ingredients known to cause common skin allergies. Are accepted for advertising in the publications of American Medical Association.

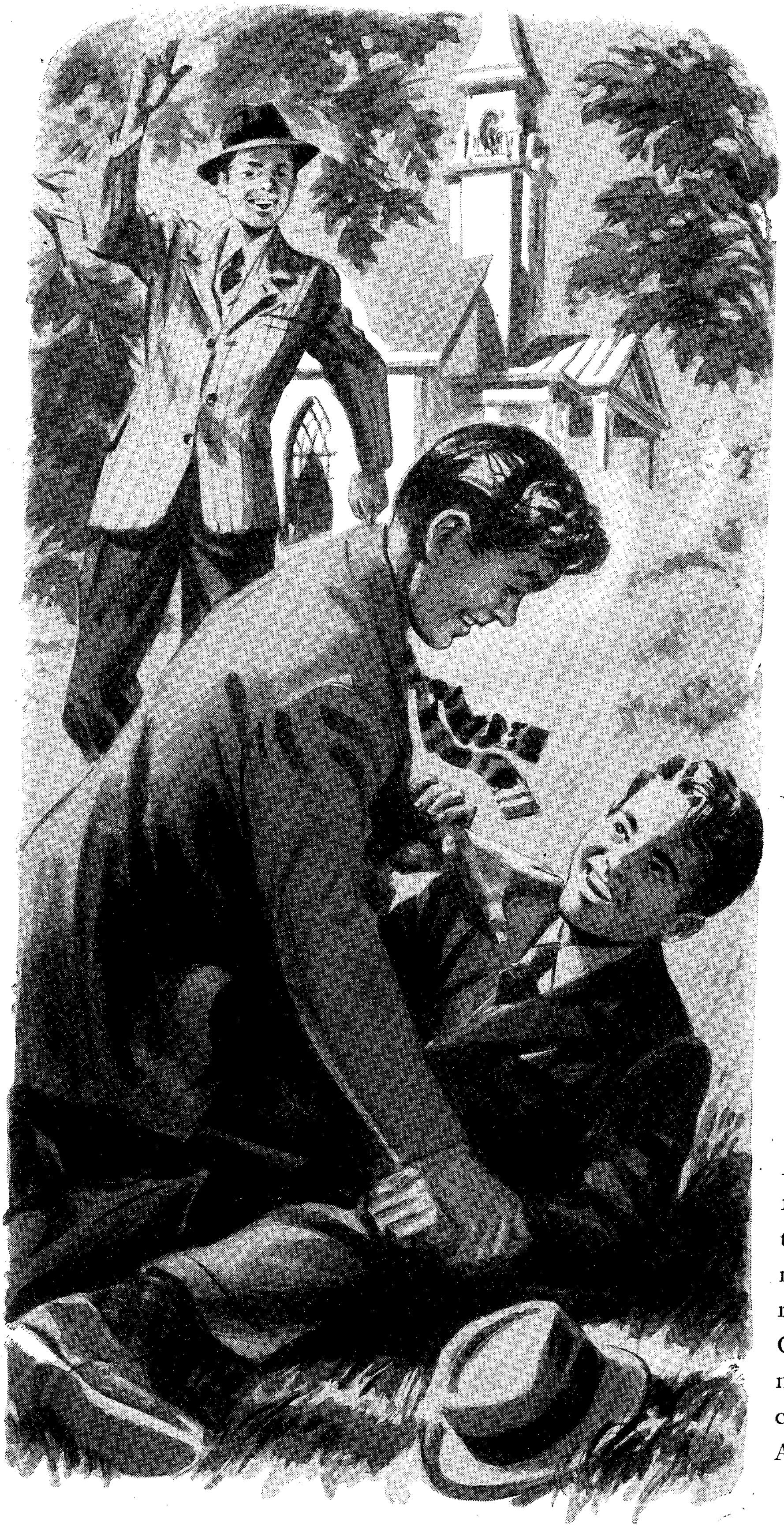


DU BARRY BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

by Richard Hudnut


THE SATURDAY EVENING
POST
Parker
Waterman's
Eversharp
Esterbrook
Conklin
Venus
Inkograph
Autopoint
Stratford
Wearever
Sheaffer
Scripto

**AMERICA'S LEADING FOUNTAIN PEN
AND MECHANICAL PENCIL
MANUFACTURERS USE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
PAGES TO ESTABLISH AND
MAINTAIN BRAND PREFERENCE**



Do "Sunday Bests" make them little angels?

Far from it! With healthy, active boys ... even dress-up clothes must be able to take plenty of wear and tear from the first day they are worn. After they have graduated from "Sunday best" they must take even more of a beating in everyday use.

Spun rayon is a natural for boys' wear. Its high tensile strength gives it the toughness to take punishing wear in good-looking suits, jackets and slacks. At the same time, because of its high intrinsic value at low price, spun rayon's use in gabardines, flannels, coverts, and tweeds brings these popular weaves into the economy price range.

And so, rayon takes on another important role ... bringing with it direct benefits to the parents of American boys. It is one more example of how the continuous research program of the American Viscose Corporation is making this versatile, man-made fiber an increasingly important contributor to better living for *all* America.

AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

Producer of CROWN* *Rayon Yarns and Staple Fibers*

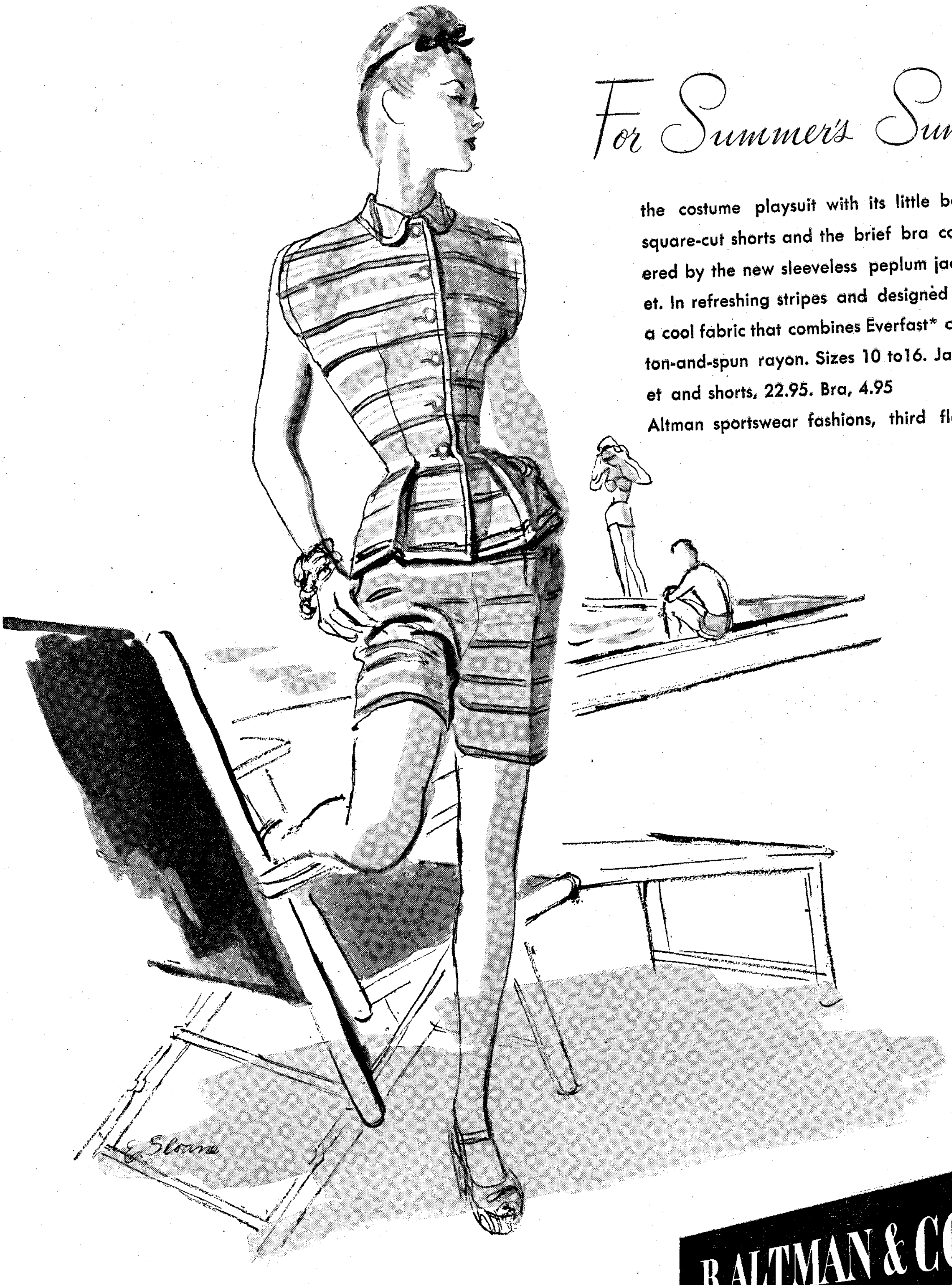
Sales Offices: 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1; Providence, R. I.; Charlotte, N. C.; Philadelphia, Pa.
Plants at: Marcus Hook, Pa.; Roanoke, Va.; Parkersburg, W. Va; Lewistown, Pa.; Meadville, Pa.; Nitro, W. Va; Front Royal, Va.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A better way to buy Rayon Fabrics

"CROWN"
TESTED
RAYON
FABRIC

This identification is awarded only to fabrics containing CROWN* rayon, after they have passed the CROWN Tests for serviceability.



For Summer's Sun

the costume playsuit with its little boy square-cut shorts and the brief bra covered by the new sleeveless peplum jacket. In refreshing stripes and designed in a cool fabric that combines Everfast* cotton-and-spun rayon. Sizes 10 to16. Jacket and shorts, 22.95. Bra, 4.95
Altman sportswear fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

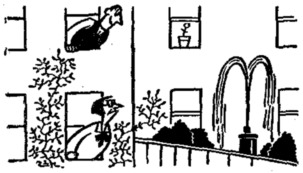
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE read a little story the other day about the flag that has been designed for the United Nations. It is to be displayed, the story said, "under" a nation's own flag. Apparently, if you believe in world government, you stand on your head to salute it.

LIKE a girl slipping quickly into a new print dress, the wisteria vine in our backyard suddenly appeared in delicate green from root to balcony. The ailanthus, less graceful but no less resourceful, pinned dowdy boutonnières all over itself. Next door the fountain started playing, or plashing, according to whether you are the sort of person for whom a fountain plays or the sort for whom it plashes. A day later the fountain was turned off, on complaint of the poetess on the first floor rear, who is the sort for whom a fountain retches. (She is unusually sensitive to all sounds in nature and recently switched milk companies in the wild hope of muffling the seven-o'clock bottle.) From the house across the street, the lion-hearted Pekinese emerged without his reefer. Spring was in full cry.



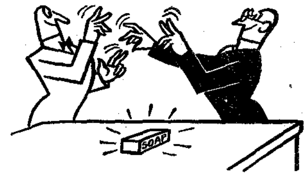
THE relationship of Maine and Vermont to the rest of the United States is a subtle and complicated one, much like that of Quebec to the rest of Canada. A woman we know has just moved to a small town in Vermont, and she reports a conversation she had with the milkman the day she arrived. After taking her order for milk, butter, and such things, he asked her if she wanted some heavy cream. "Isn't that illegal?" she asked. "Yes, Ma'am," he said courteously, "but our customers would take it mighty hard if we didn't have it."

THERE is one thing about President Truman—he is made in the image of the people. You go into a men's shop to buy a pair of pajamas, President Truman waits on you. You go to have a tooth X-rayed, Truman takes the picture. You board a downtown bus, Truman is at the wheel. Probably it's those glasses he wears, but whatever it is, we rather like having a President who always seems to be around. President Roosevelt was for the people, but Harry Truman *is* the people.

THE secretary of the American Chemical Society is worried about the future of technology in this country and wants the Army to discharge a lot of young scientists right away, so they can get back to their test tubes before it is too late. This is undoubtedly a fine plan, but if the Army is going to start letting people out, it should certainly release one dreamy-eyed soldier for every technologist. We will have plenty of reactions inside test tubes after the war; we will need a few reactions inside the heads of the young, who can inquire into meanings.

WHEN the pure scientific mind is at work, it retreats into a strange and rather ominous vacuum. A man in a laboratory, perfecting an automatic gunsight, is a man in perfect balance intellectually. He emerges with a gun which is capable of making immediate corrections for all the difficult factors which affect a bullet fired from a plane in motion at a target in motion. There should be someone in the same laboratory, at the next bench, correcting the aim of society for the factors which are taking us so wide of our mark. More and more, the guns of our devising turn back upon us, and the target rushes toward us, and there is no correction for speed, for time, or for the winds of chance.

SOMETHING has happened inside the advertising business which may render the business self-annihilating. We learned last week that writers of laundry-soap ads have lost the use of the verb "does." There is a washday soap, as you know, called Duz, and the boys who write Oxydol, Rinso, Super Suds, and other saponary ads have naturally had to abandon "does" as an action word in the vocabulary of cleanliness. You can't say that Oxydol "does" anything, because that would be a plug for Duz. In itself, this is unimportant, but it marks a turning point. A pleasing hush may yet fall upon the world. Almost every day some basic word is removed from the language and appropriated by a commercial firm. When enough nouns and verbs and adjectives disappear, ad writers will become as mute as giraffes, as dumb as Clumber spaniels. What's the matter, boys? Kat got your Tung?



WRIGLEY has removed the word "orbit" from the language and bestowed it on the home-front gum made from Grade B chicle. In its radio program, Wrigley has adopted a top-lofty attitude about Orbit and pans the hell out of it all the time, damning it with faint praise and reminding listeners that when they have a stick of Orbit in their mouth they are just marking time. This sniping at one's own baby is something new in advertising and we decided the other day to put Orbit to the test and see whether there's anything to Wrigley's smear campaign. Our tests were rigidly controlled, our mastication protracted and thoughtful. We used a stick of Orbit, then a thorough rinse, then a stick of rare Doublemint. In our opinion, Wrigley's charges against Orbit verge on libel. Except for a slight tendency to ramify under molar stress, the stuff is every bit as delightful as Doublemint, and it hardens under the desk as quickly as any gum we ever stored.

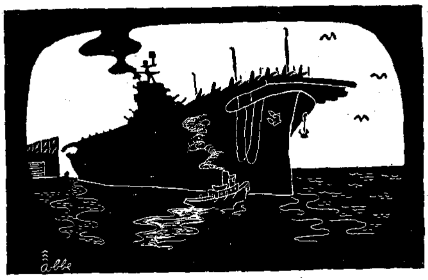
The Charming Franzele

WE had breakfast last Friday morning with an eminent banker with international interests who knew Franz von Papen in the days between the wars, when a lot of people were thinking that the Nazi dragon could be housebroken. He told us about von Papen in phrases as neat in cadence as the unhurried tap of a Munich diplomat's cane, amiably belittling the man who has been called the Typhoid Mary of diplomacy. He said he'd met von Papen in Germany in 1928, which was before he became Chancellor. "I must say," our banker remarked, "that he was a charming fellow—a typical Junker in outlook, but lighthearted and optimistic. When things would get too hot for him around Berlin, he would simply go to his Rhineland estate for a shoot. He was dapper and adaptable, and a born opportunist, but he didn't amount to anything in Germany. Nobody expected him to get anywhere. The fame he got over here as the leading German espionage agent didn't penetrate to Germany, and he was almost completely unknown to the German masses. It was an accident that he became the head of a German government. As military attaché in the United States, he had been only a captain, and up to that time he hadn't even had a seat in the Reichstag. I was in Berlin in 1932, just before he became Chancellor. The top men of the nation decided to ward off the threat of the Nazis as well as the Socialists by putting the country on a nationalistic tack under some member of the Catholic Center. Among the names submitted to von Hindenburg was that of von Papen. He wasn't very high up on the list, but to the old man, if to very few others, he was a perfect choice—an officer, a Junker, a man of wealth, and a gentleman. Von Papen's closest friends used to refer to him affectionately and a bit derisively as Franzele, and they were amused when he came into power. 'Franzele the Chancellor,' they used to say, and chuckle." As our banker smiled a disparaging smile, we recalled a few other pre-1939 chuckles.

"They are talking now," the banker continued, "of trying von Papen as a war criminal. I doubt if he can have participated in any war crimes. As a matter of fact, he was never too popular with the Nazi hierarchy and he was almost eliminated in the purge of 1934. He had criticized the Nazis in a speech at a university—I think it was Marburg—early in the year, and it was only by accident that he escaped when Hitler began removing his erstwhile associates. After that, he had the protection of the Army and was closer to the officers than any Nazi except von Ribbentrop, who became more or less his liaison agent with the Nazis. And that was because of a funny accident, too. When von Papen was expelled from the United States, he did intelligence work for the German Army around the Dardanelles. Von Ribbentrop was a young officer down there, and he got into a mess by going A.W.O.L. Von Papen happened to be in a strategic position to help von Ribbentrop out of the jam, and it was his good luck that he decided to do so. Even though he was friendly with von Ribbentrop in later years, however, he never approved of war with England. Like most Junkers, he wanted a small, conservative war—over Danzig or Silesia, maybe—just enough, let us say, to keep the Army strong and experienced. He had no use for the vast speculative projects of Hitler. He was, of course, a damned fool to have urged Hitler upon von Hindenburg, but it was actually Thyssen that kept the Party going. If Thyssen hadn't given the Nazis sixty million marks in the early thirties, the whole outfit would have gone bankrupt. Thyssen was rather a charming fellow, too, but Hitler bamboozled him into thinking that he could save capitalist Germany from the Communists."

"Was Thyssen as charming as von Papen?" we asked.

"No, I wouldn't say that," the banker said. "Thyssen was a typical well-meaning and serious industrialist, while von Papen was a debonair Junker—not too clever, but with a gift for flattery and a gay manner. He was president of the Herren Club, the best club in Berlin, and played a good game of bridge. His speeches were usually dull, and I once heard him make the asinine comment 'I hate finance capital,' as if capital could be broken into different varieties that one could hate or admire separately. This kind of talk was the sort of concession he made to the Nazis, and about on a par with his other activities for them. His most notable diplomatic feat was the signing of the Concordat with the Vatican, which was later broken and thus turned out to be a failure. There's a tendency, now that our troops have caught him, to exaggerate his importance. They even call him the Slippery Fox. Actually, he's more of a fool than a fox."



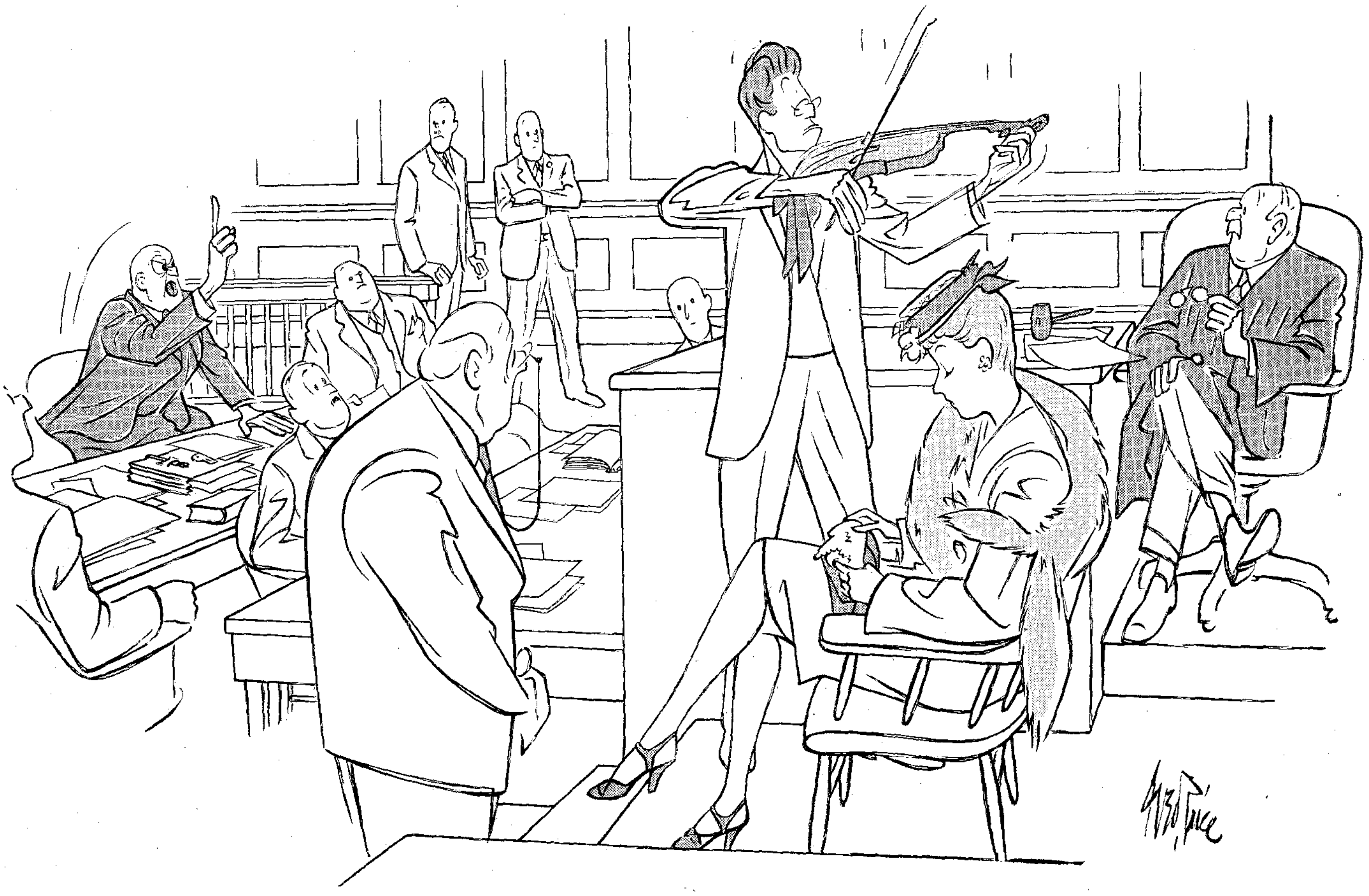
As we headed back to the office, we thought of all the charming fools we'll be asked to tolerate in order to change blood into the milk of human kindness.

Sesame

MAYBE this story is just part of the current folklore, but we know a fellow who says it really happened to him. He went into a little drugstore, a place he'd never been in before, to get some soda mints. There was nobody behind the counter, and while he was waiting, he idly tapped a coin on the counter. He can't remember just *how* he tapped, which is rather a pity, since in a moment the proprietor appeared from the back room and, without a word, handed him a package of Camels.

Nickelling

IN the final, confused stages of the war in Germany, propaganda leaflets are saving us a lot of time and trouble. Civilians in towns we are about to enter are given instructions on how to behave; enemy strongholds that have been overrun or cut off are bombarded with leaflets pointing out how hopeless further resistance is; and, of course, quantities of prisoners are brought into the fold through the dissemination of *Passierscheine*, or safe-conduct passes. These are flossy, gilt-edged, legal-looking affairs bearing, in English and German, a statement of the basic principles of the Geneva Convention, instructions for surrendering, and a guarantee of fair treatment bearing a facsimile of Eisenhower's signature. The general theory



"*Objection!*"

• •

of leaflet warfare, as expounded to us by an O.W.I. man, is, "Leaflets alone can't win battles or take prisoners, but when the enemy is softened up, leaflets may make him give up a lot sooner." Softened-up German soldiers are further softened by leaflets like the one headed, in German, "Five minutes of English—a blitz course for German G.I.s" (our own translation), which gives phonetic pronunciations of phrases the newly made P.W. will find useful, such as "Thanks for the cigarettes" and "I'd like another blanket."

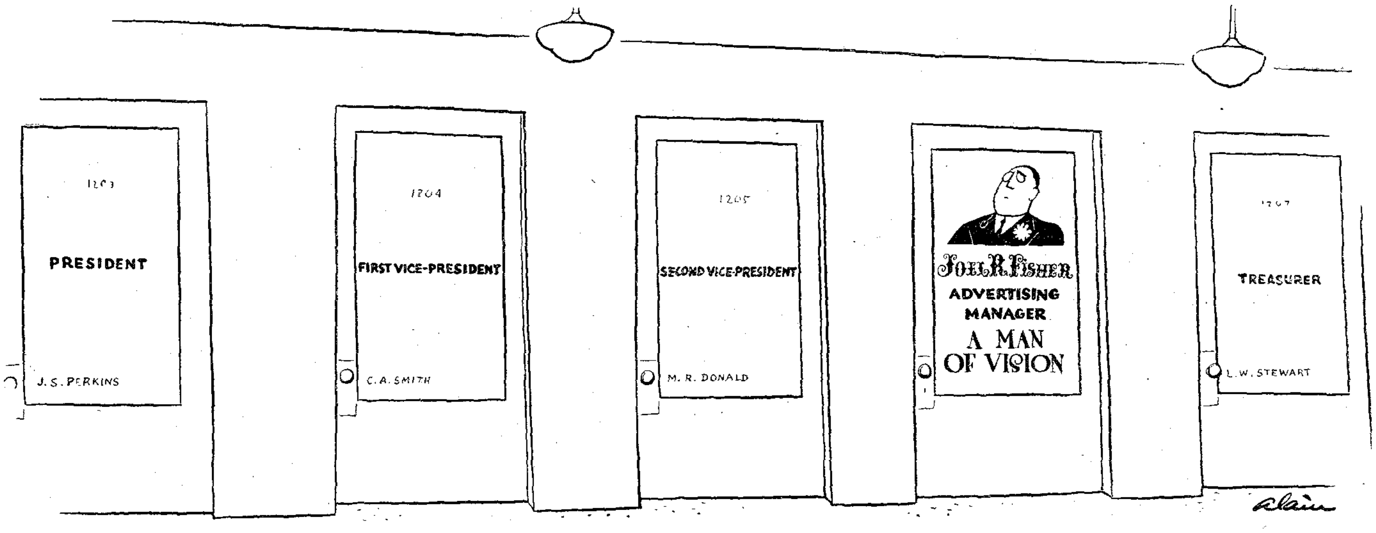
In the European theatre, leaflet warfare is known as "nickelling." This is English slang, and the origin is obscure. Military purists divide all leaflet propaganda into two classes—strategic and tactical. Strategic leaflets are part of a large-scale plan to harass an enemy country by provoking doubt, fear, confusion, and revolt; tactical leaflets further military purposes. The American tactical leaflets are prepared by a special O.W.I. and Army crew, which includes writers, printers with portable presses, and sometimes illustrators. The commanding officer of whatever outfit they are attached to O.K.'s a proof, after which thousands of copies can be turned out within a few hours. Tactical leaflets are usually shot over enemy lines in 105 or 155 mm. smoke shells timed to explode a hundred and fifty feet above ground. These shells are readily converted for propaganda by removing the smoke canister and stuffing in a thousand or so leaflets. They work so well that it has never seemed necessary to design a special leaflet-dropping shell, as the Germans did; theirs holds only four hundred leaflets and is a generally inferior job.

Leaflet dropping by plane can be simple or complicated, depending. The flier of a single-seater fighter plane may take along a bundle of leaflets and throw them out at some opportune point, the crew of a big plane on a bombing mission may take along twenty or thirty bundles and drop them as instructed, or a plane may make a flight with nothing but leaflets. The packages may be tossed out unopened, to be opened by the pressure of the plane's slip stream. Or a shower of loose leaflets is released from a belly tank. Something called the Monroe bomb is now popular for big-scale leaflet operations. This is just a cylindrical cardboard case with a fuse and a capacity of eighty thousand 5″ x 8″ leaflets; it can be timed to burst open near the ground, thus permitting saturation leaflet bombing of troops and cities.

Our leaflet propaganda of recent weeks has all been, as you might suppose, to the effect that the jig is up. The Germans for quite a while have concentrated on trying to whip up racial and national dissension among the United Nations. The Japanese approach is baldly sexual, full of dire hints about what the girls are up to back home while their men are risking death. Some of the Jap leaflets have become collectors' items, we have been told, the racier ones bringing as high a price as a bottle of whiskey.

Auld Acquaintance

IN one of the Third Avenue bars regularly covered by our spy system, the bartender, a large, hairy, and apparently gregarious man, hailed a quiet man who drifted in out of the spring night. "Howsa boy?" he roared. "Howsa wife and kids?" The customer said he was fine but that the bartender was making a mistake. "I've never been here before in my life," he said. This did not abash the bartender; it just irritated him. "I *never* forget a face, see?" he barked.



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"*Never!*" The quiet man thought this over for a moment, then murmured, "Well . . . the wife and kids are O.K."

Murder

FIGURING that the thoughts of a ticket seller in a railroad terminal might have some value as a record of these stirring times, we sought out such a man, Mr. Joseph Walsh. Mr. Walsh, a thin, thoughtful man, told us he has worked in Grand Central for the New York Central for the past sixteen years. "Those sixteen years come in handy, the way ticket selling is these days," he added. "I hate to think what some of the new guys we hired after the war started went through learning their job. It's murder." Mr. Walsh has figured out that he sells just about twice as many tickets as he used to before the war, with a great deal more than twice the trouble. "I always manage to keep control of myself," he told us, "but most of the time I've got this awful feeling that everybody's nuts. You start out with a nice, bright outlook in the morning, and the first customer that comes along asks the impossible. I'm weary before I get the sleep out of my eyes."

The experienced traveller has proved to be the most adaptable to wartime conditions, Mr. Walsh says. "He's the guy who used to come to you before 1940 and say he wanted a roomette, drawing room, or lower berth on the best train you had," he said. "If you couldn't give it to him, he'd want to talk to the supervisor. He didn't ask for anything—he demanded it. Now he calls you 'sir,' real formal like, and he loves anything you give him—sort of educated himself to the idea of travel being tough." One influential bloc of ill-adapted travellers is made up of people who weren't ever away from home before the war—workers heading for out-of-town jobs, relatives of service men in training, and the like. "They ask more questions than all the rest put together. They've got to know how many times they change before they get to Buffalo, whether they can get anything to eat on the train, how many cars there will be, and the name of the engineer. You'd think they were going to cross the desert in a covered wagon. And you can't give them the brushoff. Just keep on answering until they get tired of it." A group of travellers for whom Walsh feels no special sympathy are the wealthy chaps who will be satisfied with nothing less than space on the Twentieth Century, the Super Chief, or similar trains. "I tell them I can't get them the space they want, and they say, 'Aw, you're just holding out—you could if you wanted to,'" Walsh said. "Then they go and try all the other windows. Sometimes a cancellation has just come in and they get it, and then they're sure you were being tricky. If they don't get anything, they come back and try poking a ten-dollar bill at you."

The curfew plays its part in the trials of a ticket man. It seems that some travellers get so interested in building up a pre-midnight bun that they forget to pick up their reservations or forget to board the train. Since the curfew, most late-night trains have pulled out with a dozen or so vacant berths. Women, however, are worse than drunks. "Women," Walsh said, in a low, throbbing voice, "are not only persistent but they *refuse* to understand. You tell them there isn't anything to be had and they just stand there and look at you." Chiselling of various kinds and degrees of ingenuity is always being attempted, of course. Mostly this involves fictitious relatives who are dying or having babies in far places.

Delay

BARRY FITZGERALD was late for dinner at his brother's house in Hollywood one night last week, and when he finally arrived, he was furious. People, he said, had detained him at *his* house. "What kind of people were they that detained you?" his brother asked. "They were the kind of people," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "that when they stand up, they think they've gone."

Krasnoarmeyets

WE thought we'd do a little research on the nature and habits of the Russian G.I. Well, we found, in the first place, that there is no such lighthearted term as "G.I." for the private in the Red Army. He is always referred to ceremoniously as a "Red Army man," or *krasnoarmeyets*. He is likely to be a husky, short-haired, clean-shaven chap, not very tall, with an impressive capacity for strong drink and a mild tendency to burst into tears if thwarted. He has a mess kit very much like the ones American soldiers have, but he carries his knife, fork, and spoon in the side of his right boot—a holdover from the days when the only eating implement issued was a wooden spoon, which readily fitted into a boot. When we tell you that one of the Russian soldier's staple rations in the field is borscht, you must not think of the gelid lavender concoction served in local restaurants; his borscht is a hot, sustaining, soupy stew of dehydrated meat, cabbage, and carrots. With this he takes hot tea, sucked through a lump of sugar held in the teeth. Another field ration is *svinaya tushonka*, a Spamlike loaf with a pork base, which is packed in our Middle West; some Russian soldiers like it, others don't. They are issued cigarettes, though not terribly good cigarettes, and occasional nips of vodka. Vodka can be bought any time at the Red Army canteens, or *klubs* (pron. "kloobs").

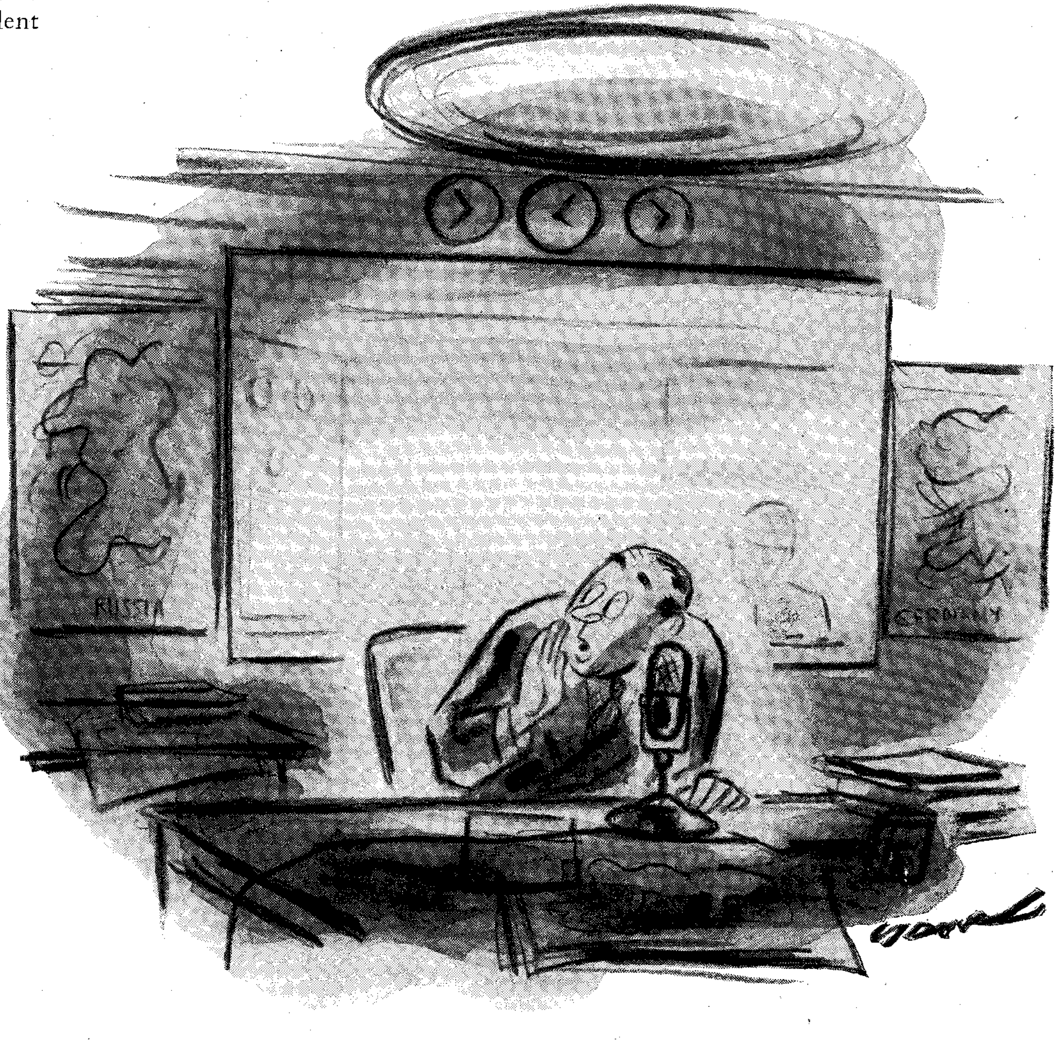
In the Red Army, the only way to become an officer is to rise from the ranks. Officers and men wear essentially the same uniform, among the features of which are soft black boots and a tunic buttoned up under the chin. Not only do the men salute their superiors, but privates even salute each other; the salute consists of touching the fingertips to the temple, producing an effect which strikes many non-Russian observers as thoughtful rather than military. The *krasnoarmeyets* carries his dog tag in the watch pocket of his pants, and if he has been awarded a medal he wears it, not just a ribbon. There is a group of decorations, something like our sharpshooter awards, which stand for "Excellent road-repair man," "Excellent baker," and the like. The rank of all Red Army men, from private to marshal, is indicated by epaulettes, which they call *pogony*. There are no hash marks, division patches, or service ribbons. You seldom see a Russian soldier without his *ranets*, a musette bag worn slung over the shoulder, containing clean shirt, underwear, and handkerchiefs, toilet articles, and field rations. Most Russians use safety razors, but they work up lather with ordinary soap. Their pay isn't high enough for them to go to bars or cabarets, so they stay in their kloobs and make their own entertainment—singing, dancing, or just tossing a fifty-pound iron ball from hand to hand as if it were a medicine ball.

Russian soldiers are better behaved in public than soldiers of other countries; this is probably a good thing, since they are not very adept at boxing and among them a fight is likely to degenerate into slapping and even hair pulling. The Russian M.P.s will pick up an enlisted man even for wearing his belt too loose or for carrying an awkward-looking bundle. So far, the official attitude has been to discourage the Russian soldiers from fraternizing much with their allies. However, all Russians know about America, and many speak a fair brand of high-school English. They are likely to know American products only by their trademark name, and will blithely refer to any toothpaste as "Papsadant" and any cigarette as "Kemmels." They sometimes use "Studebaker" as the equivalent of "O.K.," which reflects their opinion of the Studebaker truck. Jeeps, which have of course been lend-leased in profusion, have been given pet names like Little American Flea. The average Russian's attitude toward a machine is enthusiastic but not terribly restful. He likes to take it apart, even if nothing has gone wrong.

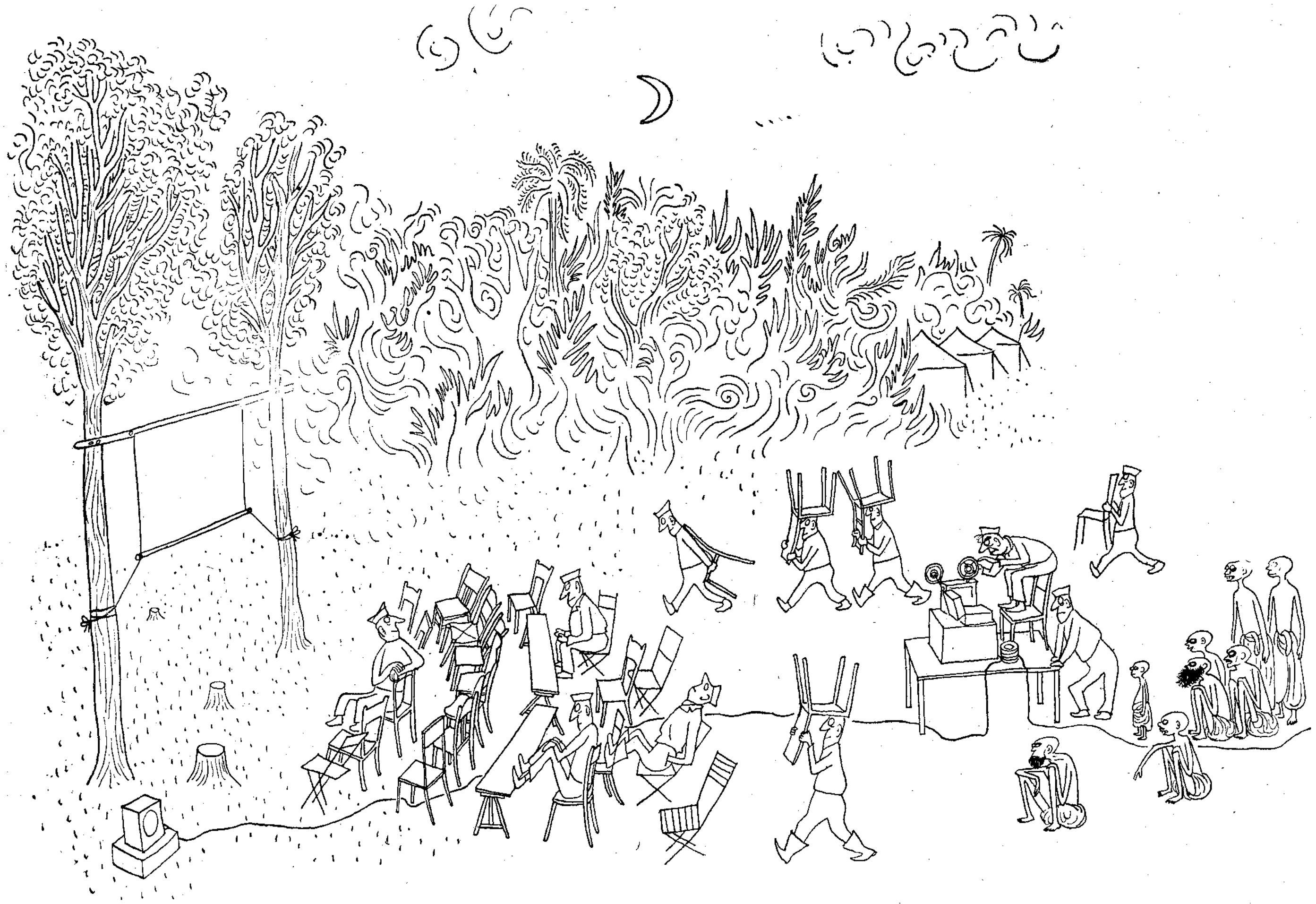
Most Russians are casual about wounds but terrified of the routine typhus and tetanus shots. They're all fond of bathing, more as a health measure than out of vanity. The enlisted men seldom bother about having their uniforms pressed. They will swap with other soldiers, or give away outright, anything they have, beginning with the red star on their caps. When they settle down for a talk with a G.I., they will probably ask bald and embarrassing questions about American internal affairs, such as the Negro question. They like to be called "Russki." The G.I. pin-up fad, by the way, will make the Russian soldier's eyes pop with amazement. His sole gesture in that general direction is to name his rifle after his wife or sweetheart.

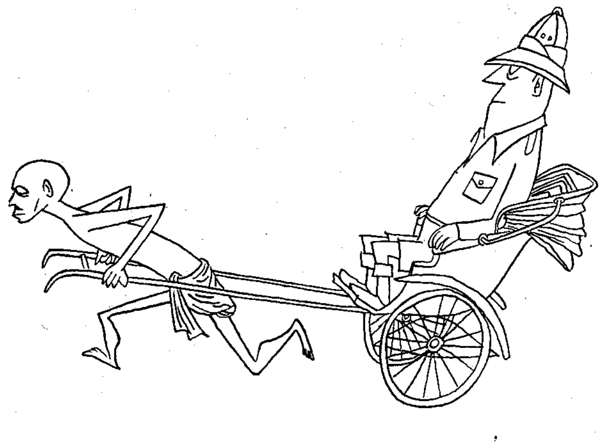
Intimate

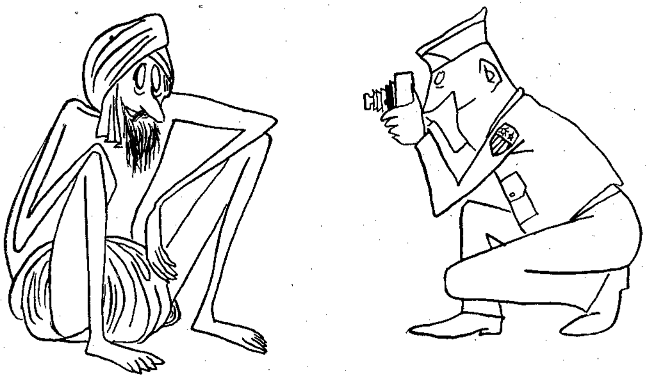
A GIRL we know was pacing the quiet streets of Columbia Heights, where she lives, walking her dog and minding her own business, when a somewhat dishevelled old lady rounded a corner and purposefully approached her. "I'm going to ask you a very personal question," the old lady said. "I hope you won't mind." The girl said not at all. "Well," the old lady said, "what I want to know is, am I in Brooklyn or Manhattan?"

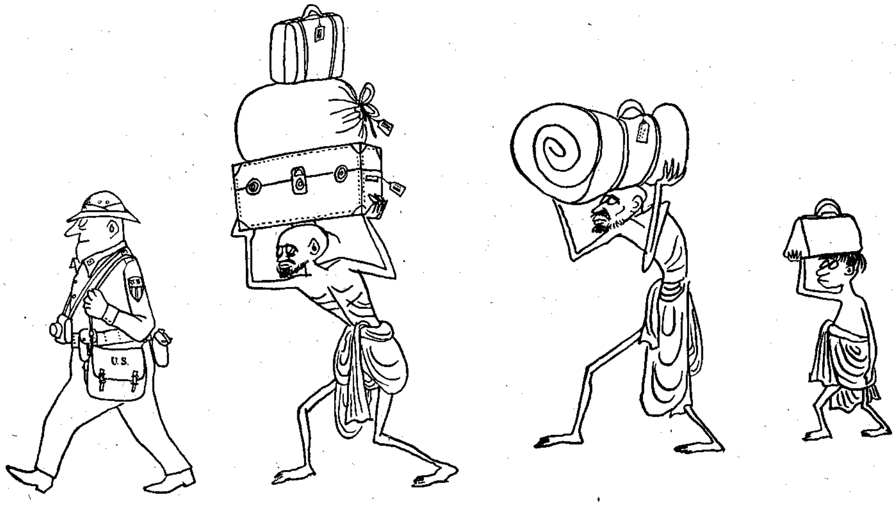


"On the basis of extremely confidential information reaching me . . ."





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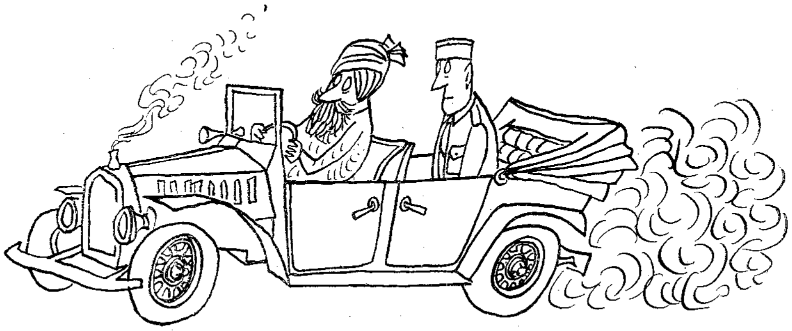
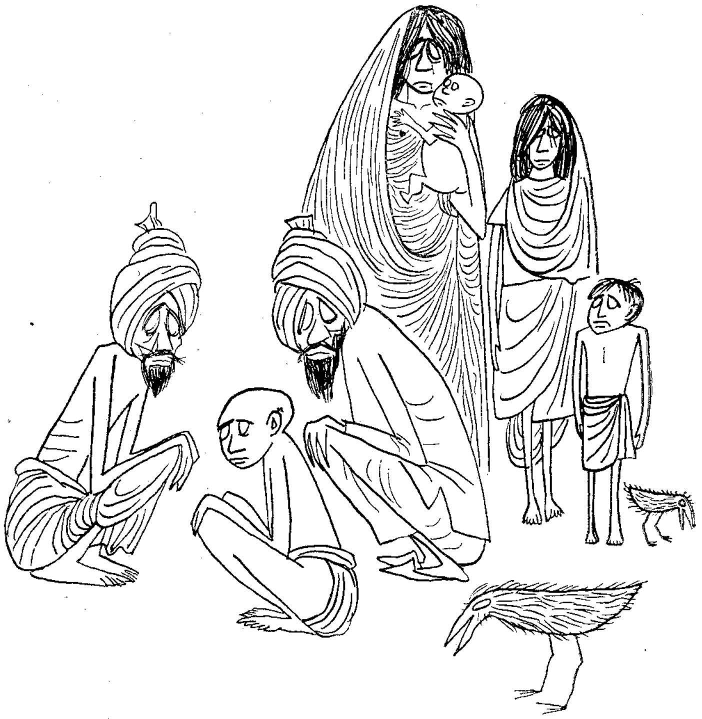
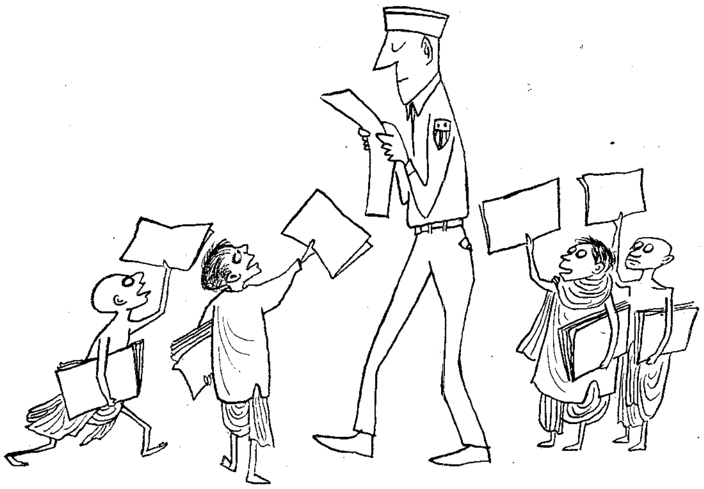
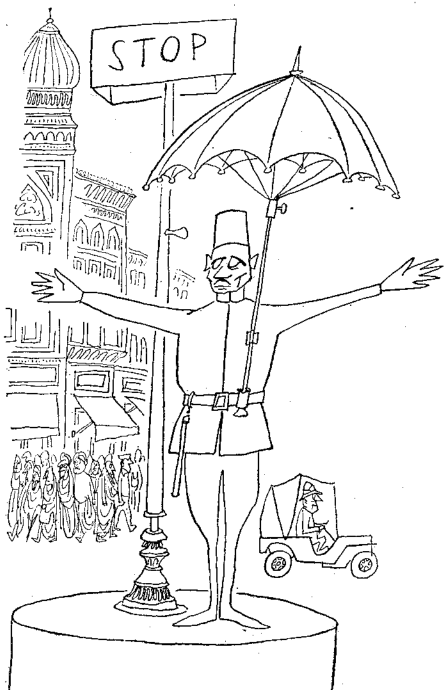
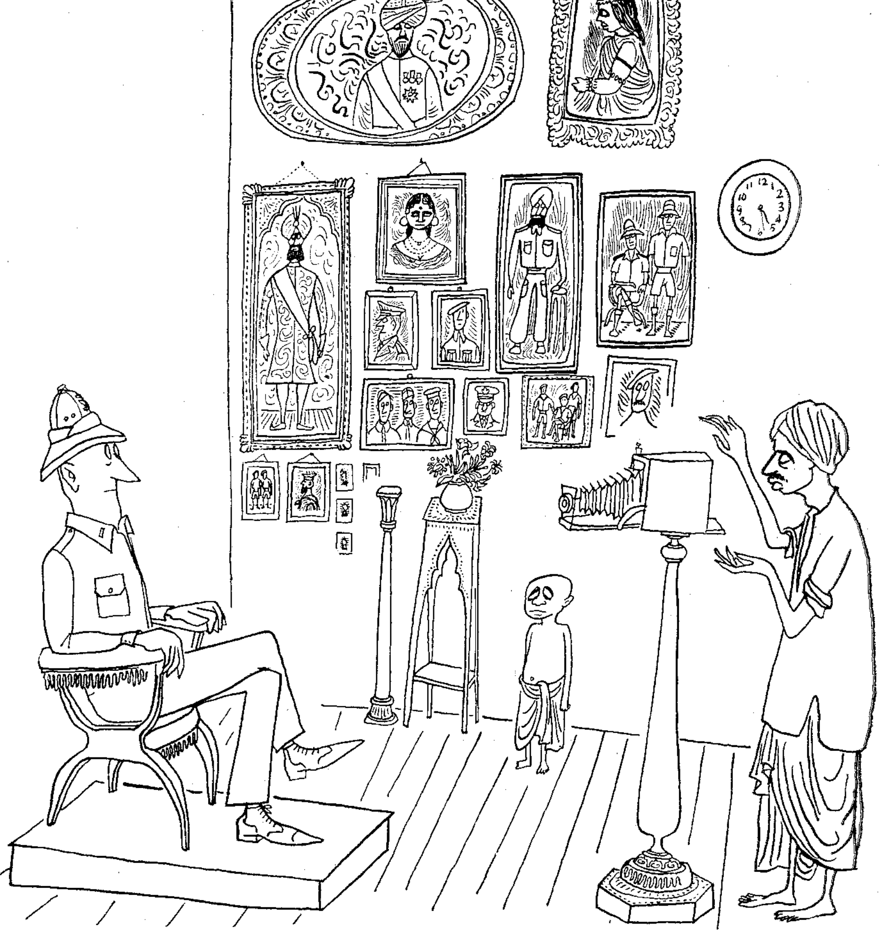
INDIA











STEINBERG

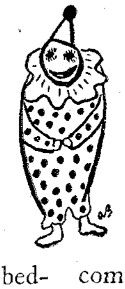
MRS. CARMODY'S STORE

Mrs. Carmody's corner store was the kind that widows used to run in all the little towns in the East. Here and there you'll still find such a store, but Mrs. Carmody was running hers thirty or forty years ago.

The store sold *Pluck and Lucks* and potatoes (hardly ever any more than half a peck at a time), Laura Jean Libbey novels, "16-1" chocolate bars, transfer pictures to make pseudo-tattoos on the back of a kid's hand, kindling wood tied into small bundles with very hairy cord, Clark's O.N.T. thread, cigars and tobacco, Copenhagen snuff, kerosene in small quantities, Nonpareils, *Young Wild Wests* and *Work and Wins*, and the Lord knows what else.

The *Pluck and Lucks*, the *Young Wild Wests*, and the *Work and Wins* were five-cent story books that came out every week. They were hung on a wire strung across the back of Mrs. Carmody's small show window, so that the highly colored front pages could lure readers from the street.

Mrs. Carmody had two children, John and his younger, quieter brother, William. John, who was just turning nine, had his troubles with the *Young Wild Wests* and the other stories. He read all of them, but he had to do so without cutting the pages, which were uncut at the top. As soon as they were cut, they became second-hand *Pluck and Lucks* or *Young Wild Wests*, or whatever they were, and they were then worth only two-for-five. So young John developed a curious skill at holding the novels with the pages lifted up as far as they would go, uncut, and reading way up into the corners in that manner. It sounds as if it would be hard on the eyes, but it didn't seem to hurt his at all.



The Nonpareils—pronounced "nonperells"—were a kind of candy, just as the "16-1s" were. The Nonpareils were dark, shaped about like a button, and had a lot of tiny white dots imbedded in them. The "16-1s" were named, probably, after the political slogan of a William Jennings Bryan campaign a few years before. The "16-1s" were one cent apiece; Nonpareils were five for a cent; butterballs, which were not butter but yellow candy, were four for a cent; licorice shoelaces were two for a cent; fried eggs were one cent each. They weren't fried eggs but candy in a tiny tin frying pan, the candy colored and fashioned to look like a fried egg in the pan. With each pan came a tiny spoon. Smart kids were aware the spoon had very sharp edges. The tin from which spoon and pan were made was not very heavy, and the handle of the pan or the whole spoon, or both, was almost sure to bend awkwardly when you tried to hold them and peck the candy out of the pan, a trifle at a time.

There was a whole showcase full of these candies. Young John, who helped out a little—very little—in "waiting on" in the store, knew the prices of all the candies. Occasionally, however, he would sell five butterballs for a cent, instead of four, and perhaps four montevideos, if he knew the kid who was buying the candy. He never did, at that time, get a clear picture of profits and all that, or realize how small a gain each sale meant in the little store. He was too harum-scarum to care, anyway, although Mrs. Carmody had tried to explain to him about those things, especially about when to give the candy out in a bag and when not to.

"If they buy one cent's worth, or two or three or even four cents' worth," Mrs. Carmody often told him, "just hand them the candy, nicely, of course, in their hand. If they buy five cents' worth or more, put it in a bag. Those bags cost money, John, and we'll lose if you don't do what I tell you."

John paid small attention to that or to most other things his mother told him. Mrs. Carmody herself was expert in selling the candies and she had hard-and-fast rules about "merchandising" them, as they would say now in the big stores. One of her rules was that a kid was allowed just so much time to stand in front of the candy case, trying to make up his mind what to buy. This permissible period of indecision was ticked off by a metronome in Mrs. Carmody's mind. At the end of the allotted time she would walk away without a word, and the kid, who was sure to come to a decision an instant later, would have to stand and wait a while, painfully anxious to get the candy.

Of course, there was never any announcement or any signs up about these house rules, but practically everybody knew about them. And customers took their four cents' worth of candy in their hands, or waited for the bag when they bought five cents' worth or more.

The little store was busy most of the time. People started going to it out of sympathy, and then they got used to going there and they kept on trading there for small things. Mrs. Carmody's husband had died when John was only two years old and his brother was only a few months old. Relatives had chipped in, maybe two hundred dollars altogether, to add to what was left of the insurance money after the funeral, and with this money they set up the store for the widow. She and the two children lived in the back of the store, and a bell on the end of a wire over the door rang when anybody came in. Mrs. Carmody would then come out from the back living quarters, if she was there, and wait on the customer. After a while she was able to take wonderful care of the two children, even on the small profits of the place.

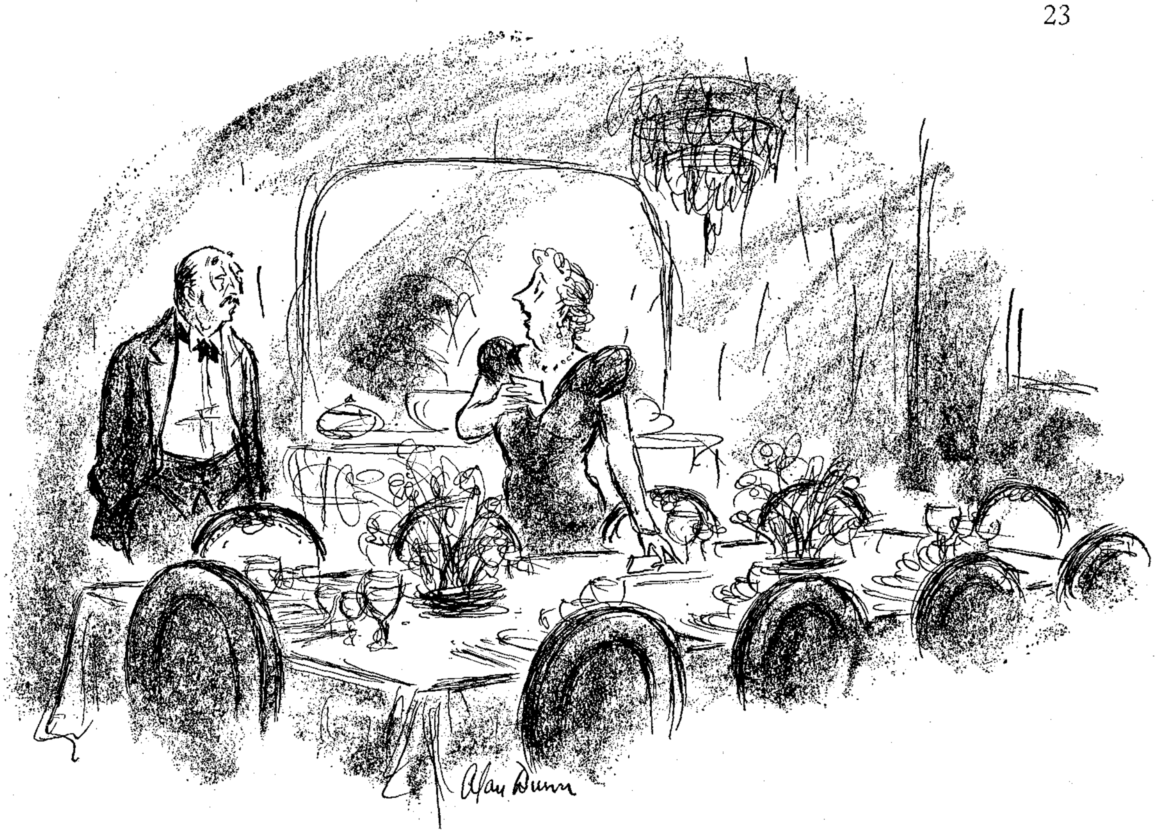
Father Maurice Murphy, who was a steady customer, said she took too good care of them. He said she was spoiling them, especially John. "You do too well by those children, Mary," Father Maurice often said to Mrs. Carmody. "You give them too much and you keep them too clean and too well dressed, especially himself."

By "himself" he meant John. Now that the father of the family was dead, John was referred to as "himself," although he was just becoming nine. In families of Mrs. Carmody's nationality, they always used the word "himself" like that, whether they were in America or Ireland. It was a habit, meaning that "himself" is the oldest male in the family. "Himself" always got the best of everything there was in the house. And he also got spoiled for the rest of his life.

For example, at the Carmodys', when there was mashed potatoes at supper, Mrs. Carmody would make a mound of them on a plate, and at the top she'd make a small indentation, into which she'd put a big chunk of butter to melt. When the two children and herself were seated, she would scoop off the first big spoonful of potatoes in such a way that the melted butter ran down all in one place. And that delicious buttery portion always went to "himself," while the younger brother looked on enviously. The little brother must have hated to see that happen time and time again but he wasn't the oldest man and nothing could be done about it.

When John got to be eight years old, he was allowed to wait on, once in a while, at the tobacco showcase. That was the more manly part of the store, on the right-hand side as you came in. Roughly, the right-hand side of the store was male, the left-hand female.

There were five showcases in all—two on each side, running from the front toward the back of the store, and the fifth running partly across the store at the back, making a sort of square "U," with the street door in the opening. On the right, the male side, the first showcase was for tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes, although there were not one-tenth or even one-twentieth as many kinds of cigarettes as there are now; the second showcase on the right had small toys for boys, like tops, marbles, and those transfer pictures. On the left as you entered, the first showcase had cakes and pies; the second had an assortment of ribbons and women's stuff like that. The candy case was the one that ran partly across the store.



"But I can't sit a hard-peace next to a soft-peace."

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It was a kind of coming of age for John to be allowed to wait on tobacco customers. His mother, however, tried to steer him away from selling cigarettes, because in those days they were associated with a fast life. There weren't so many kinds of them, in Mrs. Carmody's, anyway—just Sweet Caporals and some called Perfections, in a red package, and some twenty-for-a-nickel brands, like Meccas and Cycles. Chewing tobacco was the popular item, and there was a simple device, a blade in a fixed frame, with a handle, to cut the chewing tobacco—B.L. and Piper Heidsieck, or whatever the tobacco was—into various-priced chunks, into ten-cent pieces and five-cent pieces. Piper Heidsieck was for the more exquisite trade; B.L. was democratic stuff.

John had a perilous pastime at the tobacco counter, a trick to be done only when Mrs. Carmody was in the back. There was a cigar cutter on one end of the counter. It had to be wound up, for it had a quick-acting spring inside. You pushed the end of the cigar into a tiny hole, a blade leaped across the hole, and neatly cut the sealed end of the cigar. John's trick was to shove the tip of his forefinger in the machine, far enough to make the spring work, and then yank his finger out before it got cut. It was dangerous, and such a feat as only somebody called "himself" would try.

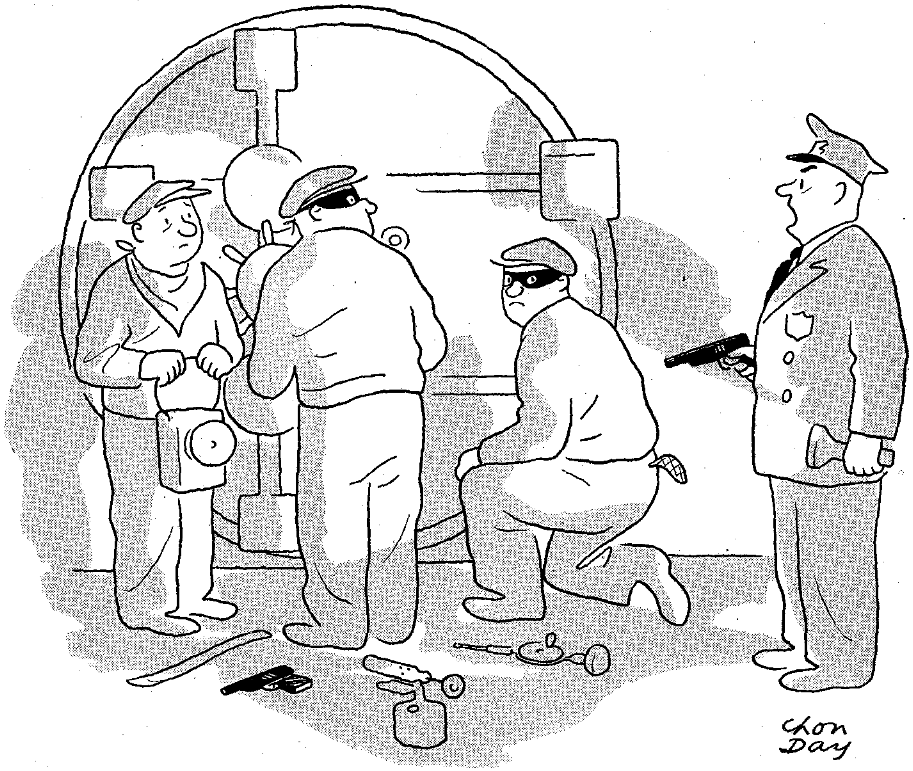
Father Maurice caught him at it one day, but didn't stop him. He just watched and said, "Yuh, you *would* be doing something like that." He seemed to half approve of the trick.

Father Maurice had tricks of his own, such as making the two kids get all messed up on purpose. As he had told Mrs. Carmody, he thought she kept them too clean to be natural. They were always spotless and that irked Father Maurice.

Just behind the counter that ran across the back of the store, and before you got into the living quarters, there was a small coal stove. It was useful for making a cup of tea. There was a coal hod beside it. And if Father Maurice came in and Mrs. Carmody was in the back, he'd tell her to stay there and he'd watch the store. Then he would call the two children. "Look," he'd say, "go get this money and you can have it." And he would drop two or three pennies away down in the coal hod. John and his brother would dig into the coal, and pretty soon their hands and faces would be grimy, their clean clothes blackened. "Now you look like regular kids," Father Maurice would say, and discreetly slip out of the store.

"HIMSELF" usually got the pennies. He got the first big possession either one of the two children had, too. That was the day of his ninth birthday. Mrs. Carmody gave him a bicycle. It was a stupendous gift. It had to be bought out of money scrupulously saved by Mrs. Carmody, and certainly she had had to plan it way ahead. She had hated to see "himself" always trying to borrow a bike for a brief ride from one of the few kids in the neighborhood who had bikes. But he was always doing that.

To get "himself" a bike of his own, Mrs. Carmody first had to have a long talk with Jim Berry, the bicycle man. The bike had to be of a smaller size than the standard, because John was only nine and most bikes in those days were made for bigger kids. So Jim Berry had to send away for it quite a while in advance. When it came, Berry brought it to the store at night, after John had been sent to bed. It was a red bike and it even had a lamp that used calcium carbide. Berry showed Mrs. Carmody how the lamp worked. The chemical was grayish stuff that was carried in a receptacle fastened on the bike. Another receptacle fed water into the calcium when a switch was turned on. That made gas, which flowed through a tube into the lamp and through a Y-shaped outlet, where it could be lighted. The whole thing smelled very scientific and slightly dangerous. Mrs. Carmody was sure John would like it. Mrs. Carmody



"Who's in charge here?"

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gave Mr. Berry a part payment on the bike and agreed to pay him a dollar seventy-five every two weeks until it was paid for. They hid the bike that night in the store.

THE next morning, John's birthday, John came out of the back of the store to fold the papers. That was an early-morning job for his mother, and he usually helped a little at it. They would fold the papers just before they unlocked the front door and pile the different papers at certain places on the counter, so that people hurrying to work could rush in, grab their favorite paper almost without looking, and quickly go along. It was the custom to pay for them at the end of the week. Mrs. Carmody used to open the store at twenty minutes to six and she never kept it open after ten o'clock at night. It was a long day, but then there were moments of rest when things got quiet and she could have a cup of tea.

As John started to fold the papers, he looked idly across the store. There was the bike, leaning against one counter. He dropped the paper and ran over.

"It's mine! It's my birthday!" he said, grabbing the handlebars. They felt just right. "Hurry up, Mama! Open the door!"

He couldn't get the bike out fast enough into the street. The pedal on one side caught for a moment on his mother's apron as she unlocked the door and then held it open for him to take the bicycle out. While she was looking down to see if the apron was torn, off he went on the bike, up the street. She didn't even see him start his first trip on the great gift. The apron wasn't torn and Mrs. Carmody went back to the job of folding the papers by herself.

It was summer and there was no school to go to, so John rode the bike all that morning. He didn't want any breakfast, he had said, hollering over his shoulder as he rode by the store. His mother made him eat something at noontime, after shouting at him to come in as he went by again.

He wheeled the bike all the way into the back part of the store, where they lived. In between bites of what his mother had put on the table, John pulled down the curtains on the windows. That didn't make it black dark, but dark enough so he could switch on the calcium lamp on the bike and light it. It smelled up the place, but nobody stopped him from doing it. He hated to turn off the lamp, but he did before he pushed the bicycle out into the daylight again.

He couldn't get enough of the bike that day, and he thought it would never get dark so the lamp could be used. He rode everywhere around the neighborhood, and into strange neighborhoods, into which he had seldom, if ever, been on foot. Always he'd circle back to the store, then start out again.

AT about four o'clock, John was standing up rakishly on the pedals, riding the bike through a short cut. That was a path through a vacant lot. Quite suddenly, he had to stop and get off, because there were two women right ahead of him and they took up all the path. He did not want to risk riding the new bike around them, because there might be broken glass in the grass beside the path and he wouldn't see it. He got off with a flourish and, walking, pushed the bike. The women paid no particular attention to him. They merely glanced around, saw it was some kid or other and a bike, and went on talking.

"Isn't she the old miser, though, that Mrs. Carmody!" one of the women said to the other.

John heard her say it and the bike wobbled. The front wheel went over a stone and bumped, and John's face stung, and he almost could not hold the handlebars.

"Look at the way I have to carry home this candy!" the woman went on. "I happened to have just four pennies and I bought that much. To bring home to the children."

"Yes, yes," the other woman said, nodding.

"And would Mrs. Carmody give me a bag to carry it in? Not her! Not that one! No wonder she has all kinds of money. If ever there was a miser, that Mrs. Carmody is one."

John was in quick fear the women would turn and recognize him, and he was shaking and swallowing. He had an awful job turning the bicycle around and walking back to the beginning of the short cut, toward the store. He was stumbling and sick. He knew he had heard what he did, but he couldn't believe that anybody had said it.

He was still trembling when he climbed on the bike at the end of the vacant lot. The wind helped to cool his face when he raced as fast as he could to the store. Outside the store, he hastily tried to lean the bike against the curb, with one pedal catching the curb. He did it so quickly and badly it started to fall, but he caught it in time, fixed the pedal firmly, and ran into the store.

On his last two steps before the door, he seemed to catch hold of himself. He hurried to his mother, in back of the counter.

"Mama! Mama!" he said. "Thank you for the bike. Thank you very much."

—John McNulty

CERTAIN PEOPLE ARE GONNA WAKE UP AND LEARN THE SCORE IS TOO LATE

WAIT, you better lemme slam that door. It needs a special knack to slammin' it—there you are!—else it's liable to stay open. A few years ago I wouldna been caught dead in a hack like this, but nowadays evveything's fallin' apart, no kiddin'. You take, frinstance, see these glasses I got on? Bought 'em brannew, I'd say, oh, two months ago, three, the outside. Had them on no more'n ten minutes when a screw musta fell outa the sidepiece and the damn thing come off, so I stuck a piece 'hesive plaster aroun' the sidepiece and figgered one of these days I'd have it fixed at the store at where I bought 'em from, but I just never got aroun' to it. Strickly speakin', I really don't need no glasses. I mean, you take my left eye—it's got a little 'stigmatism in it, not enough to hurt a fly, but the eye doctor says I needed glasses, so more to please him—he's the expert—I got me the glasses.

The wife's been chewin' my ear off day in, day out, why don't I have the sidepiece fixed, so today I left off a fare at Eighdy-fourt' and Madison and I noticed there's an eyeglass store right near. So I got in and the assistant tells me the guy is out but if I leave him the cheaters, to come back in an hour's time or so and they'd be all fixed up and ready.

I figgered to grab me a bite and read the papers I picked up, so I gets into the hack and I'm headin' fa the Eighdy-six' Street Automat and I'm passin' people, they're wavin' at me with their hands and umbrellas—it's drizzlin', the weather—and then I see this elderly lady. She's standin' in front a canopy apartment on Park Avenue with her arm goin' up and down like if she's flaggin' a train. I'm about to pass her by on account it's still my lunch time when I see it ain't white hair she's got after all; it's strickly a blue job, a light, purpley blue.

Hell, I drove me plenty of fares in my time but I never picked up nobody before with blue hair on their head. So I figger, this'll hand the missus a laugh when I come home, and I pull up and I decide I'll grab me my cawfee-and later, after I deliver this blue-hair job.

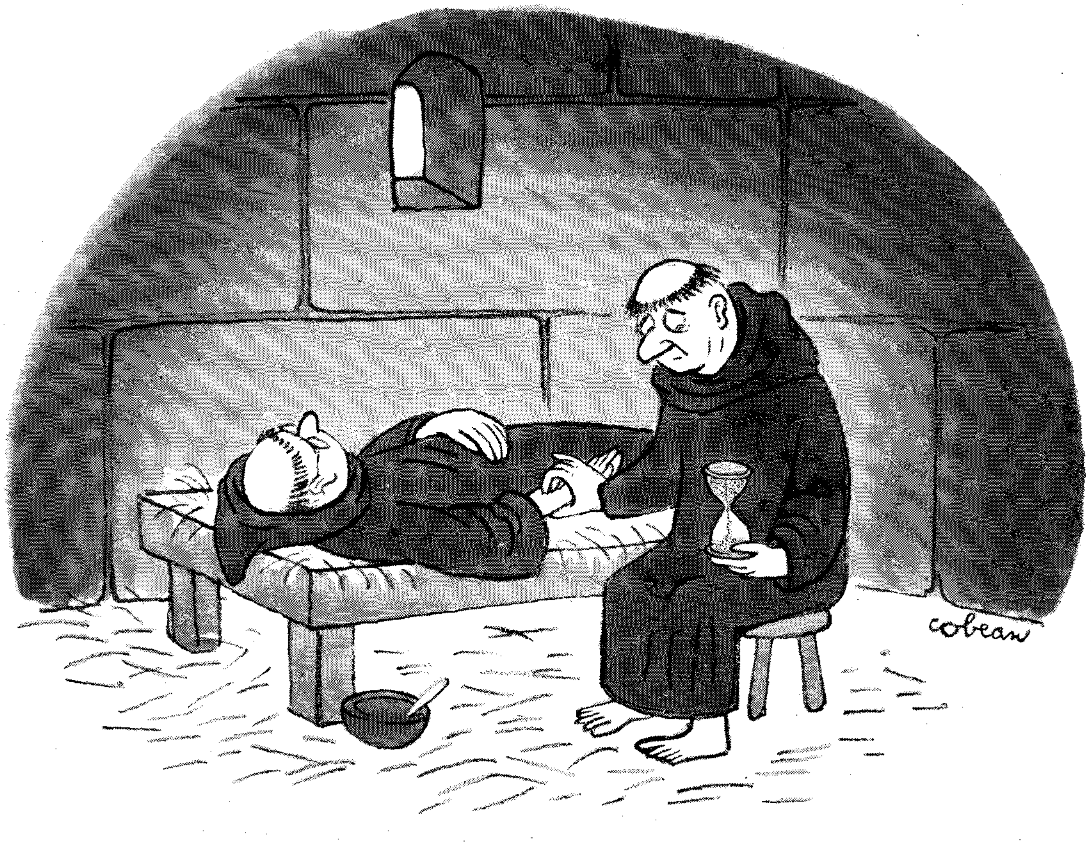
So she gets in and she says to me if by any chance I know where "Bloomer Girl" is playin'. You take halfa these hackies in town and you ast them that question and they'll tell you to your very face that the mind-readin' department's been discontinued durin' the duration. But me, I dunno, theat'ical shows are kinda like a hobby, so I says, "Yes, lady. That's at the Shubert Theatre, way on Fordy-fourt' Street." "Very well, driver," she says to me, and she gizz me both nostrils, "you go up the Eighdy-six' Street transferse on Eighdy-fi'th Street, then drive along Central Park West, then shoot over to Eight' Avenue after you hit the Circle, then turn left on Fordy-fourt'."

I shoulda known right away I had a headache on my hands. Them armchair experts, boy, I know 'em by heart and I got strickly no use fa that type fare! They sit at home beforehand, dopin' out the route when, after all, whose job is it to take 'em where they wanna go, theirs or the hackie's? Well, of course! No kiddin', it burns me up.

But what the hell, an elderly party, fit to be somebody's mother, maybe, I ain't gonna sit there and argue. No, sir! I'll just humor her along and say nothin', just sit back and take her like where she says. So I sit back and evvey once in a while I look in the mirr' on the windshield and I try to size her up. Personally, I like to get a line on people. I dunno, it's like a hobby with me, tryin' to figger out the different type element I'm carryin'. I figger this blue-hair party, well, she strikes me the aristocrat type—you know, livin' on Park Avenue in a canopy apartment, prolly got a coupla servants waitin' on her hand and foot, the lease little thing she wants.

WELL, I'm lookin' in the mirr' and I see she's openin' her mail. "Uh-uh," I says to myself. I figger here's a dame, she musta got up kinda late, prolly a big party the night before, got herself dressed, seen the time is very late, and figgered to herself she'd better step on it unless she's gonna miss that matinee show, so she hurried out and grabbed the mail along which she is now readin'.

Funny thing. Evvey time she finishes a letter she tears it up and throws it on the floor, but in tiny pieces, like she's maybe scared I'm gonna put it together to find out what the contents say. She does this two-three times and I'm gettin' kinda sore. Who's gonna pick up the little pieces she's leavin' aroun' if not me? I'm wonderin' should I bawl her out, and then I figger, "Oh, what the hell! If she's a pig and wantsa live in a sty, I'll wait till we get to the



theatre and then good riddance to that rubbitch, the tiny pieces of mail all over the cab."

But what really got me, though, you notice them two ashtrays on either side where you're sittin'? Them ashtrays are deliberately put there fa the convenience of the cigarette ashes and butts. Well, I look in the mirr' and the blue-hair job, she's openin' a pack of cigarettes and she's chuckin' the cellophane on the floor. I'm still sayin' nothin', see, just keepin' the lip buttoned and the eye on the mirr' watchin' her. Then she smokes the cigarette, and would she use them ashtrays on either side she's sittin'? She would not! She just calmly keeps dumpin' the ashes with her little finger right on the floor!

We're hittin' the Fifties and there's a red light, so I pull up to a stop. Then I look in the mirr' and she's now throwin' down the butt and she's grindin' it in the rubber mat with her shoe. Well, the letters she tore to pieces, I can pick them up O.K., but you just try pickin' up pieces tobacco butts ground on the floor! Blue hair or no blue hair, I'm burnin' up, so I turn around and I say to her, "Parm me, lady, but hoddeya like supposin' you invited some guest fa dinner to your house and he ground up a cigarette butt on your floor the way you been doin' here, you'd be plenty sore, believe me. Then why not gimme the same courtesy here, specially when there are two ashtrays on either side you're sittin'?"

Again she waves me both her nostrils and she says, very sarcastical, "If you got some remarks to make, kindly address them some other place, but not to me. This cab happens to be open to the public and I'm entitled to do whatever I like without no comments from the driver."

"Parm me, lady," I says, and, boy, I'm sizzlin', "but that's where you are mistaken. You're entitled to just a ride, not the privilege of makin' a garbage can outa this here hack." I was gonna say I'm supprised somebody who's the aristocrat type like her and goes to all the bother and fuss of datin' up her beauty parlor and havin' them fix her hair a special blue color, all that trouble and expense, why don't she go to a little trouble with the rubbitch considerin' she's in other people's property? I mean, not that I own the hack, just workin' fa this firm, they own the fleet.

"You are an impertanent young man," she says to me, "and furthermore I'm gonna report you." I look in the mirr' and I see she's reachin' in her bag and she takes out a pencil and a notebook-like and she's bendin' up there to take down my name and the license number.

"Uh-uh," I says to myself. "Harry, you're a dead duck!" Alluva sudden I remember my glasses are at the store where the guy is supposed to fix my sidepiece. Strickly speakin', just look underneath my name, you'll find there some little printin' which says I'm supposed to drive with my glasses on, otherwise the license is void. "A fine hoddeya do!" I says to myself. If the missus hadn'ta nagged me deaf, dumb, and blind about that 'hesive plaster, I'da

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DELEGATE AT LARGE

Mr. Speaker . . . Distinguished gentlemen of many lands . . .
I shall be direct, even blunt:

I speak for men who already know a lasting peace,
My credentials scattered on a thousand battlefields
(a name scratched on a shell casing, at Dunkerque;
a dog tag nailed to a cross, on Wake Island;
a crude headstone deep in the rubble of Sevastopol).
I am the nameless Soldier, Sailor, Marine,
Plural, on a global scale, not yet entombed,
Having failed to return from a mission over enemy territory,
Having gone down with a warship no longer at war,
Having been blown to bits on an alien beach.
I am the Purple Heart, posthumously given,
Kin of the next of kin, Man of the Hour.

I have come to speak of malice.
I say you must bury malice, as it buried me
(on the road to Athens, and again at Alamein;
at the gates of Warsaw, and again at Narvik;
in the jungles of Guadalcanal, and Guam).
Truly there is much malice already buried
Where my friends and I are at peace. So to speak,
We have been at pains to begin the job. But, were we able,
Any one of us would gladly step from his grave.

Having finished the grave, place on it the usual cross.
Pay attention only to the spirit of the thing
(slats of a ration crate, like one I know on Tarawa;
propeller blades, twisted, earthbound now, somewhere in France;
a bayonet, stuck up against a wall in Manila),
Not to formalities, such as the transfer of earthly remains
To a landscaped cemetery. Get the cross into the ground
Where the body fell, so long as you *embrace* it!
I would be happy to contribute my own cross . . .

And now with the grave dug, and the cross planted,
There is one more thing: Pause briefly, if you will
(in prayer, as was done when plasma, for once, failed a
Marine dying at Iwo Jima;
in silence, as when we buried a bosun's mate at sea
on the Murmansk run;
with an anguished cry, as when we watched a bomber plunge
some thirty thousand feet into a Burma jungle),
Then turn away. Seek no occasion to decorate the mound,
Proclaim the patriot false who would avenge us.
Rather, fix your venture on the far horizon, and set forth,
Keen to the multitude of sorrows that await you,
As awaited us, but keener still to the hope now liberated
In a billion souls—the living who serve in your command.
Would that I and my company might rise again to this . . .

For this, eminent sirs, is the ultimate battle, the Holy Task
To which I now enjoin you.
—Patrick O'Sheel

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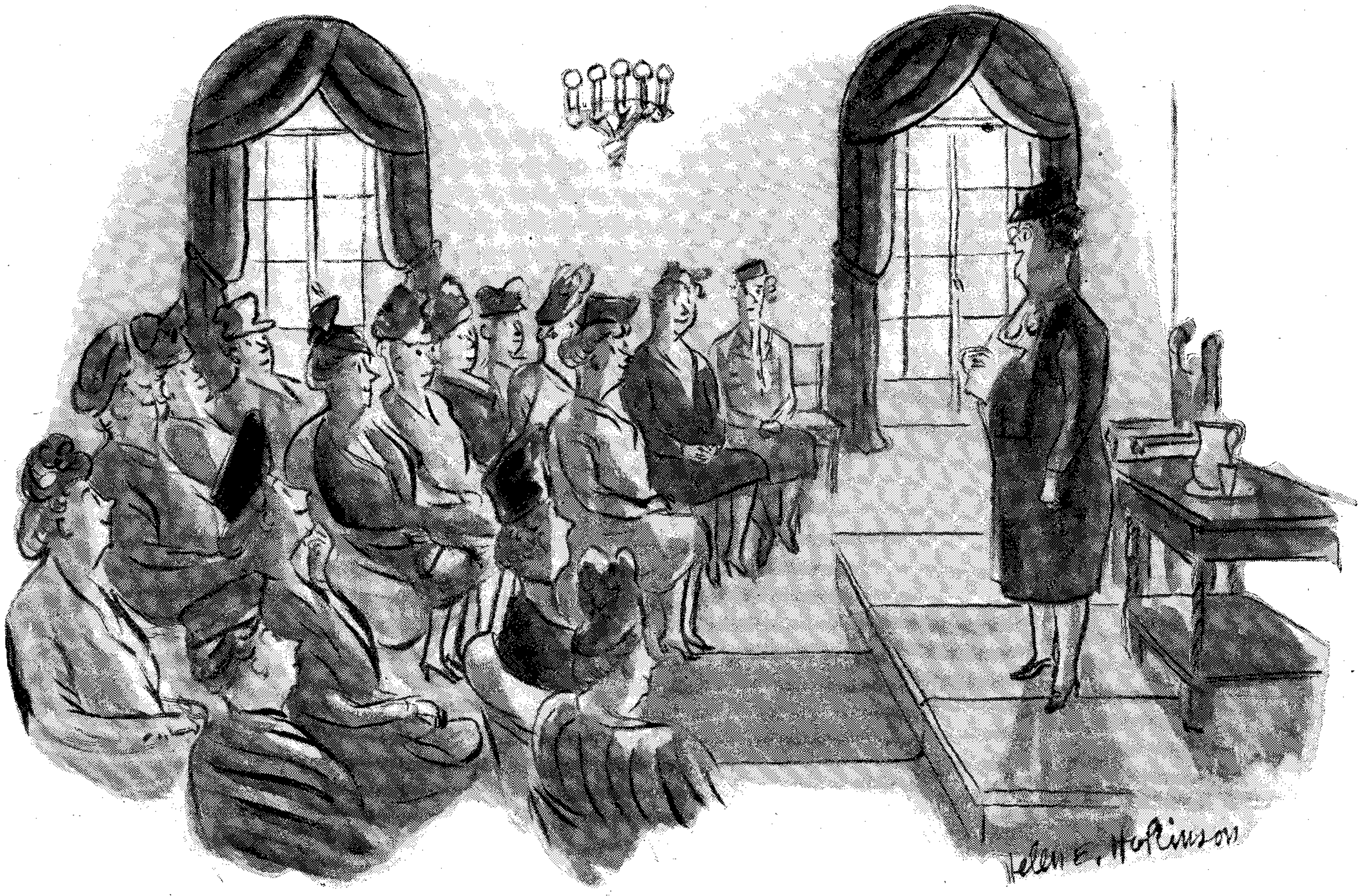


"*The question is, shall we carry our surplus over to next season, or shall we squander it all on H.V. Kaltenborn?*"

• •

been wearin' my cheaters and I could've told this party where she got off at, insteada now she's gonna report me to the commissioner, he's liable to take away my license on me. Brother, that's all I need!

Here comes the funny part. Now get this. I look in the mirr' and she's goin' through her bag like if she's lookin' fa somethin', maybe it's lost. By this time we're nearly hittin' Fordy-fourt' Street and I'm swingin' over, ready to make a left turn, when the blue-hair job, she says to me, "Driver, turn aroun' and take me back. I left the house in such a rush, I forgot to take my glasses which I can't see the show without."

"Well, well, here's a break!" I says to myself. At lease she can't take down my name and the license number and I figger maybe by the time we reach her house, she'll of changed her mind. Oh, no—not her! All the way back she's chewin' my ear off how us hackies got very fresh ever since the beginnin' the war. We're awways shootin' our big mouth off about this, that, and the other, we breeze right by when anybody waves at us even with the flag is up, and half the time we're nearly killin' people just fa the hell of it. It's about time somebody learned us hackies a lesson, she says, even if she's gonna be the first to do it. Me, I just let her ramble on without I'm sayin' a single word.

When we got to this canopy apartment on Park Avenue where I picked her up, she says to me I should wait, she'll oney be a minute. "Lady," I says to myself, "if you think fa one buck fifdy on the clock, besides no tip—not the way you been lacin' it into me—that I am gonna wait till you come back with your glasses on and take down my name and report me, no ma'am, you got another guess comin'!" So the minute she breezes into this canopy apartment buildin', I push that hack the hell outa there so fast you couldn't see me fa dust.

Nachelly the first place I hit was that eyeglass store, and I wait till my cheaters are ready so in case, by any chance, this blue-hair party got the number offa the cab, then it's her word against mine that I din have no glasses on, specially when by this time I have got 'em on.

But hoddeya like that? Here I'm stuck one buck fifdy, the fare, I go without my lunch, I pick up a party just on account I figger her blue hair'll hand the missus a laugh, then she goes ahead and makes a garbage can outa the floor, and on top of all that, she is gonna get my license voided yet!

Aristocrat or no aristocrat, blue hair or no blue hair, just let her keep up her attitude and one of these days certain people are gonna wake up and learn the score is too late! Just don't say I din warn 'em, that's all.

Here we are. Better lemme open that door on account it's got a special knack to it. See what I mean?

—ARTHUR KOBER

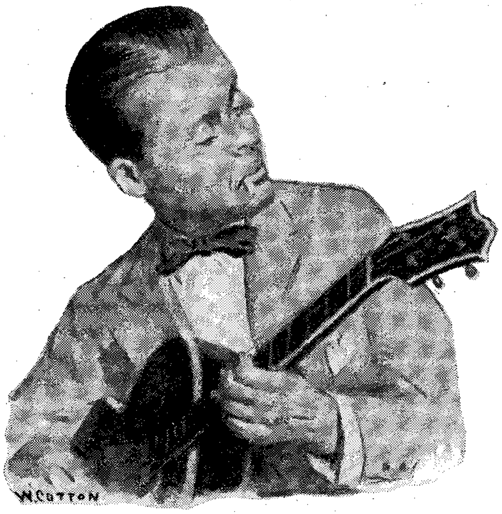
•

Jean Turner, Miami Andrew Jackson High School, survived the spelling contest by nosing out Ray Barnett of the same school in correctly spelling the word "wierd."—*Florida Times-Union.*

How do *you* know?

PROFILES

SPOKESMAN WITH A TEMPERATURE—I



Eddie Condon

A COUPLE of generations ago, it was a generally approved principle that what were known as infant industries should be protected by law against the poaching of ruthless evildoers, domestic or foreign. Thus fledgling steel mills were sheltered against the menace of competition from across the Atlantic by a high tariff, and our newborn Panama Canal was saved by restrictive measures from the machinations of the railways. A similar legislative principle has been applied to the perpetuation of birds and wild animals, and with equal success. There are those who regret that nothing of the sort was ever done to help out, in its infancy, what they consider the greatest and the only genuine American industry—the production of hot music. This industry—its admirers call it an art and its detractors call it a godforsaken noise—began to flower during the first World War. After the war, it managed to build up a considerable export trade with England, France, and Germany. Then it suddenly declined. With the golden age of the speakeasy came a second flowering, and with repeal came a second decline.

These periods of musical hard times were naturally even more painful to the practitioners of the art than to its admirers. Matters had gone so far that eight years ago, one of the more eminent hot musicians, a guitarist named Eddie—or, strictly speaking, Albert Edwin—Condon, paused at the corner of Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue one night to give the situation serious thought. He had lost one job in a Fifty-second Street night club because he had playfully poked the manager in the stomach. He had lost another not long before because the customers of the old Onyx Club preferred the way two gentlemen named Riley and Farley played a bit of newfangled foolishness called "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" to the way he played the jazz classics, and he and a band he had assembled had lost their jobs on the opening night of another establishment on Fifty-second Street because a bartender had taken a swing at one of the last-minute workmen and the place had had its license taken away. Such indignities, Condon felt, could not possibly have befallen an artist in an industry that had any real status. Bouncing in and out of work is scarcely a novelty in the entertainment business, but it seemed to him that his periods out were becoming much longer than his periods in. Fifty-second Street was then popularly considered a paradise of hot music, but the musicians themselves were apt to look upon it as a collection of clip joints in which the music was merely a background for hostesses and watered liquor. Though Condon was only thirty-two, he already had his memories—a nine-month engagement at the Bath Club, one of the city's more ornate speakeasies; a winter of playing for private parties in Palm Beach; the making of phonograph records that had sold a couple of hundred thousand copies apiece—but he was in no mood to call it a career. One reason for this state of mind was the fact that there was nothing in his trousers pockets but his union card in Local 802 and the key to an apartment a friend had thoughtfully lent him. Another reason was the natural disinclination of a craftsman to concede that he is through before he has even approached the prime of life. At that moment, on that corner, Condon, whose tongue can be as persuasive as his guitar, elected himself spokesman for his industry.

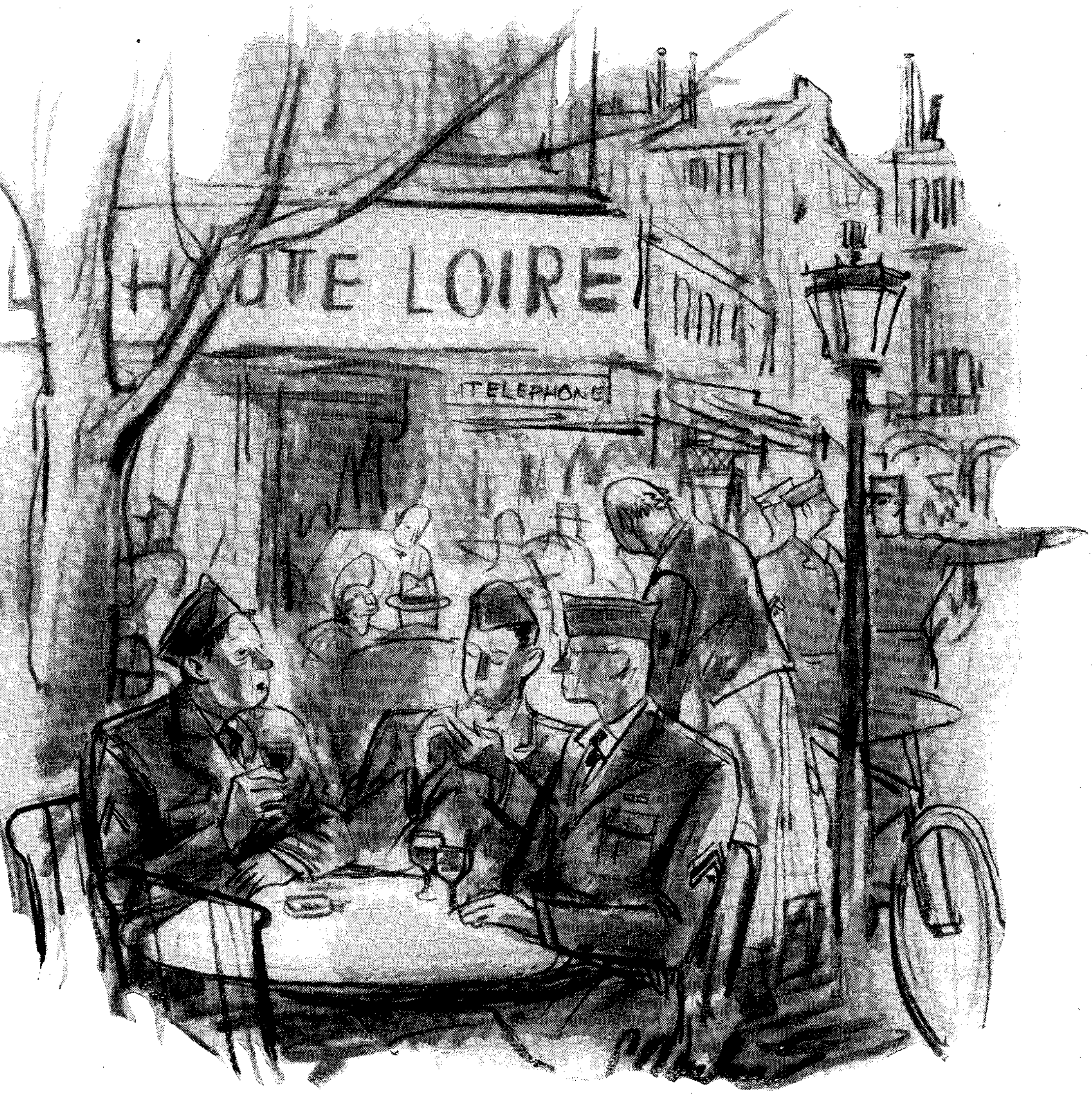
Ever since, Condon has been talking about the importance of hot music and about the necessity of preserving it—first to other despondent hot musicians, then to night-club owners, makers of phonograph records, press agents, bookers, newspaper men, photographers, columnists, and a lot of other professionals, and finally to the public at large. He talked to the professionals mostly at bars or, if absolutely necessary, at the places they worked. He began talking to the public from the bandstand, whenever he happened to be working, but he later went after it on a much larger scale. Condon's most convincing argument in his campaigning has been what he calls the jazz concert, in which he acts as conductor of a group of hot musicians, as commentator, and as master of ceremonies. The Condon jazz concerts have, in one form or another, been presented to a wide variety of audience—in the apartments of friends, at canteens, in radio and television broadcasts, at fashion shows, in high-school auditoriums, and at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. Last summer, while he and his jazz concerts were in the midst of an eleven-month run of weekly broadcasts over the Blue Network and a number of overseas military radio stations, he began to find that his activities were too much for even his seemingly inexhaustible energy. It was then, after more than twenty years of it, that he decided that working till all hours in night clubs was something he could easily get along without, thus beating War Mobilization Director Byrnes to the draw by an easy six months.

Condon, who found his work as musical director quite enough to keep him busy during his radio programs, was audible on the air only as commentator and not as instrumentalist, and his hundreds of thousands of listeners, most of whom have never seen him, much less heard him play, know him as an accomplished hot musician only by word of mouth, largely his own. The concerts seem to have been more effective with the radio audiences than with the radio entrepreneurs. At any rate, a few weeks ago the Blue Network came up with an idea for a new program in which the music would be entangled in a script involving the services of a juvenile comedian and other standard radio trimmings. Condon declined to let his hot musicians be accessories to such lugubrious nonsense, and he and the Blue Network said goodbye almost instantly. Since then he and his troupe have been on a spring tour, which will end on May 14th in hitherto unexplored metropolitan territory—LaGuardia's City Center.

Eddie Condon is only a few months away from forty, but the wear and tear of a quarter century of a notoriously exhausting form of professional life have left few marks on him. Although he is not much larger than the average boy of fourteen, he is scarcely an example of arrested development. He is constructed on carefully thought-out and basically sound principles, along the lines of a gym instructor, and he doesn't have even a suggestion of a paunch. A good reason for this is that he rarely sits down, whatever he is doing. During the seven years from 1937 to 1944, when he worked on and off at Nick's, the Greenwich Village café he and his fellow-musicians made into a national institution, he drifted away from the bandstand so frequently to visit at the bar or among the tables that the exasperated owner felt it necessary to fire him every once in a while. "I was in and out of that place oftener than the mailman," Condon once remarked. At his jazz concerts, too, he wanders about with the persistence of a Chinese property man, and at home, an establishment he usually visits as a last resort, he is constantly up and down—greeting the steady trickle of people who drop in on him, tinkering with his Chickering baby grand, fetching a glass of beer or milk for himself from the ice box, answering the telephone. *Down Beat*, a magazine devoted to the same cause Eddie is, regretfully decided this year, after having twice given him its annual award for the best jazz guitarist, that it would have to drop him because he was putting in so much time walking and talking that he no longer really ranked as a performing musician.

The sources of Condon's energy are mysterious. There is, of course, nourishment in both beer and milk, but Condon rarely adulterates his liquid diet with solider food, even though Mary, who cooks for Condon, his wife, and their daughter, is a cook a lot of his friends wish were working for them instead. A close observer once caught him and two confreres lunching in the sedate dining room of the New Weston. The calm of the mistress-at-arms who presides over the premises was rather upset, the observer reports, when she discovered that all the group wanted was a round apiece of onion soup and double Scotch-and-sodas. Occasionally, usually after a stage concert or a late-night session in a recording studio, Condon goes home and falls into what seems like a mortal coma for a day or two. This respite, which apparently is the equivalent of recharging a rundown battery, brings him back to life as good as new.

Condon's family life, or what there is of it, is inextricably blended with his public life, and it is not easy to tell them apart. Three years ago, he stopped whirling long enough to marry Miss Phyllis Reay, a young lady who was herself involved in a reasonably active career, in an advertising agency. The Condon apartment is one of those compact Village affairs with a little bit of everything, including a slightly sunken living room, decorator's-blue walls, casement windows, and Venetian blinds (always closed). What with the piano and the furniture, now augmented by a playpen for Maggie, the Condons' two-year-old daughter, and by Maggie herself, who is such a pronouncedly ambulatory case that her father, watching her slow but patient destruction of a small chair one afternoon, began calling her the Bulldozer, the living room can be very crowded. The place is even more crowded during and after the dinner hour, whether or not Condon has managed to get home. The door of the apartment is generally on the latch, just as it probably would be back in Indiana, which is where Eddie began life, or in Minnesota, his wife's home state. This expedient, while it allows Mary to devote all her time to getting dinner ready, means that there is often standing room only in the living room, for people have



"This imported stuff sure tastes better than California wine."

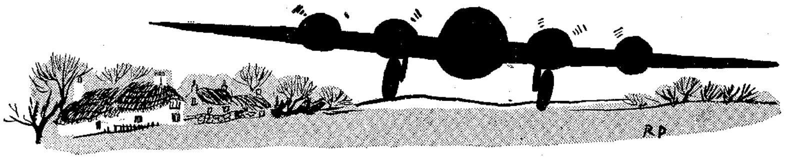
a habit of dropping in—musicians who live in the neighborhood, their wives, their mothers, amateur musicians who apparently don't live anywhere and have made a sort of cult out of Condon, and just plain neighbors. Some people stay for a minute; others, who have business with Condon and are tired of getting busy signals on the phone, are apt to be around all evening, if Condon isn't off on some errand. Phyllis, and such of the guests as are hungry, eventually sit down to dinner, while Condon, experimenting at the piano (which he plays rather tentatively) or plowing through the evening papers (he is undoubtedly more conscious of current events than any other hot guitarist in the world), talks. After dinner, when some of Mary's friends look in on her and help out with the dishes, the place really gets crowded.

IT would have been difficult for Condon to improve upon his choice of himself as the hot-music industry's spokesman. For sixteen years he had been an accomplished purveyor of the commodity he was now to eulogize; he had played guitar at Odd Fellows dances in the suburbs of Chicago, in one-night stands at lakeside dance pavilions in Iowa, on Canadian Pacific summer cruises, at Newport coming-out parties and Princeton commencements, on Brunswick and Okeh records, in all the bootleg-beer joints along North Clark Street in Chicago and many of the speakeasies in midtown New York, at summer houseparties in Manhasset and winter cocktail parties in Palm Beach. A first-class spokesman, of course, needs more than a good working knowledge of his product; he must also combine in himself the forensic ability of a statesman, the affability of a good mixer, and the ubiquity of a columnist. Eddie qualifies on all counts. He would have made, in particular, an excellent statesman. He can talk extemporaneously and endlessly not only about hot music but about any other subject that is tossed his way. Aided only by an occasional sip of Trommer's White Label, he can improvise a twenty-thousand-word oral essay on whatever matter happens to be under discussion. His monographs, though interminable, are delivered so flowingly and interspersed with so many odd turns of phrase and bits of anecdote that most listeners lose all sense of time and allow themselves to be carried along on the current, nodding in agreement now and then when the speaker happens to catch their eye.

The disastrous hot-music situation which, in 1937, Condon appointed himself to correct had been in the making for some time. The free-style hot musicians were in the technological difficulty that the free-style master carpenters had found themselves in when architects and engineers began to take over and have their draftsmen plan buildings down to the smallest detail. The individuality of a hot musician became a liability when orchestrators, who are the draftsmen of the music business, started to devise arrangements of popular music for bands of twenty or thirty men. Such a group would contain not one saxophonist and one trumpeter but a choir of each, all playing carefully worked-out arrangements of the music. An ingenious orchestrator, given a band of this size, could make a simple folk ballad like "I'm Just Wild About Harry" into a counterpart of the "1812" overture. The result was still music, but whether it was hot, or even art, was problematical. However, hotel and movie-house managers everywhere proceeded on the sound theory that a public entranced by the spectacle of two organists playing on instruments that moved up and down in an orchestra pit would be six times as impressed by a thirty-piece band as by a five-piece band. A large group playing dance music that had been scored as if it were symphonic music seemed a more salable amusement to the managers than a small group of individualists playing by ear. Thus jazz came very close to extinction.

Eddie Condon began his scheme of redeeming the industry by collecting a few faithful fellow-musicians, among them Pee Wee Russell, the clarinetist, and Bobby Hackett, the trumpet player, now celebrated in their own right, and forsaking his old haunts for what will probably turn out to be ever. On lower Seventh Avenue, a young acquaintance of Hackett's named Nick Rongetti was operating a bar-and-grill called, succinctly, Nick's. Rongetti was a graduate of Fordham Law School, but he was also an amateur pianist and his fondness for music had got the better of him. As Condon puts it, "Instead of passing the bar, Nick decided to own one." It seems to have been a good idea, for in a little while Nick's was moving into larger quarters, across the avenue, and Condon and his comrades were on their way to their peculiar sort of eminence. At Nick's, the band, presently augmented by Bud Freeman, a saxophonist whom even dispassionate critics consider a great man, dispensed the music Condon and Freeman had grown up with in Chicago, and a New Orleans band, headed by a gentleman named Sharkey Bananas, put out an equally heated form of Southern music. Doing what they liked to do was not especially profitable—the Condon musicians were working seven nights a week at fifty dollars a head—but they were happy at their work. In fact, they swore an oath that they would never break up the band and that they would never play any other kind of music. Time and circumstances, in their traditional fashion, disposed of the first of these resolutions but, except for a few brief lapses, not of the second.

Some time after settling down at Nick's, Condon wanted a name for the band to indicate that it was no conventional organization. "How about the Wildcats?" he suggested at a meeting of the boys. A frown crossed the face of Phyllis Reay, the young lady who is now Mrs. Condon but was then acting merely as Eddie's kibitzer. "Hey, Eddie," she said, "haven't you heard the football season's over?" The name they adopted, the Summa cum Laude band—which, though perhaps baffling, was certainly unusual—seems to have been her idea. It wasn't long before records bearing the Summa cum Laude label were on the market and an emissary of Erik Charell, the European producer who was about to embellish the Center Theatre with a modern version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" called "Swingin' the Dream," was inquiring about the band. The boys decided to give up Nick's for Shakespeare. At first this project had the look of real money, but there was an air of doom about the rehearsals, which turned out to be almost as disastrous as the finished product. Charell had gone overboard on music as well as on everything else; two other bands, headed by Benny Goodman and Don Voorhees, were also on hand, and in one another's way. Charell was no great help. "Play soft, play soft!" he shouted at the Condon group at the end of one rehearsal. "Like Count Basie!" The only Count Basie the boys could think of was the one who was then electrifying the town with a fervent version of "One-O'Clock Jump," so the Summa cum Lauders,



as one man, went across the street to a bar for a consultation. By the night of the première, the Condon band had been whittled down to one number before the first-act curtain and another before the second. Condon got into a white uniform provided by the management and went over to the bar again, for luck. It happened that there was one of those last-minute changes in schedule and the Summa cum Laude band was to go on sooner than had been planned. Condon finished his double Scotch just as his companions were finishing "Muskrat Ramble" (Bud Freeman had thoughtfully stood in front of Eddie's vacant chair during the rendition), and all hands met at the stage door. Condon was around to play the second number and then everyone sat up till five to read the obituaries. The critics were wrong, as they often are. "Swingin' the Dream" was not really dead; it staggered through thirteen grisly performances before keeling over.

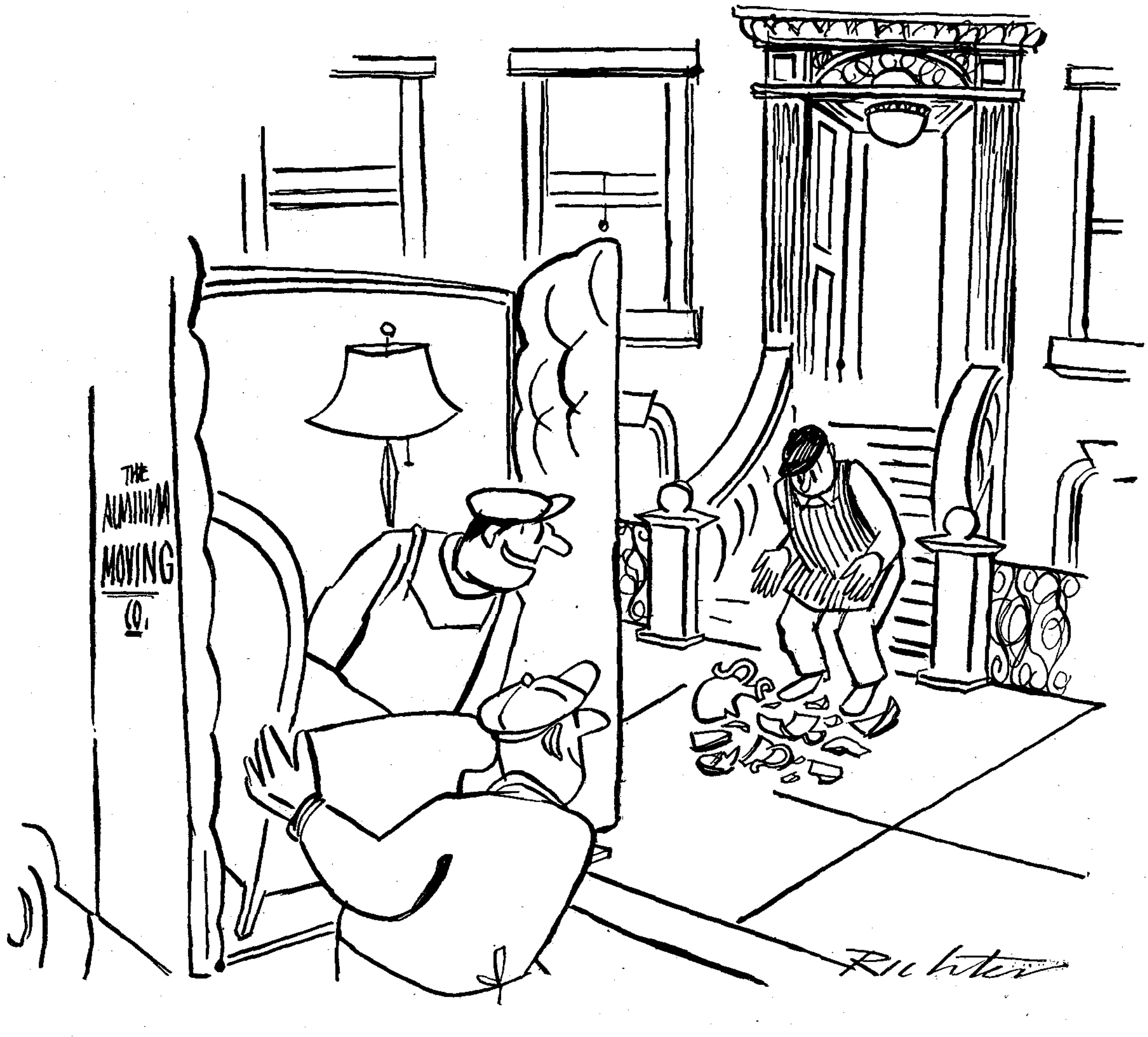
Condon and his band then went to work in a place called the Brick Club, in the Forties not far east of Broadway. It was an establishment Fiorello LaGuardia would not have cared for in his most benign mood, and it was rather hard on Condon's warmest friends and admirers, who never went there more than once. It was a convenient stopgap, however, and the band moved out of the place anyway before the police moved in. Condon then got a booking at the Sherman Hotel, in Chicago. The Sherman is a permanent institution in Chicago, menaced neither by police nor dramatic critics, and the band was on the air twice a week, but it had to play for a floor show and it had to play its dance music, at the insistence of the management, even more softly than Count Basie. Hotel life didn't seem to agree with the boys, and at the end of the engagement the band, oath or no oath, broke up. Eddie tells his manager, Johnny O'Connor, a whitehaired, sprightly gentleman who also looks after the affairs of Fred Waring's orchestra, that he doesn't want ever again to put on a uniform and play hotel music. "Me wear shoes?" he says to acquaintances who wonder why he doesn't try to get himself some easy money.

IT was the year 1941 when Condon came back to New York from Chicago. The armed forces were picking off the younger set in his profession, but the music was still good at Nick's, where his old comrade Pee Wee Russell was playing, along with Max Kaminsky, a talented trumpeter; George Wettling, now Paul Whiteman's drummer; and Brad Gowans, a hot trombonist, all of whom are regulars at the Condon concerts today. Eddie happily joined up. Between sessions of playing his guitar and signing the autograph books of Army Tank Corps sergeants and Canadian aircraftsmen and Australian fighter pilots (Nick's can today call itself an international institution), Condon began conferring, at a table or the bar, with a man named Ernest Anderson, a sombre, moon-faced account executive in a New York advertising agency, who had been fond of the Condon sort of music since he had heard his first Condon record. Early the next year, Anderson had turned impresario and was offering, in a Saturday-afternoon concert at Town Hall, Condon and a group of musicians who represented the best that Nick's, Fifty-second Street, and Harlem could muster. The affair was called, simply, a jazz concert, a not especially original designation but a factual one.

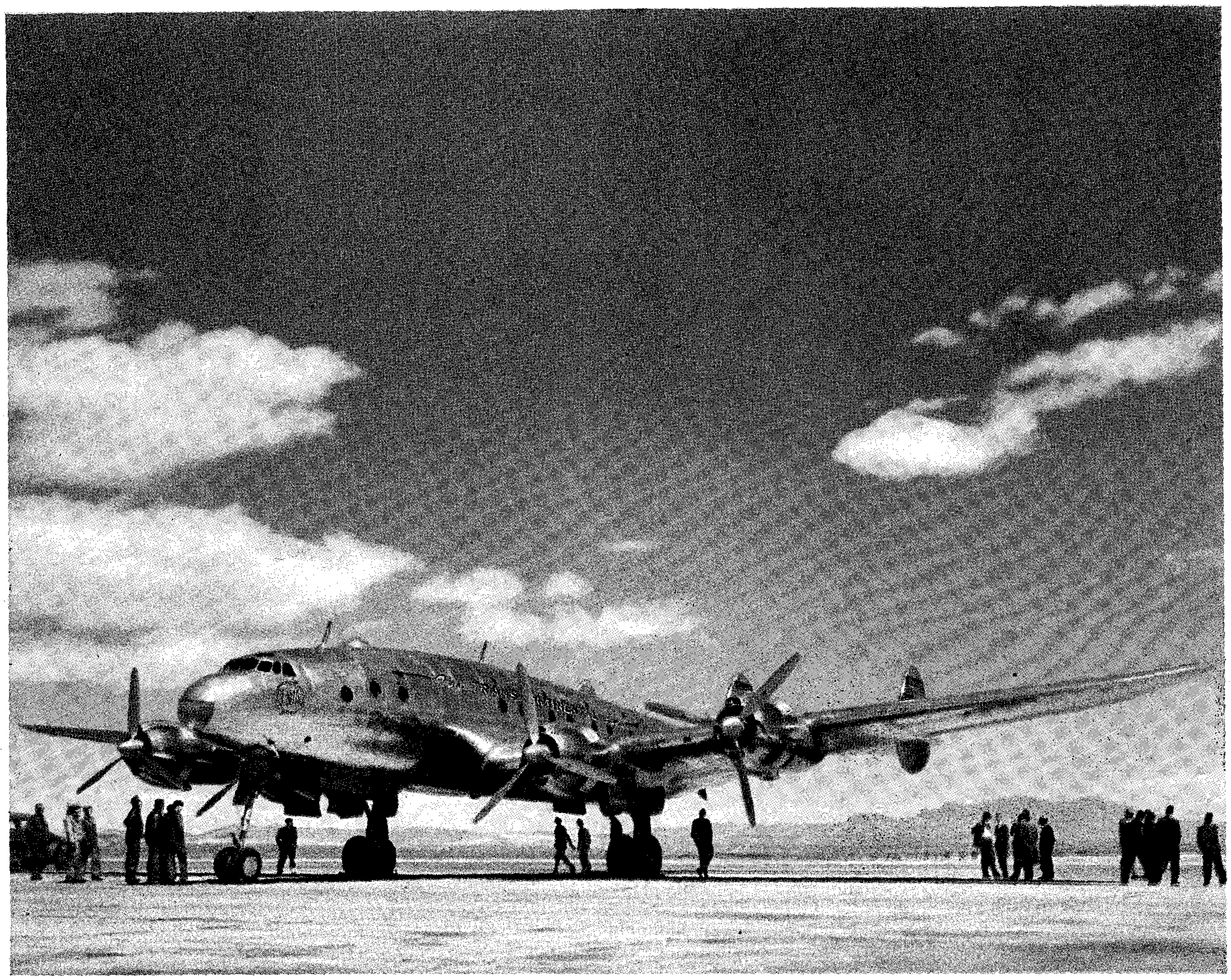
The notion of playing hot, or even tepid, American music in a hall dedicated to Stravinsky, the Don Cossacks, and Burton Holmes was scarcely new. Paul Whiteman, for example, had had the same idea twenty years before, when he conducted Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" at Carnegie Hall, and Johnny Green, who became a celebrity when Libby Holman started singing his "Body and Soul," had put on an evening of jazz on the same stage. But these two musicians had beclouded the issue with elaborations such as tone poems and luxurious symphonic arrangements. Whiteman had even introduced a soloist who played an entire number on a bicycle pump, an instrument that is not recognized by Condon and his fellow-musicians of the old school. Condon's Town Hall concert was unadulterated hot music, most of it unrehearsed and improvised. The audience, unfortunately, was made up mostly of people who had got in on tickets with holes punched in them, and after it was all over Anderson and Condon retired to the privacy of Schrafft's bar, at the Broadway end of the block, for a hasty computation of their losses. There were further Town Hall concerts that spring, nevertheless, and for the final one of the season there were police, not to close the place up but to keep the box-office line in order. The Condon audiences were something new. There were, as might have been expected, many prep-school representatives, but there were a lot of older people, too. These audiences, though they occasionally interrupted the performance by applauding a soloist who was in exceptionally good form, did not, like the ones in the Paramount, shriek or dance in the aisles whenever the music became particularly fervid. They seemed to be just reasonably normal people who had a good, unhysterical time listening to a couple of hours of hot music. No one, including Condon, knew what to make of the whole thing, but Condon was happy about it.

There were more, and more profitable, concerts at Town Hall the next season, and the one after that, but the third series was cut short when, in May of last year, the Blue Network decided it could devote half an hour on Saturday afternoons to putting the Condon music on the air. There have also been a number of Carnegie Hall concerts by the Condon group, which has most of the men in the old Summa cum Laude band as a nucleus. The rest of the talent is drawn from whatever other authentic hot musicians, Negro and white, happen to be around town on a given day. It is a small pool, at that, for there are perhaps no more than a hundred such artists in the whole country. Recognition for these strolling American minstrels may be just around the corner. At one of this season's Carnegie Hall concerts, the Army unexpectedly took over a large part of the stage so that a crew of sound and camera men could record the proceedings for its overseas soldiers. Lately, Decca signed Condon to a two-year contract. At Decca, he and his colleagues are dealing with the man who has been recording them for quite a few years under his own label—Milton Gabler, a heavy-set, baldish, determinedly brusque man who has turned a weary-looking hole in the wall called the Commodore Music Shop, on East Forty-second Street, into still another national institution. Gabler is a good friend and severe critic of most of the hot musicians, and, using this combination of talents, has managed to build up the best list of recordings in the business.

THE music Eddie Condon has risen to defend is an art form as rigid as the molds in which the classic French, Greek, and Latin poets cast their verse. In both hot music and classic poetry, the virtuosity of a performer is judged by the variety of effect and self-expression he can achieve within the restrictions of his medium. Popular music, of which hot music forms one branch, is, for reasons there is no point in going into here, limited almost entirely to songs that are arbitrarily just thirty-two bars long, that are to be played and sung in strict tempo, and that have lyrics dealing with love—budding, full-blown, or in one of the several stages of dismantlement. The rules for hot music go a little further: in general, the participants play without even glancing at a sheet of music, in groups rarely larger than eight or ten men, and more or less improvise as they go along; every man is expected to be an accomplished soloist; any instruments but the traditional ones are looked down upon; and no one ever wears one of those electric-blue, red, or tan uniforms in which most band leaders delight. Certain of these rules can be honored in the breach, but not the one about uniforms. Hot musicians believe that a bandsman's uniform is a badge of shame, that it indicates to



"I think the new helper's going to work out O.K."



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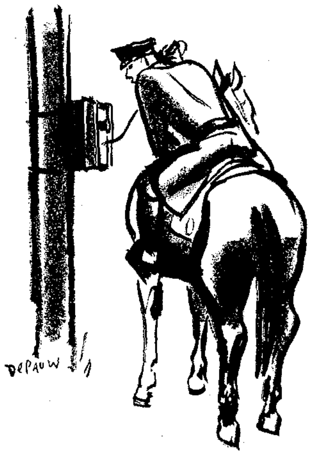
all who see it that the wearer is not a free-lance artist but merely a rule-of-thumb workman, doomed to long hours of rehearsals and to playing, night after night, the notes some music arranger has written down for him. Occasionally the hot musicians will compromise to the extent of agreeing to wear dark sack suits, and not long ago, Art Hodes, a respected hot pianist, who was abandoning Fifty-second Street to enter employment in more genteel surroundings, made a further concession in deference to the management of the new place. After consulting with his associates in the trio he heads, he went to Wanamaker's and bought three bow ties, all of the same opulent pattern.



The Condon group is especially orthodox about instruments. Modern inventions, such as the saxophone and the vibraharp, and such triumphs of engineering science as the electric guitar and the electric violin are considered out of the question. The late William Bolitho, a critic whose opinions never adorned the pages of *Jazz* or *Down Beat*, said that the saxophone, a hybrid German invention, had certain overtones of *Weltschmerz*, a notion that is shared by Condon. Condon has, however, given in to the extent of admitting that his old comrade Bud Freeman plays the instrument handsomely. "There are two kinds of saxophones," he once remarked in extenuation of his lapse. "There is Bud Freeman and there are all the rest." Freeman is now somewhere in the Pacific, wearing a uniform (a G. I. one), and Condon has further amended his dictum to make an exception for Ernie Caceres, a vivid Latin from Texas, who plays the saxophone in a fashion that satisfies even the most purist admirers of hot music. Caceres was a regular member of the Condon crew until he, too, put on a G. I. uniform a fortnight ago. His chair, it seems likely, will remain vacant until some time after V Day.

No such concession can be made for the wielders of electrified instruments. There is, the hot musicians admit, no denying the popularity of these instruments, however. One orchestra leader, in fact, fell so in love with the pulsating, quavering sound that could be extracted from the electric guitar and its companion instruments that he outfitted his entire band with instruments that had loudspeakers. Before he could tour the country with this horrifying assemblage, he was killed in a plane wreck. The timely end of this mad electrician is a recurrent topic among the Condon musicians. The other afternoon one of them, a Harlem trombonist, concluded a discussion by saying, "That man, he never die in a plane crash. He have so many wires around that bandstand that one day he just push a plug in the wrong socket and electrocute himself."

HOT music had been going on for years in New York, mostly up in Harlem, before the town had ever heard of Eddie Condon. Among the greatest early exponents of it were the late Fats Waller and his fellow-pianist, James P. Johnson, who made their first joint appearance downtown in a Negro show called "Keep Shufflin'." It was their fancy to sit in the orchestra pit at intermission and play a number called "Sippi" in a manner that is still considered one of the great demonstrations of hot music. The first time around, they played it smoothly and carefully, accenting the melody, but thereafter variations on the theme poured from the two pianos in tumultuous sequence, Waller playing a chorus while Johnson supplied background incidentals, Johnson playing a chorus while Waller did a background, Waller and Johnson playing a chorus together again, Waller and Johnson converting the next chorus into a fugue, and so on until, at the end of fifteen minutes, it seemed unlikely that a single extra variant could be squeezed out of the song. Next night, Waller and Johnson would have half a dozen new ones in their repertory. Composers and conductors of serious music occasionally spend a long summer at work in the country and return to town with a manuscript called "Fifteen Variations on a Theme by Grieg" or something of the sort. Waller and Johnson thought nothing of working out fifteen variations on "Sippi" in ten minutes.

The musicians who work out the variations on the Condon concerts and recordings—James P. Johnson is one of them—start arriving on the scene of action an hour ahead of time, but the first thirty minutes of what passes for rehearsals is devoted entirely to

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with JOHN RAITT — JAN CLAYTON
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Tallulah
BANKHEAD
in PHILIP BARRY'S
FOOLISH NOTION
HENRY HULL • DONALD COOK
Directed by JOHN C. WILSON
Martin Beck Thea. W. 45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
Harry Stockwell • Joseph Buloff • Evelyn Wyckoff • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

3RD YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
Jessie ROYCE LANDIS Royal BEAL Betty CAULFIELD
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EDWIN LESTER presents
The new musical triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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A Dramatic Legend by HOWARD RICHARDSON & WILLIAM BERNEY
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10 "THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
LITTLE INDIANS
PLYMOUTH THEA. 45 St. W. of B'way. 2 Perfs. Sat. & Sun. 2:40 & 8:40

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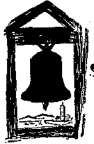
ELLIOTT NUGENT • BETTY FIELD • AUDREY CHRISTIE
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr., presents
the Voice of the Turtle
by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
K. T. STEVENS • HUGH MARLOWE • BETTY LAWFORD
CHICAGO — Selwyn Theatre

"BEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."—*Lyons, Post*
BLOOMER GIRL
with CELESTE HOLM
MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS DOOLEY WILSON
Music by HAROLD ARLEN *Lyrics by* E. Y. HARBURG
Book by SIG HERZIG and FRED SAIDY
Based on the play by LILITH & DAN JAMES
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evgs. 8:30. Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40



LELAND HAYWARD presents
FREDRIC MARCH
in
A Bell for Adano
by PAUL OSBORN
Based on JOHN HERSEY'S Novel
with MARGO
Directed by H. C. POTTER
CORT Thea., W. 48th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A DELIGHTFUL COMEDY"
—*Lewis Nichols, Times*
Dear Ruth
A New Comedy
by NORMAN KRASNA
Directed by MOSS HART
HENRY MILLER'S THEA., 43 St. E. of B'y. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

MAX GORDON *presents*
THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
with LEO G. CARROLL
Janet BEECHER Percy WARAM Margaret DALE
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL HIT!
ON THE TOWN
ADELPHI, 54 St. E. of B'y. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Eddie DOWLING & Louis J. SINGER present
LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
THE GLASS MENAGERIE
A new play by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
with Julie HAYDON • Anthony ROSS
PLAYHOUSE THEA. W. 48 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

cracker-barrel conversation, for Condon is unquestionably the most fashionably late of all conductors. By the time he arrives, a dozen or so musicians are waiting for him. He is never sure whom he is going to find there. An unexpected recording date may have tied up a trumpeter he had counted on, an unexpected job out of town may have removed a trombonist from the list, an unexpected all-night party has perhaps cancelled a pianist. There are often, however, two or three unexpected visitors to offset these casualties.

One of the most elaborate rehearsals run off in the eleven months the concerts were on the air was accorded Sidney Bechet, the New Orleans clarinetist, who was guest soloist on the program some weeks ago. The concession was made only because Bechet had not been in New York for a year and it was thought that he might have got out of touch with things.

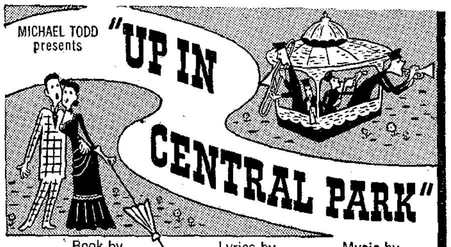
"Sidney," Condon said, "I've got you down to do 'China Boy.' Three choruses. The first two times around, solo with Gene Schroeder on piano and Sid Weiss on bass behind you, the last time with the rest of the posse in behind you. All right? . . . Now, you want four bars on the piano before you come in?"

"I think I like six bars, Eddie," said Bechet.

"How bright do you want it?" said Condon, and Bechet tapped a foot four or five times to indicate the tempo.

"O. K.," said Condon. "Gene, start it off on the piano." Schroeder played a six-bar introduction of his own embroidering, Bechet came in on the seventh bar, and at the tenth Condon raised his arms in a "Cease firing" gesture. "All right, everybody. You know how this happens?" The posse nodded, and the guest-artist's rehearsal was over. Bechet brought the house down with his three choruses of "China Boy" that afternoon. Other guest artists, who have found such a hasty refresher course insufficient, haven't always done so well. No feeble, matter-of-fact tootling is ever allowed to run its course. When, in the phrase of the trade, a visiting soloist "dogs it," Condon's expressive hands and eyebrows flash a message to the regulars, and the guest suddenly discovers that five or six other fellows are finishing his solo neck and neck with him.

Even the best of the hot musicians cannot go on improvising forever, and occasionally they fall back on familiar phrases, especially when they are playing "background" for a soloist. There



MICHAEL TODD presents "UP IN CENTRAL PARK"
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS • Lyrics by DOROTHY FIELDS • Music by SIGMUND ROMBERG
CENTURY THEATRE, 7th AVE. & 59th ST. • Mats. Wed. & Sat.

EDWARD CHOATE *presents*
Common Ground
A play by
EDWARD CHODOROV
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A New Comedy by JOHN PATRICK
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MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way
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RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
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Catherine WILLARD • Neil HAMILTON • Jean DIXON
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are, after all, limits to the inventive powers of a given performer and the flexibility of a given instrument. These familiar phrases, or what musicians cheerfully call "ready-made improvisations," fill in the gaps. Once in a while, the players will even descend to using a written score. Since, in the case of the Condon troupe, these scores are turned out by men who have been students of hot music for years, the boys feel that they are not degrading themselves. One of the arrangers is Bobby Hackett. His arrangements for trumpet and orchestra are unique in that there is no written part for the trumpet (Hackett, if he happens to be in town), who is completely and starkly on his own. What comes out of all this is music with rather rough-hewn outlines, or what an admiring critic was once moved to call "music with the bark left on."

When, this past season, Condon began making a habit of playing Carnegie Hall, some of the critics remarked that he had brought jazz out of the back rooms of the saloons to its proper eminence. This is not, of course, in accordance with the facts. Thirty years ago, when Eddie was making his first, faltering essays with the ukulele of an older brother, the music he now plays was flourishing everywhere. It was evident in its most virulent form in the back rooms in which it had had its origin, but it was also about in much more stately establishments. At the proms at Princeton, Jim Europe and his celebrated band sat on the bandstand until six in the morning playing an only slightly subdued version of this music, and in Washington the decorous Saturday-afternoon dances at the Women's Club and the coming-out parties at Maison Rauscher were not considered quite all right unless a certain hot band from the local Harlem was in attendance. What Condon has done, at the cost of a fearsome amount of breath, is help restore prestige to his favorite sort of music.

—ROGERS E. M. WHITAKER

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Condon.)

•

THIS IS PEACE

[From the San Francisco Chronicle]

Noel Toy, the Chinese fan dancer at the Kubla Khan, is planning to welcome delegates to the conference with a "Dance of the Pants of All Nations." It is to be a strip-tease act, during which she will take off eight pairs of pants which combine the colors of every nation to be represented at the conference.

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FIRST—cleanse your face with Cleansing Cream, pat with Skin Lotion. ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM, 1.00, 3.00, 6.00. ARDENA SKIN LOTION, .85, 2.00, 3.75, 9.00, 15.00

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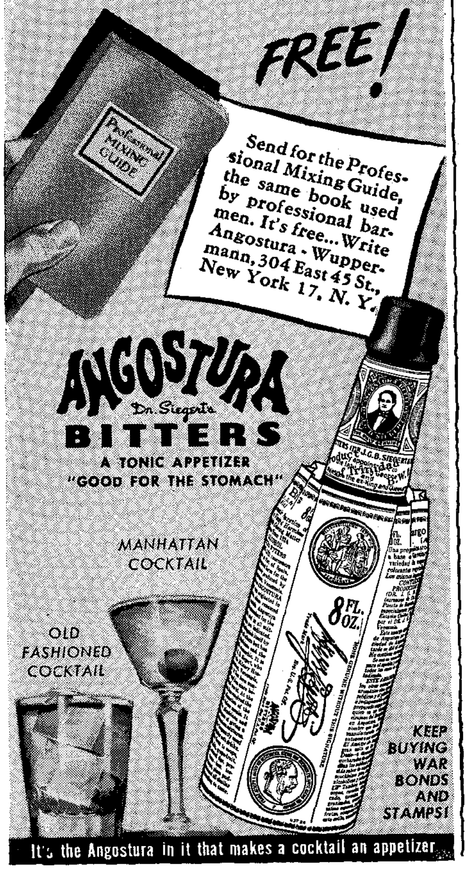

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"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"

KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

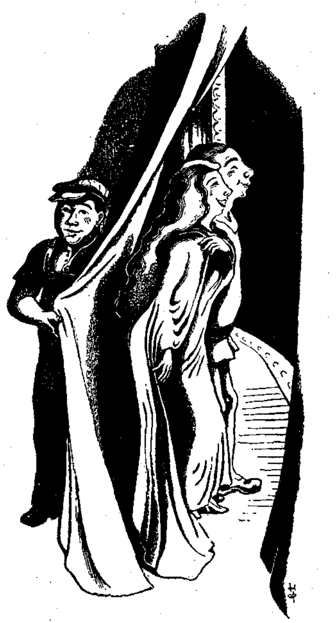
It's the Angostura in it that makes a cocktail an appetizer

THE THEATRE

AND VERY PRETTY, TOO

On its opening night, "Carousel," the Theatre Guild's musical version of "Liliom," was handicapped by a first act that seemed to be burdened with more exposition and local color than anything since "Ben Hur" or "The Whip," but it remained a surprisingly pleasant show. It has, as you presumably know, been transplanted to New England in the late-nineteenth century, equipped with the regional idiom and some rather elaborate choreography, and in general wrenched a long way from any resemblance to the original.

Liliom this time is an amusement-park barker called Billy Bigelow, and what he may have lost in poetic quality he has certainly made up in melody, since Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein have given him some very fine songs to sing, especially one called "If I Loved You." His unfortunate wife, also melodious, has been renamed Julie, and his daughter, now known as Louise, is a ballet dancer of considerable energy and charm. The villain, who involved Liliom in the holdup that removed him abruptly to an anteroom of Heaven, is one Jigger Craigin, an extremely sinister character in a red shirt. These are all admirable people (admirably played by John Raitt, Jan Clayton, Bambi Linn, and Murvyn Vye, in that order), and if what they are doing isn't exactly what Mr. Molnár had in mind in the first place, it is still a very entertaining piece of work.



From time to time, it seems just possible that Mr. Rodgers, Mr. Hammerstein, and the Guild itself are somewhat in danger of being conditioned by the success of "Oklahoma!" There are a few characters in "Carousel" who might well have moved right across the street from the St. James, notably one that I *still* think is Aunt Eller; Agnes de Mille's dances, though always stylish, have begun to recall something that you have seen before; and even the firm emphasis on period America, both visually and musically, has come to assume a slightly self-conscious air, though here not, I'm glad to say, to quite the degree that marks Michael Todd's little piece called "Up in Central Park." To end this short catalogue of complaints, I think I would have been just as happy if a character called Starkeeper, apparently a fugitive from "The Green Pastures," who deals with the firmament whimsically in terms of Christmas-tree ornaments, had been omitted, along with a secondary comedy plot that I don't recall in the first version and a couple of Heavenly policemen (assigned to accompany Liliom on his return to earth) who much too closely resemble a brother act in a vaudeville show.

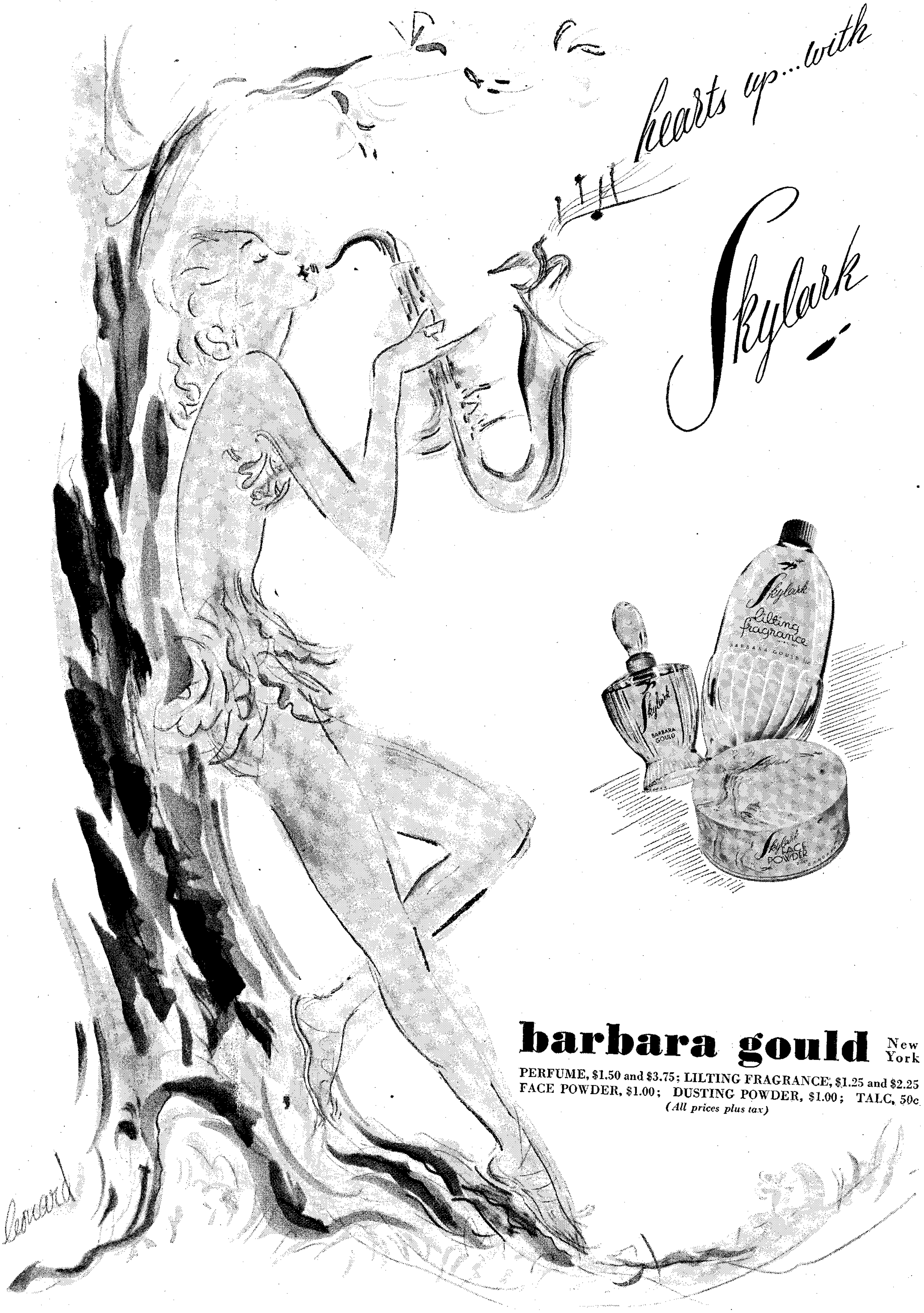
Otherwise, I'd say that "Carousel" is one of the delights of the season, and one that ought to put everybody concerned with it in an income-tax bracket that I would rather not think about. In addition to those listed above, this includes Rouben Mamoulian, the director; Jo Mielziner, who did the sets; and Miles White, who was responsible for the costumes. They are all great men, but probably no richer than you.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

During that 5-day FREE trial we want you to use the book. Pick some particular occasion—a very special twosome, a party, a business conference or in your office. Select several pointed, pertinent phrases from the writings and comments of Balzac, Oscar Wilde, Conrad, Voltaire, Swift, Shaw, Shakespeare, Thoreau and the scores of other famous humorists and intellectuals the book contains. Then—at the appropriate moment—use them, casually.—*From an adv. in Detective Novel.*

Or what seems casually to *you*, anyway.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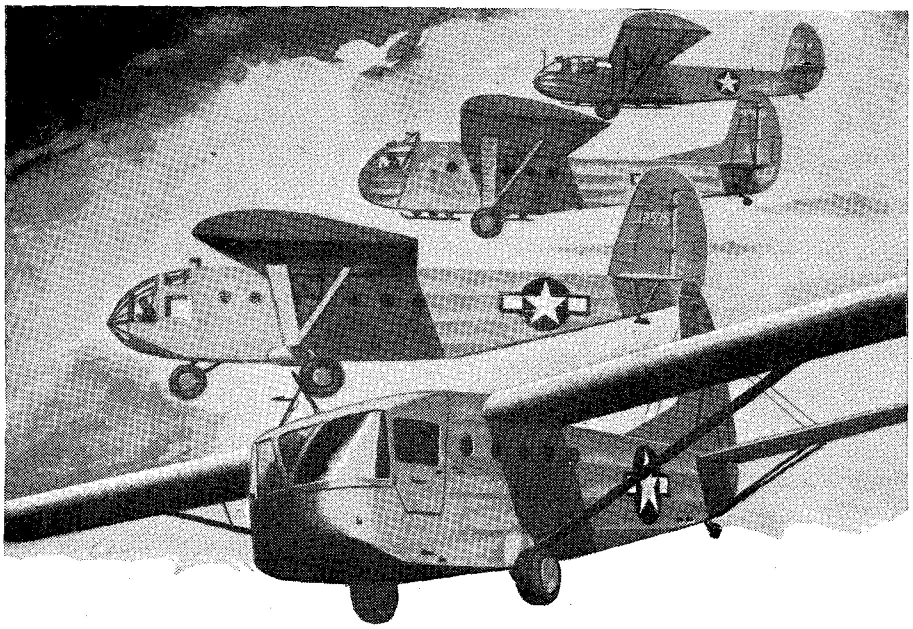

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The CG-4A has a wingspread of 83′ 8″; carries a two-man crew and 13 men; and has a useful load capacity of 3,427 pounds. The CG-15A (foreground, above) has a wingspread of only 62′ 2½″, but it carries 14 men, in addition to pilot and co-pilot, and can accommodate a useful load of 4,000 pounds.

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OF ALL THINGS

THE whereabouts of Adolf Hitler is at present a mystery. One possibility is that he is hiding under those laurels of victory Goebbels gave him on his birthday.

•

President Truman continues to be held in high regard. Everybody is trying to help him with his work and nobody calls him "that man."

•

Eight Republican senators have called upon Truman and promised him their aid. He will have their loyal support in all matters on which they happen to agree with him.

•

American M.P.s are handing out tickets to drivers who exceed the speed limit on the four-lane roads that lead to Berlin. There undoubtedly have never before been so many people hurrying to get to a fire.

•

Although the war is far from over, one peacetime luxury has already come back. Our congressmen are enjoying a good old-fashioned argument about the tariff.

•

There are reports that the Japs are suffering from a shortage of essential supplies. One reason may be that they are no longer living off the fat of other people's lands.

•

Republican leaders in New York seem not especially interested in the idea of renominating LaGuardia for Mayor. What with one thing and another, His Honor's future does not look quite as bright as his past.

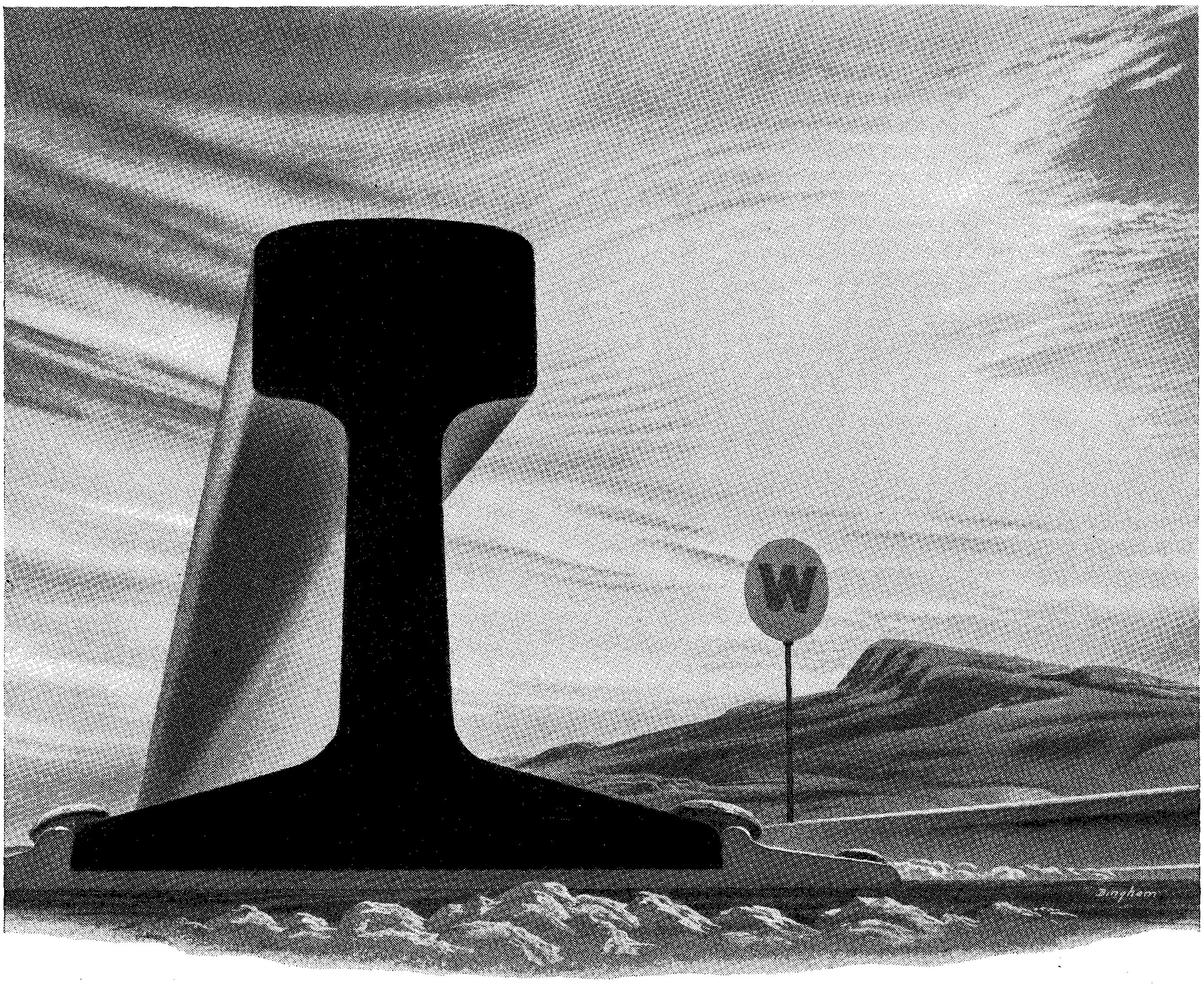
•

The Norwegians have come to the depressing conclusion that the Nazis have no intention of going home. It seems impossible to make some people understand that their room is worth more than their company.

•

Senate and House committees are investigating the meat shortage with furious energy. Thus far the inquiries have brought us very little light and no beefsteak whatever.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"HIGH IRON"

"High Iron" is one of America's not-so-secret weapons. It is a railroadman's term for the 230,000 miles of mainline track — built, paid for and kept up by the railroads — which knit America together. ● Over these strong highways of steel moves America's might — three quarters of all intercity transportation, 90% of all war freight. ● In this mass movement of freight — a movement that far exceeds anything moved before by any means of transport — lies a vital lesson. ● The lesson is this: America needs and must have — for success in war, for prosperity in peace — the low-priced, mass transportation which only railroads can deliver.

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LETTER FROM PARIS

APRIL 19 (BY WIRELESS)

THE death of President Roosevelt caused a more personal grief among the French than the deaths of their own recent great men. On the demise of both Papa Clemenceau and Marshal Foch, their grief was a nationalistic, patriotic emotion, since these men, the one with his sabre-sharp tongue, the other with his sword, had saved France. The sorrow the French felt at losing Roosevelt seemed like someone's private unhappiness multiplied by millions. Friday morning, when the news was first known here, French men and women approached the groups of Americans in uniform standing on street corners and in public places and, with a mixture of formality and obvious emotion, expressed their sorrow, sometimes in French, sometimes in broken English. On the Rue Scribe, a sergeant in a jeep held up traffic while he received the condolences of two elderly French spinsters. In the Jardin des Tuileries, an American woman was stopped beneath the white-flowering chestnut trees by a French schoolboy who, with trembling voice, spoke for his father, a dead Army officer, to express his father's love for the dead President. At the outdoor flower stalls of the Place de la Madeleine, a patriarchal flower vendor gave a passing and startled paratrooper a free pink tulip, with the statement "Today they will be sending beautiful flowers for your great man. How sad." A café waitress naïvely touched the sublime when she said of his death, "*C'est ennuyeux pour toute l'humanité.*"

On Friday morning, the Germans' Stuttgart radio, the first enemy station to show signs of life that day, interrupted a hysterical patriotic harangue to announce Roosevelt's death, without comment. By Saturday it had worked out its new anti-American propaganda line. It no longer mentioned the man it had consistently heckled as President Rosenfeldt but declared that President Truman was already viewed with skepticism by the United States and that if he fulfilled his promise to follow those White House policies which had started this second World War, he would have the distinction of starting the third.

Since the American system for filling the Presidential chair when it is left vacant by death was unknown to most French citizens, the journals here carried an official explanatory paragraph headed "*Monsieur Truman Sera Président Jusqu'en 1948*" and quoted our Constitution. The Paris press wrote of F.D.R. with sober magnificence and sincere superlatives. Under the spirited Gallic headline "*Vive Roosevelt!*," the *Libération-Soir* spoke of "the unjust destiny and yet the ancient grandeur of the event." *Le Monde,* in an editorial entitled "*Après Roosevelt,*" began by saying, "The great voice which directed American political destinies has been hushed, but its echo continues in French souls." In conclusion, it praised "his charm, his beautiful and great words," and said, "Let us weep for this man and hope that his wise and generous conception of the human communities remains like a light to brighten the path for all men of good will." De Gaulle's Minister of Foreign Affairs said, "It is not only appropriate but necessary to express the depth of the sadness of the government and of the French people. Roosevelt was one of the most loved and venerated men in France. He takes with him the tenderness of the French nation." Which is true.

THE increasing malaise, now that Roosevelt must be absent from the peace, and the unexpected return last Saturday of thousands of French prisoners liberated from Germany, juxtaposed fear and happiness in a way Parisians will probably always remember in recalling that historic weekend. On Saturday, eight thousand French male prisoners were flown back from Germany in American transport planes, which afterward tumultuously circled the city while the men were being unpacked from trucks outside the newly decorated reception center in the Gare d'Orsay. On its walls these weary men saw an astonishing series of modernistic bas-reliefs depicting their welcome return to the freedom of what explanatory signs called "*la liberté d'aimer*" and the liberty to play, to sleep, to work, to eat, to drink, and to breathe freely. Few of the prisoners, in their hasty flight from the German Army and their later flight with the Americans in the skies, had heard our sad news. When they did hear it, one thin, bitter blond Frenchman said, "*Voyez-vous.* We've come home too late."

The next day, the first contingent of women prisoners arrived by train,

SELF SERVICE
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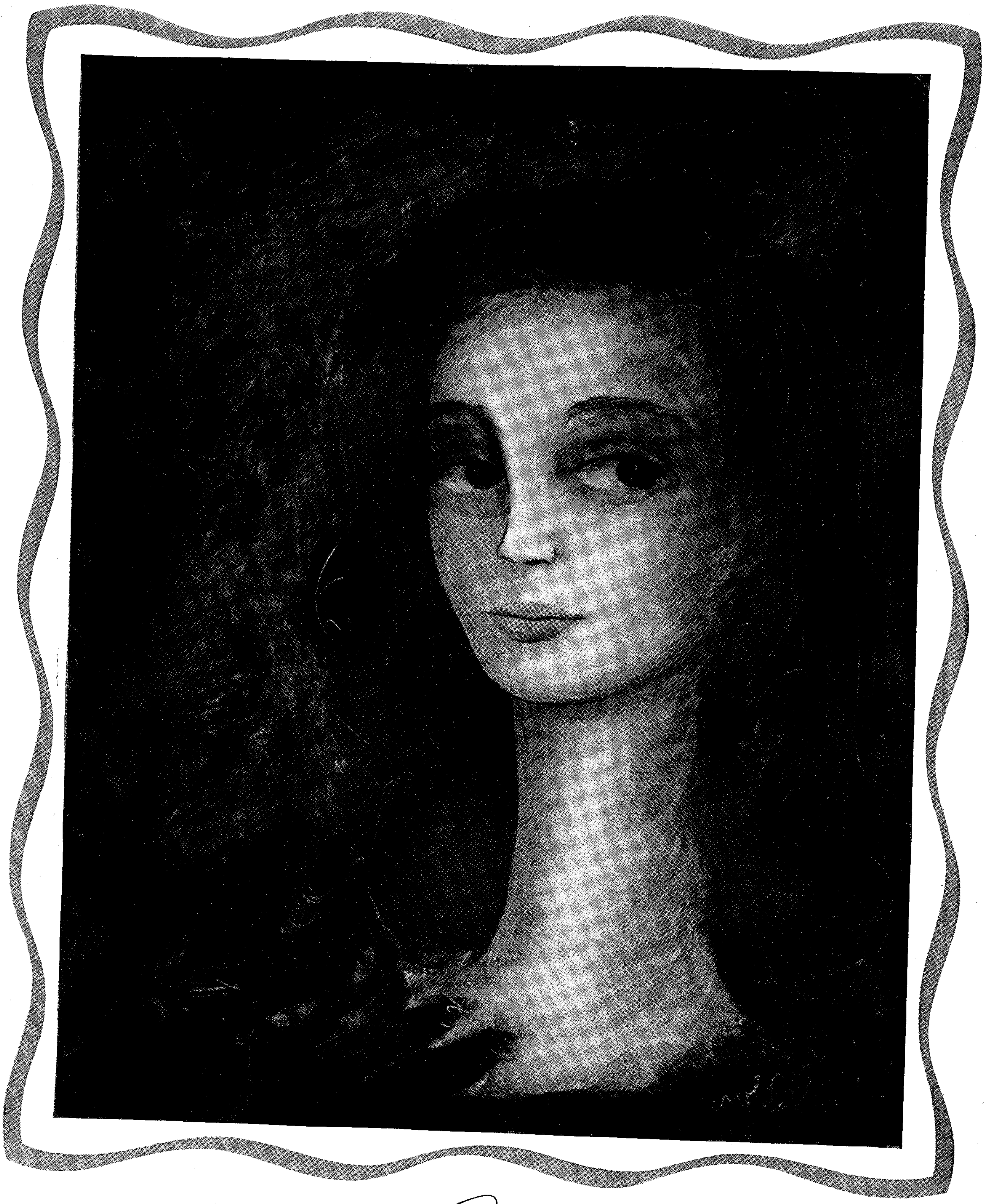

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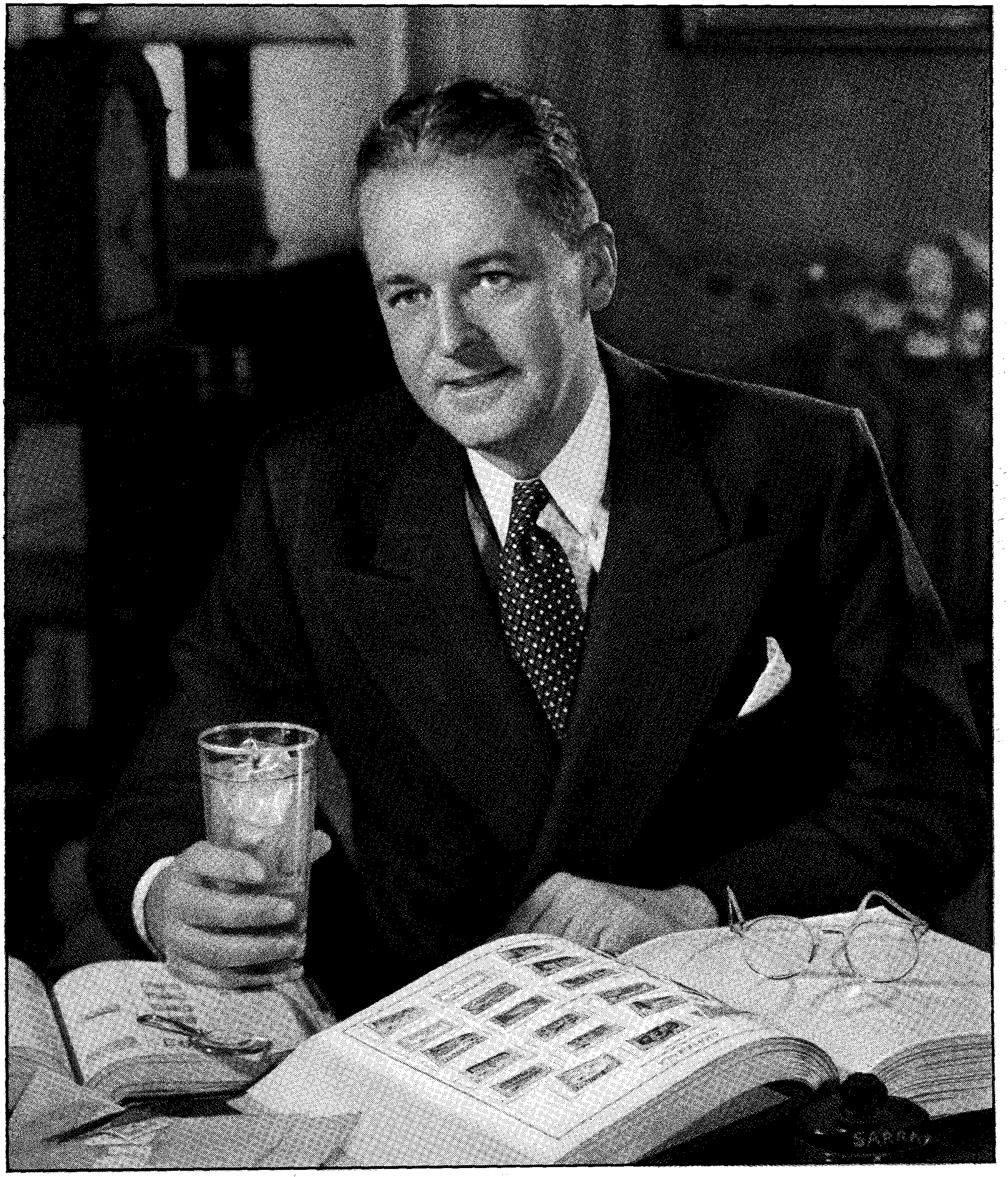

For Men of Discernment... **LORD CALVERT**

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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY.

bringing with them as very nearly their only baggage the proofs, on their faces and their bodies and in their weakly spoken reports, of the atrocities that had been their lot and the lot of hundreds of thousands of others in the numerous concentration camps our armies are liberating, almost too late. These three hundred women, who came in exchange for German women held in France, were from the prison camp of Ravensbrück, in the marshes midway between Berlin and Stettin. They arrived at the Gare de Lyon at eleven in the morning and were met by a nearly speechless crowd ready with welcoming bouquets of lilacs and other spring flowers, and by General de Gaulle, who wept. As he shook hands with some wretched woman leaning from a window of the train, she suddenly screamed, "*C'est lui!*," and pointed to her husband, standing nearby, who had not recognized her. There was a general, anguished babble of search, of finding or not finding. There was almost no joy; the emotion went beyond that, to something nearer pain. So much suffering lay behind this homecoming, and it showed in the women's faces and bodies.

Of the three hundred women whom the Ravensbrück *Kommandant* had selected as being able to put up the best appearance, eleven had died en route. One woman, taken from the train unconscious and placed on a litter, by chance opened her eyes just as de Gaulle's color guard marched past her with the French tricolor. She lifted an emaciated arm, pointed to the flag, and swooned again. Another woman, who still had a strong voice and an air of authority, said she had been a camp nurse. Unable to find her daughter and son-in-law in the crowd, she began shouting "Monique! Dominique!" and crying out that her son and husband had been killed fighting in the resistance and now where were those two who were all she had left? Then she sobbed weakly. One woman, six years ago renowned in Paris for her elegance, had become a bent, dazed, shabby old woman. When her smartly attired brother, who met her, said, like an automaton, "Where is your luggage?," she silently handed him what looked like a dirty black sweater fastened with safety pins around whatever small belongings were rolled inside. In a way, all the women looked alike: their faces were gray-green, with reddish-brown circles around their eyes, which seemed to see but not to take in. They were dressed like scarecrows, in what had been given them at camp, clothes taken from the dead of all nationalities. As the lilacs fell from inert hands, the flowers made a purple carpet on the platform and the perfume of the trampled flowers mixed with the stench of illness and dirt.

THE Ravensbrück prisoners were only an unexpected addition to a day of memorable gloom in Paris. An hour before their arrival, a brief and dramatic memorial service for our President had been held in Notre Dame. Great crowds of silent Parisians thronged the *Parvis* before the cathedral. Inside, behind the high altar, taps was sounded by a trumpet. "The Star-Spangled Banner" was played slowly as a dead march, and a prayer of intercession to the Virgin Queen of Heaven for the soul of a Democratic, Episcopalian President and the "Kyrie Eleison" were splendidly chanted, in fine diction, into a microphone by an Army chaplain. At the conclusion, the Garde Républicaine, in white breeches and gold helmets, made a semicircle inside the cathedral and an honor line outside its door, through which marched the cameo-faced Parisian Cardinal Suhard, with his ebony cane; a purple-robed Bishop; Madame L'Ambassadrice Américaine, with His Excellency; and General de Gaulle, followed by his Cabinet, including its assembly speaker, Le Père Blanc Carrière, white-haired, white-socked, and in his religious order's hooded white-wool robe.

The death of a global figure like Roosevelt produces a political vacuum. It is already being filled here by an inrush of worldly suppositions. These are diverse. According to them, de Gaulle will benefit from Roosevelt's death, bourgeois France will lose, Republican France will gain by coming closer, through her alliance with Russia and against England, to her goal of a non-monarchial Latin bloc—a non-Fascist, kingless Italy, Spain, Portugal, and France, which will establish an anti-Queen Victorian Mediterranean. Churchill, London, and all royalty, including the Greek, will lose insofar as their old-fashioned balance-of-power notion of a controlled Europe will suffer. Germany will lose, because Roosevelt was her worthy enemy; Germany will gain, because the international and local rich he fought will revive Germany's cartelized industrial power. Europe as a whole, these speculations continue, will gain, insofar as it will settle its own fate, free of the too carefully guiding White House hand and the power of the

LISTEN: APRIL 28, 1945

The *Times* called it "the greatest coverage radio ever gave to a news story..."

★

At 5:49 p.m. EWT on April 12, John Daly, CBS analyst, in the news studio, signalled the control room to cut the network and give him a "live" microphone. Then he sadly dealt the first shock to the world.

From that moment until 1 a.m. Monday, April 16, a steady flow of 46 hours and 26 minutes of report and tribute poured outward on the CBS air. After Daly came Robert Trout, Ned Calmer, Major George Fielding Eliot, Edwards in London, Collingwood in Paris; in Washington, Bill Henry; from Spartanburg, James Byrnes; from Washington, Ambassador Louden; from Paris, De-Gaulle's and Caffery's and Elmer Davis' tributes; then Gromyko's, Congressman Huber's, General Marshall's from Washington; then, from Turner's flagship off Okinawa, the grim incredulity of our men at sea, as Don Pryor reported it.

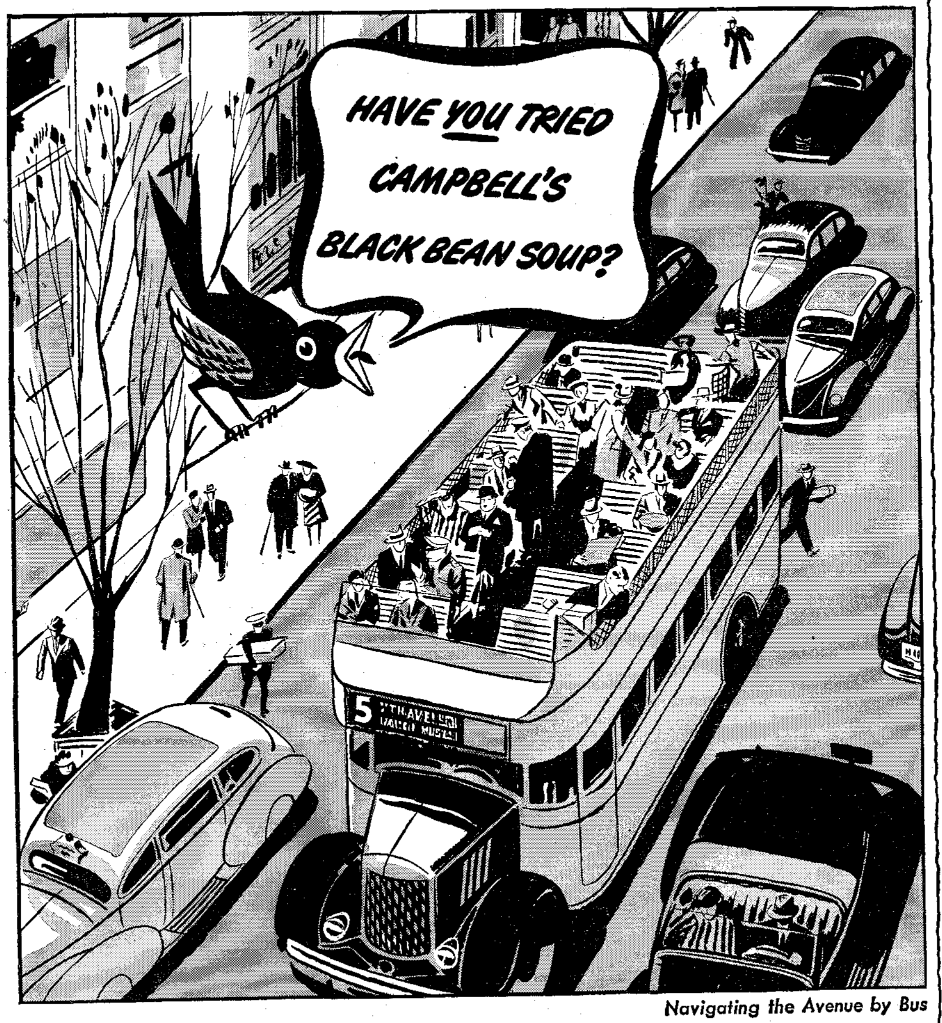
Basil O'Connor came on then. Raymond Massey read the President's own D-Day *Prayer for the United Nations*, Rabbi Fineshriber, Bishop Oxnam, Archbishop Spellman followed, and Larry Lesueur from London, Bill Slocum, Jr. from Paris, Tim Leimert from Guam. O'Mahoney, Chavez, Ciechanowski, Pearson-of-Canada; then Bonnet, Tunnell, Tarchiani, Hurban, Hoey, Toivola, then Lewis Douglas and William L. Shirer. Music bridged the news; the evening closed on the choir at Salt Lake City humming the first two lines of *Abide With Me*...

Friday heard Robert Sherwood's special tribute to his Chief. Saturday came, and CBS followed the funeral train, the cortege up Pennsylvania Avenue... reported minute by minute the word of the new president...and the funeral. Then, on Sunday, the rose garden at Hyde Park became a shrine.

Sunday at 1:58 p.m. EWT, Edward R. Murrow said from Germany: "Back in '41 Mr. Churchill said to me with tears in his eyes: *'One day the world and history will recognize and acknowledge what it owes to your President'.*"

★

This is CBS ...THE COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM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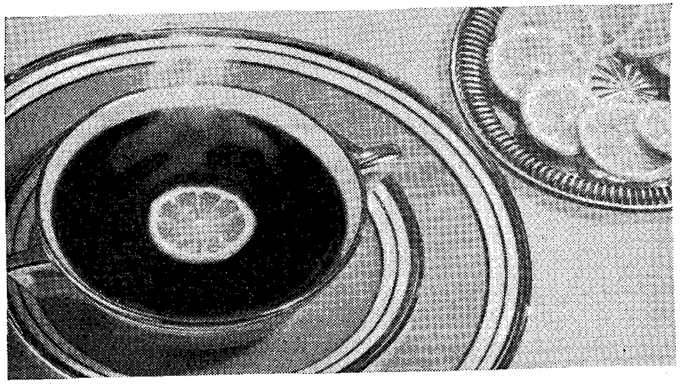
Navigating the Avenue by Bus

We'll Ask You, If You Please, Not to Repeat This!

Talk, if you will, of ships and sealing wax . . . but not, if you please, about Campbell's Black Bean Soup! Once let the word about this deep-flavored, distinctive soup get noised from penthouse to penthouse and there's no telling where it will end. Probably in a vogue! So just keep these tidings under the rose. Then, come tomorrow, see your grocer with the family supper in mind—or a guest that's hard to please!

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P.S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



Campbell's
CONDENSED
BLACK BEAN
SOUP

Downing Street cigar. These notions, too, are tributes to that rare American figure who has, on the Continent, left his own great mark—a void.

—JANET FLANNER

•

WIND ON CAPITOL HILL DEPT.

[*From the Congressional Record*]

MR. LUCAS. Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. WHERRY. I yield to the distinguished senior Senator from Illinois.

MR. LUCAS. I have asked the Senator to yield to me for a very important reason. Mr. President, there is in the gallery at this moment a very distinguished group of young people of our country. I doubt if we could find a more brilliant, charming, and unique group of youngsters anywhere in the world. We have a lot of "quiz" folks on the floor of the Senate, but today the Quiz Kids are in the gallery as guests of the Senate. Will the Quiz Kids please stand so that my colleagues and those in the gallery may see them?

(Thereupon the Quiz Kids rose from their seats in the gallery, and were applauded by the Senate.)

MR. BARKLEY. Mr. President, will the Senator yield to me?

MR. WHERRY. I yield to the distinguished senior Senator from Kentucky.

MR. BARKLEY. It was my pleasure to have occasion to refer to the Quiz Kids approximately a year ago, and when I finally met them I found them as charming as they are brilliant and well-informed. I listen to them nearly every Sunday night when I am able to do so, and I always enjoy, with great humiliation, the knowledge they display in answering questions.

They are to be in Washington on Sunday night, I believe, in their regular Sunday night performance, and they are to be pitted against four Senators, so I understand, in a contest between the celebrated Quiz Kids and the four Senators. All I have to say is, may God have mercy on the souls of the Senators who will take part. [Laughter.]

MR. HATCH. Mr. President, may I say "Amen." [Laughter.]

MR. BARKLEY. I think the Senator from New Mexico is to be one of the victims. [Laughter.]

I join in the greetings which we extend to these fine young Americans, and I congratulate them upon their achievement. I suppose I may be guilty of some disloyalty if I say that I wish them success next Sunday night. [Laughter.]

MR. WHERRY. Mr. President, I too wish to join in the very complimentary remarks of the senior Senator from Illinois and the distinguished majority leader, the senior Senator from Kentucky. Since the Quiz Kids are in the gallery, I might ask them the $64 question: Why is it that if we have 83,000,000 cattle in the United States and if we also have more corn than we have ever had before, we cannot get plenty of beef for everybody? I should like to have them answer the question, if they will. It seems that the Senate cannot get the job done. [Laughter.]

THE CURRENT CINEMA

More Spooks

THIS week I think we will stick to the facts, largely as reported by my faithful assistant. "The Horn Blows at Midnight" opens with Jack Benny playing a trumpet in a radio orchestra which is rehearsing a program sponsored by a company that manufactures a coffee guaranteed not to keep you awake. Naturally enough, this performance puts Mr. Benny to sleep, and the rest of the picture is an extremely complicated, and sometimes rather funny, dream sequence. He is transported to Heaven as an angel, junior grade, and presently summoned to the office of the Chief of Demolition of Small Planets (Guy Kibbee in a very handsome white satin robe), who says that the earth has been behaving very badly the last few years and he thinks it is high time somebody blew it up. His secretary, Elizabeth (played by Alexis Smith, a tall girl with a very stimulating figure), has convinced him that Benny, plus his trumpet, is the man for the job, so he is sent back to earth to handle it. The general idea is that if he blows his horn exactly at midnight, everything will come tumbling down.

From this point on, things somehow defy synopsis. There are two fallen angels (played by Allyn Joslyn and John Alexander) who conspire with an international crook (played by Reginald Gardiner) to steal the trumpet; there is a good deal of business about a vanishing elevator; toward the end, everybody is hanging onto a flagpole about fifteen stories above street level, and Mr. Benny falls from there into a gigantic cup of coffee affixed to the side of the building. In the end, of course, it turns out that he has just fallen out of his chair in the orchestra. It is hard to say how all this could conceivably amuse anybody over six, except that it has an air of genial absurdity that somehow saves it from being the usual sort of screen fantasy.

THE rest of this report is by another hand: " 'The Enchanted Cottage,' adapted from the play by Pinero, is a thin and sentimental little story and perhaps just slightly overacted. Robert Young, with a really horrifying make-up, plays the scarred veteran who retreats from the world to a cottage owned by Mildred Natwick, where he is thrown together with Dorothy McGuire, also a rather discouraged type. Miss McGuire is made to look as plain as possible, but I still don't see why everybody had to be quite so rude to her. Herbert Marshall, a blind composer, acts as a sort of interlocutor, explaining things that don't need explanation or else trying to clear up the completely inexplicable. . . . 'Sudan,' with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, and Turhan Bey, is not for adults and certainly not for children. Miss Montez, as an Egyptian queen unfortunately tricked into slavery, is very active and Mr. Bey looks remarkably unattractive in a widow's veil. . . . 'Patrick the Great' is frankly a B picture, unpretentious and fairly amusing. Once, Eve Arden, referring to young Donald O'Connor, says, 'It could be a mosquito. They get pretty big around here.' There is also a good deal of energetic dancing and falling down. . . . 'Betrayal from the East' is more or less in the spirit of the comic strips, with Lee Tracy being beaten and shot by the treacherous Japanese while Nancy Kelly is being steamed to death by the Nazis in a glass-enclosed shower. There is a newsreel effect at the beginning and end, explaining that such things are going on all the time. They certainly are, but it doesn't improve the picture." —W. G.

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POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From The Panama Star & Herald*]

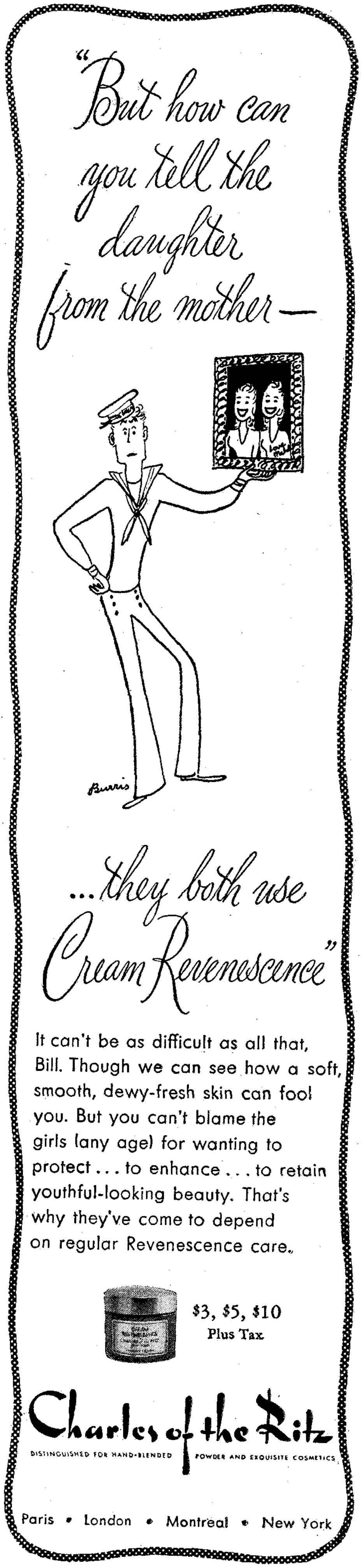
COSTA RICA
WE LOVE THEE
By A. A. Blacket-Forde

Costa Rica! Oh Costa Rica!
What a beautiful panorama,
You're a gem of the America
Like your beloved sister panama.

The pleasure rides in your "tranvia,"
Rrom you main towns to the Sabanas,
Infuses one with "Alegria"
From night time to the wee "mañana."

This morning as one left your airport
Nature's wonders were seem fro the sky;
The mapastic sun and her full court,
In tecnicolors rising on high.

One likes your for your elegancy,
Your conventional taste in dressing,
Your diplomacy and courtesy; confessing.
Great Costa Rica! How one loves you;
The costly lessons learnt from you free,
Your old and magnificent church view;
Gives a love for you quite sincerely.



"But how can you tell the daughter from the mother—
...they both use Cream Revenescence"
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It can't be as difficult as all that, Bill. Though we can see how a soft, smooth, dewy-fresh skin can fool you. But you can't blame the girls (any age) for wanting to protect . . . to enhance . . . to retain youthful-looking beauty. That's why they've come to depend on regular Revenescence care.

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A REPORTER IN YUGOSLAVIA

THE LONG MARCH—III

[*This is the final part of a three-part continued article that began in the April 14th issue.*]

THE headquarters of the Yugoslavian Partisans, at the time I visited it last year, was in the village of Drvar, in Bosnia. This village, set in a lovely, Partisan-held valley, was surrounded by snow-capped mountains and Germans. It was late in the afternoon when I came down one of these mountains, after marching from the Adriatic coast with some fifty Partisans, most of them delegates to a forthcoming youth congress. The group had split up the day before; most of the delegates had gone to another village to wait until the congress started. I went on to headquarters with a girl named Ranka, secretary of the organization which was holding the congress; a young Dalmatian poet who was now a Partisan soldier; a boy named George, who acted as my interpreter; a Partisan named Živko, who was the official photographer for the congress; and six girls who had been trained as nurses and were now to be assigned to fighting units.

We had walked steadily for seven days to reach Drvar, half the time through German-held territory, and I was ready to sit down for a while. We descended the mountain and hit a dirt road leading into the village. It ran through half-plowed fields and past houses that seemed strange because they were undamaged. Women and old men and children working in the fields stopped to stare at us. The valley was in shadow as the sun went down, but the snow on the mountains began to color as we walked: first pink and then red and then orange, and when the mountains finally hid the sun, the orange faded gently into blue and the blue into a gray which grew colder and harder as it blended with the blackness of the mountains. The valley was suddenly cold. I took a pair of G.I. gloves from my pocket and put them on.

Ranka was leading the way. She stopped when we came to the edge of the village. Two Partisan soldiers were standing outside a house there. Ranka went up to them and saluted, and they talked for a while. I looked out over the valley. There was a smell of rain in the air. Ranka called to the nurses to join her. They all talked for a few minutes, then Ranka shook hands with each of the girls and came back to the rest of us. She said something to George and started off again into the town. The nurses waved goodbye from the house. "This house is their headquarters," George said. "They will be happy here. It is full of men."

As we went down the road, we saw in more detail what Drvar, a village of perhaps a thousand people, was like. The dirt road turned into a street, with walks on both sides. The houses were close together. About every fifth one was intact; the rest were burned or bombed out. All of them were pocked with bullet holes. We passed a row of storefronts, the names still lettered over the missing doorways. There was a tailor shop, a barbershop, a butcher shop, and a grocery. They were all empty. The streets were also empty; the village had the deceptive stillness that often falls over the battle front. Ranka turned a corner and we came onto a street in which grass was growing through the pavement. Ranka stopped before the door of a frame house. She asked the poet something and he nodded; she opened the door and walked in. The rest of us followed. We came into a small room in which two young men and a girl were sitting at a table. They jumped up when they saw us and the girl ran over and hugged Ranka. Then everyone began hugging everyone else and I went over to a chair and sat down. When they were all hugged out, the rest of them sat down too, and Ranka introduced me. She explained that I was an American soldier, in Yugoslavia on a special assignment. I didn't catch the girl's name, but the men were Martin and Slavko. Martin was short and chubby and boyish, with a wide, innocent face and very white teeth. Slavko was lean and dark and had an iron grip. George whispered that he had been a well-known soccer player in Sarajevo. Slavko was president of the youth organization and Martin and the girl were on the executive committee.

I didn't understand much of their conversation after the introductions, so I put my head on the table and fell asleep. I slept for half an hour. When George woke me, there were bowls of soup and a big plate of coarse brown bread on the table. The soup had rice and pieces of lamb in it. Ranka didn't eat much—she was too busy talking—but everyone else put away at least three bowls. Then Slavko spoke to George, who said to me, "Would you like to take a hot shower?" I hadn't been out of my uniform since arriving in Yugoslavia, so I said yes. I got a bar of soap, a towel, a pair of socks, and some reasonably clean underwear from my pack and followed Slavko and George out of the house and down the paved street. We passed a bombed building that looked as if it had

"*Bless you, sister.*"

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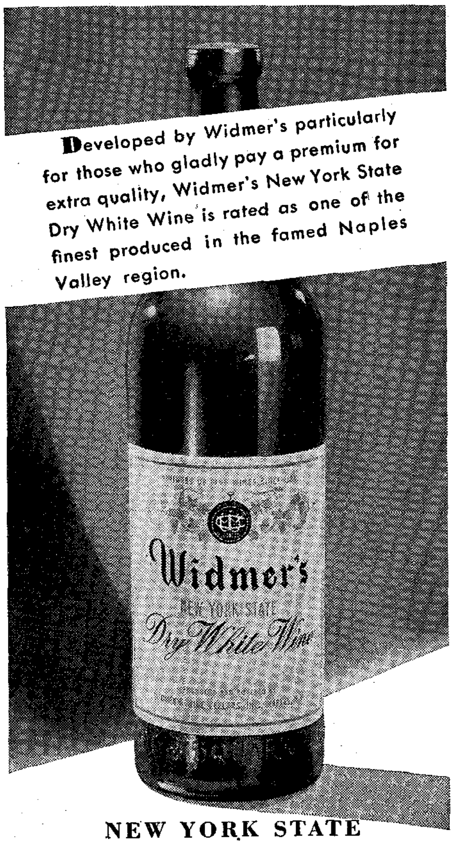

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Send for Colorful Folder

been a factory; some men were busy repairing it and Slavko said that the youth congress was to be held there. They had thought that they couldn't repair the building, because they had no nails, but a hurry call had brought them nails smuggled out of the occupied city of Zagreb. While the Partisans were at it, they had also smuggled out some tapestries to hang on the walls. A railroad crossed our street farther on, and then we came to a large building that might once have been a schoolhouse or a dormitory. In the hall inside, Slavko turned George and me over to a group of Partisans. One of them talked with George, then took us to a room down the hall. The room was hot. "Someone is taking a shower now," George said. "We can go in when he is finished, but we must not take more than five minutes."

We sat down on a bench and began to undress. As we waited, George and I amused ourselves by searching for lice in our clothes. George found more than I did, but that, he said, was because I didn't look as closely. The other man's clothes were piled in a corner. They seemed to be a uniform. He came out, a short, plump young man with very white skin. George and I nodded to him and went into the shower. The water was really hot, and we soaped ourselves twelve times. When we came out, the other man was dressed in the uniform of a Russian major. George talked with him and then said to me, "He is from the Soviet mission here." When we got outside, it was dark and raining. The rain felt good after the hot room.

Only Slavko and the poet were still at the house when we returned. The poet said that we were going to another house to sleep. We all went down the street to the railroad and then turned and walked along the track. The ties were too close together for a normal stride and walking was difficult. It was so dark that several times I had to put out my hand to make sure someone was ahead of me. Once, when we were stopped by a sentry, we stood quietly in the dark, the rain pouring down our backs, while Slavko went forward to give the password. We walked for about an hour. We finally left the track, slid down a hill, forded a little stream, climbed another hill, and came to a farmhouse. Slavko knocked on the door and an old man answered, holding a candle in his hand. He took us to a low-ceilinged room with three crude wooden beds. Slavko shook hands and went off. The old man left the candle on the window sill for us. I dropped my pack, took off all my clothes except my underwear, and got into one of the beds. They were simply wooden slats covered with straw and a blanket, but there was another blanket for a cover. There was even a pillow stuffed with hay. I stretched out on my back. George leaned over from his bed and blew out the candle. No one said anything. The poet sighed softly. Then I fell asleep.

We were awakened in the morning by a little boy who brought us a quart can of goat's milk, a jar of honey, and some bread. He said his name was Mirko; he was the son of the old man whose house we were in. As we ate, Mirko stood in the middle of the room giggling at me because I was an American. We dressed and went outside. The morning was clear. Wherever we looked over the valley, specks of people were plowing. The air was heavy with the warm, rich, turned-earth smell of spring. After we had washed out of a rain barrel, George suggested that we go to the village, and Mirko pointed out the railroad track and the direction.

It was nice walking back to town. A brook ran beside the tracks and flowers grew along the way. We passed a little boy and two little girls playing, all of them wearing the Partisan cap with the red star. The poet said to them, "Death to Fascism," and the children stood up very straight and answered solemnly, "Freedom to the People." We went directly to the frame house we had been in the night before. Martin and Slavko were there. They began asking questions about America: what did Americans think of the war and of Yugoslavia, what was America like today, what kind of man was President Roosevelt? We had been talking for perhaps an hour when we heard the roar of planes. We listened for a minute; then George said, "Germans." We went outside and stood in the street, looking up. A flight of six Stukas passed overhead, quite high and going east. "We had better go into the ditch," George said. A ditch ran parallel to the street; we jumped into it and stood there, watching the planes until they were out of sight. The echo of their motors hung in the air; then we heard the dull, very faint crunch of bombs. "That is the village the headquarters of our Fifth Corps is in," George said. The planes reappeared, still in formation, and disappeared to the west. I started to get out of the ditch, but George held me back. "Maybe they will return," he said. In a few minutes they did return, or maybe it was six others, flying slowly and serenely, secure in the knowledge that the Partisans had no guns that could reach them. They shuttled back and forth until we got to know the exact interval between their passing over and the low thunder of their bombs on the Fifth Corps. We stayed in the ditch all morning. I tried twice to get out, but both times George pulled me back. Planes were the only things I ever saw the Partisans afraid of; this was understandable, since they had no means of fighting them. Nowhere else could the Germans still use the obsolete Stukas. Only against Partisans could they use hundred-mile-an-hour training planes, in which the pilots carried bombs on their laps and threw them over the side. So we sat in the ditch and watched the Stukas fly lazily overhead, and I imagined what they would do when they reached the Fifth Corps headquarters: how they would pick their targets at leisure and peel off and scream down and drop their bombs, and then strafe at will, chasing one person at a time across a field because they could afford to do it. Finally the procession came to an end. We waited a decent while and then returned to the house.

We spent the rest of the day there. I felt kind of dopey, probably the effect of the march, and had some trouble getting my eyes to focus. Martin and Slavko told stories of their underground activities in Zagreb before they had joined the Partisans outside. Martin had been a liberal-arts student and Slavko had been studying to be a veterinarian. Slavko had organized the first "demonstration of force" against the Germans in Zagreb and Martin had been a trigger-man. The demonstration of force consisted of throwing homemade grenades from a second-story window onto a Nazi parade. Martin's job had been simply walking up to a designated Fascist in the street, putting a pistol against his stomach, pulling the trigger several times, and then running like hell. It was not too difficult to associate this work with Slavko, who looked as though he had stepped out of "Graustark," but

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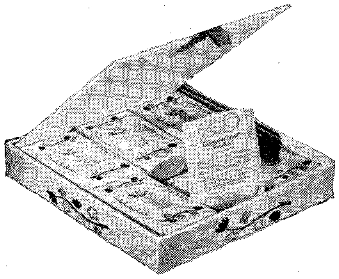

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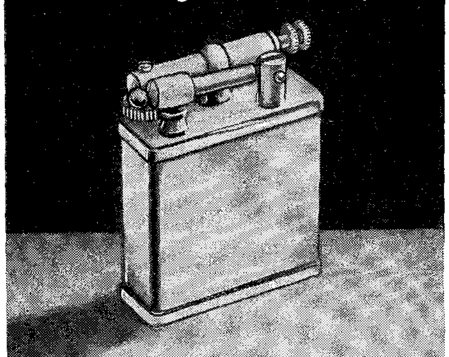

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it was impossible with Martin, who looked as though he had stepped out of "Henry Aldrich." He was twenty-four but appeared about seventeen. His entire English vocabulary consisted of the words "Twentieth Century-Fox." He had no idea what this delightful phrase meant, but he would say it over and over again, very pleased with himself. The hardest thing to accept about these two, and the younger Partisans in general, was not their youth but their normality. They all seemed completely healthy. They knew why they were killing and what it meant to them, and they believed in what they were doing. There are practically no cases of war neurosis in Tito's army.

We had dinner when it got dark—soup, some kind of meat, and tea. Then George said we would go to a movie, a Russian film that was playing nearby, in the House of Culture. This was a gymnasium that now was serving as a theatre. The poet said the Russians had sent the Partisans three feature films and the British one feature film and some newsreels. The Americans had sent none as yet, but one called "Sun Valley Serenade" was expected. The Russian films were about guerrilla fighting and the battle of Stalingrad. The British film was "Desert Victory." The House of Culture was crowded when we got there, but we found seats over at one side. The audience was made up of the villagers and Partisan soldiers, both men and women. The walls were decorated with slogans about Tito and Yugoslavia and the Allies, and pictures of Tito, Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. The audience applauded when the lights went down, and George said, "Most of them have seen this picture four or five times. They like it very much. For many of them it is the first cinema they have seen." The picture was about a Russian town invaded by the Germans, and how the townspeople took to the hills and became guerrillas. There were no subtitles translating the dialogue, but it was easy to follow. The audience loved it. When the guerrilla leader shot the German commander three times, they yelled so loudly you couldn't hear the dialogue. I had never seen such a relationship between an audience and a film. The film was about the audience; everything they saw they had done themselves, and any one of them could have taken the place of a character in the film.

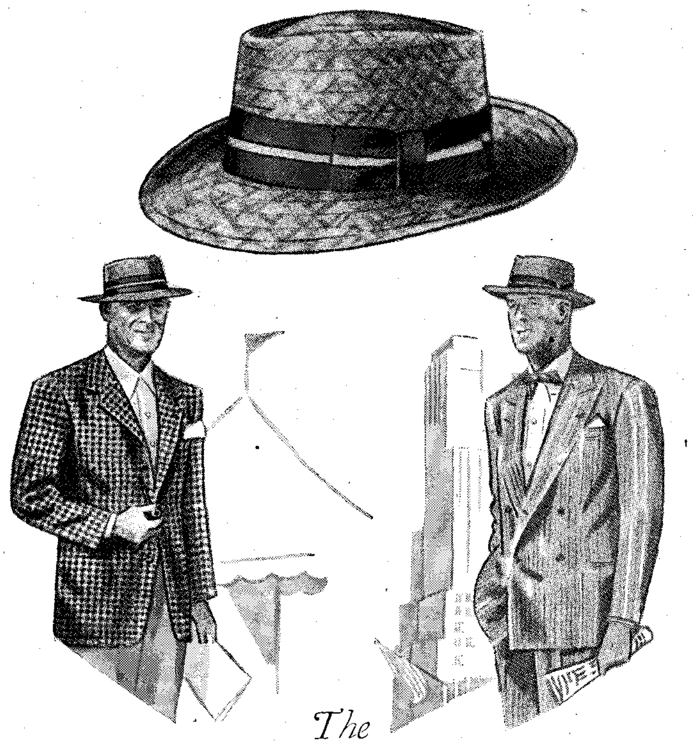
George and the poet and I didn't talk much as we walked home. The night was cold and we walked fast. When we were in bed, the poet asked if I had liked the film and I said yes. "We like it because it is true," he said. "You could make a thousand films like that about Yugoslavia and they would all be true." I said that the picture would probably seem fantastic to most Americans, and he thought for a minute and then said, "That would be too bad, wouldn't it?"

THE next day Mirko awakened us again with breakfast. This time he didn't giggle; he just stared at me. Later we walked into town and met Martin. With him was a boy who he said would take me to the house where some of Tito's Cabinet were staying. The boy and I cut across the valley and walked for about an hour, until we came to a large farmhouse by a stream, where the boy left me. A short, heavy, middle-aged man and a small, pretty woman of about thirty were standing in front of it. The woman had tiny freckles and brown hair. The man had a round, full-jowled face that was brown from the sun. They both wore British battle dress and red-starred caps. The man held out his hand to me and said in French that his name was Ribnikar, that he was the Minister of Information for the Committee of National Liberation, and that this was his wife. We all sat down on a rock overlooking the stream. I had heard of Ribnikar; he had been the publisher of the largest Belgrade daily, *Politika,* before he had joined the Partisans.

I spent the whole day talking to Ribnikar and his wife. We were joined after a while by a major who had been second in command of a Partisan brigade until he had been recalled from the front to take charge of postwar planning. They told me what the Partisans would do for Yugoslavia after the war. There would, of course, be an election, in which the people could decide whether they wanted the King to return. Since Tito's government was not one-party but a front of all the political parties that had fought against the Fascists, these parties would not run against one another but would continue their coalition, which had been so successful during the war. Postwar Yugoslavia would respect private property and welcome foreign capital. Before anything else, there would be a tremendous rehabilitation job, and the Partisans realized that they would need the products of other countries to do it. Ribnikar said that they intend to pay for everything they get, either in cash or in concessions. We had dinner—rice and lamb—and then Ribnikar suggested that I spend the night. I slept in a room with the Ribnikars, the major, and the secretary of the Cabinet, a man who had been imprisoned by the prewar government for twelve years. The beds were like the one I had been sleeping on, but this time we had two blankets to cover us. No one took off anything except shoes. I slept in Ribnikar's bed and he doubled up with his wife.

The next morning I walked back to town by myself. On the way I heard the roar of a plane and saw a Dornier flying very low. I dived for cover, but it just cruised around, big and black and insolent. A few machine guns rattled at it from time to time, but it didn't seem bothered at all. After a while the plane went away and I continued to town. George was at the house when I reached it. He said that the youth congress was starting that evening. The sessions were being held at night to minimize the danger of air attacks. It had been supposed to start the night we arrived but had been postponed because the delegation from Montenegro had not arrived. The Montenegrins had finally made it. A hundred of them had started out two months before and fifty had got through. They had fought two battles with Germans and Chetniks on the way. Now all the delegates, a total of eight hundred, were here; they represented every section of Yugoslavia, including occupied territory.

AFTER dinner, George and I walked over to the hall. The bombed-out factory had been completely transformed. The floor had even been shellacked, the walls painted, and the precious tapestries hung on the walls. Slogans were painted everywhere: "Long Live Tito," "Long Live the United Nations," "Long Live a Free, Federal Yugoslavia." Huge portraits of Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Tito hung over a dais at one end. The hall was filled with benches, arranged in semicircles facing the dais. Most of the benches were already filled with delegates when George and I went in. They sat by sections, some of them according to districts, some according to cities—Belgrade in one place, Zagreb next to them, Serbia in front of them, Montenegro to the rear. Everyone was singing; the sections were all singing independently, but nobody seemed to mind. George and I sat among the Dalmatian delegates we had marched across the country with. They were excited when they saw us. They said that the village they had gone to was Fifth Corps headquarters, that they had



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been in the Stuka attack, that many people had been killed and the village destroyed, and that now the Fifth Corps headquarters was out in the woods. Peter, the leader of the Dalmatian group, was not with the delegates; his mission had been to join a guerrilla detachment operating a hundred miles from Drvar.

The dais gradually filled up with the executive committee of the youth organization. I recognized Slavko and Martin and Ranka and the girl whose name I didn't know. The benches in the front row were now occupied by Cabinet members, officers from the British mission, looking very British, and officers from the Russian mission, looking very Russian. The young Russian major I had met in the shower was with them. He was the delegate from the youth of the Soviet Union, George told me. The Partisans had invited the youth of all the Allied nations to send delegates, but the war had interfered. Lack of transportation had prevented the United States and England from sending delegates. Delegates from the Bulgarian resistance movement, the Greek E.A.M., and the Italian resistance movement had accepted, but only two Italians had been able to get through the German lines in Yugoslavia. The Russian major, though a member of the mission, was young enough to qualify as a delegate. There were also delegates from the Italian units fighting with the Partisans. There were several brigades of Italians in Yugoslavia and the Partisans had great respect for them. They said the Italians were brave men and excellent fighters.

When the hall was filled, Slavko stood up, waited until the singing stopped, and then shouted, "Death to Fascism!" The hall roared back, "Freedom to the People!" Slavko called the congress to order and read cables from the youth organizations of Bulgaria and Greece, saying how sorry they were that they couldn't send anyone. He had just finished the second cable when the people at the back began to murmur. Then they stood up, talking excitedly and clapping their hands and craning their necks, and Tito entered. He smiled and spoke to the delegates on the aisle as he walked toward his seat in the front row, and when the rest of the crowd saw who it was, they started to shout and whistle and stamp their feet. A few of them began to chant, and soon everyone took it up, clapping his hands in time and saying, "Ti-to! Ti-to! Ti-to!" Tito stopped to shake hands with the British and Russian officers and then sat down, but the crowd wouldn't stop. The chant got louder and faster until the building shook, and then it got really fast and the delegates began to lose the beat and just yell "Ti-to!" as fast as they could, and finally it ran out with a great yell and a burst of applause that made my ears ring.

When the audience finally became quiet, Slavko finished reading the cables and then introduced the honored guest of the evening, Marshal Tito. That set the audience off again, but Tito walked up to the rostrum on the dais and held up his hand until they stopped. Then he began to talk. He spoke for twenty minutes, quietly and without oratory. He didn't make a speech; he just talked. The reaction of the audience bore no resemblance to the reaction of young people to either Adolf Hitler or Frank Sinatra. The crowd loved him but was not hypnotized by him; they were simply interested in what he had to say. He wore a gray uniform, with gold oak leaves on the sleeves and the collar. His face was strong but not hard; he had high cheekbones and a sensitive mouth. He looked his age, which was fifty-three, but he also looked very fit. He told the delegates how glad he was to see them, how important their work was, and how important they were. At the end of his speech, he said, "Death to Fascism, Freedom to the People," and walked back to his seat.

One of the British officers greeted the congress in careful Serbian, and the Russian major and one of the Italian delegates spoke briefly in their own languages. Then Slavko called on delegates to tell what their groups had been doing since the last congress, held a year and a half before. The speakers ranged from a thirteen-year-old boy who had just killed six Germans to a twenty-four-year-old major general who had been a peasant in Bosnia when the Germans came. A girl from Serbia spoke about the work her agricultural brigades were doing. A thin, very embarrassed boy from Croatia recited figures on the work his detachment had done along the Zagreb-Belgrade railroad: ninety-three trains derailed, three hundred and fifty miles of track torn up, twenty-two bridges blown. The other delegates listened closely, as if checking the list against their own. A self-assured sixteen-year-old boy told of the job he and two of his friends had taken upon themselves one day. They were with a Partisan division on the outskirts of Zagreb and had decided to go into the city and kill an important Nazi general. They slipped

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through the German lines and went to the general's house. He wasn't home. No one was home, but the three of them came away with four machine pistols, two rifles, a sharp hunting knife, and all the general's medals, including one he had recently received from King Boris of Bulgaria. The boy apologized for the failure to carry out the mission. He said they would kill the general some other time.

The speakers went on like that for hours. A girl from Herzegovina told how her group had taught everyone in her village to read and write. Another girl talked of the Jasenovac concentration camp, in Croatia, where the native Fascists, called Ustachi, had burned prisoners alive in huge incinerators. Their record was fifteen hundred in one night, she said. A little boy told how his group had started to rebuild their village, burned by the Chetniks. He said that it was hard when you had no materials but that they would do it. A boy from Serbia spoke about the necessity for a Yugoslavian federation after the war. A Jewish boy from Dalmatia told how his unit had picked up some American fliers who had been forced to bail out. The Germans had chased them for three days and the Partisans had kept up a running fight, throwing a cordon around the fliers. They had had to carry one who was hurt and couldn't walk—four Partisans at a time until they dropped from exhaustion, and then four more. They had been strafed by Messerschmitts and had lost many men, but they had brought the Americans out.

All the delegates spoke simply, with no dramatics. Many were shy and afraid and some were confused, but each one had something to say and said it, and everything he had to say was important. Slavko finally called a break at two o'clock. The recess lasted fifteen minutes and during that time the dais was cleared. George said that there would be dancing by the National Ballet Company. "There was also to be a play by the National Theatre Company," he said, "but I think that will be tomorrow night." He said that these two groups had been organized as soon as there was any liberated territory. The nuclei were professionals well known in Yugoslavia before the war; the rest, the best dancers and actors that could be found in the front-line troops, had been sent back from the fighting zone. The lights went out, except for those over the stage. A group of men and women in native costume walked out on the dais and formed a

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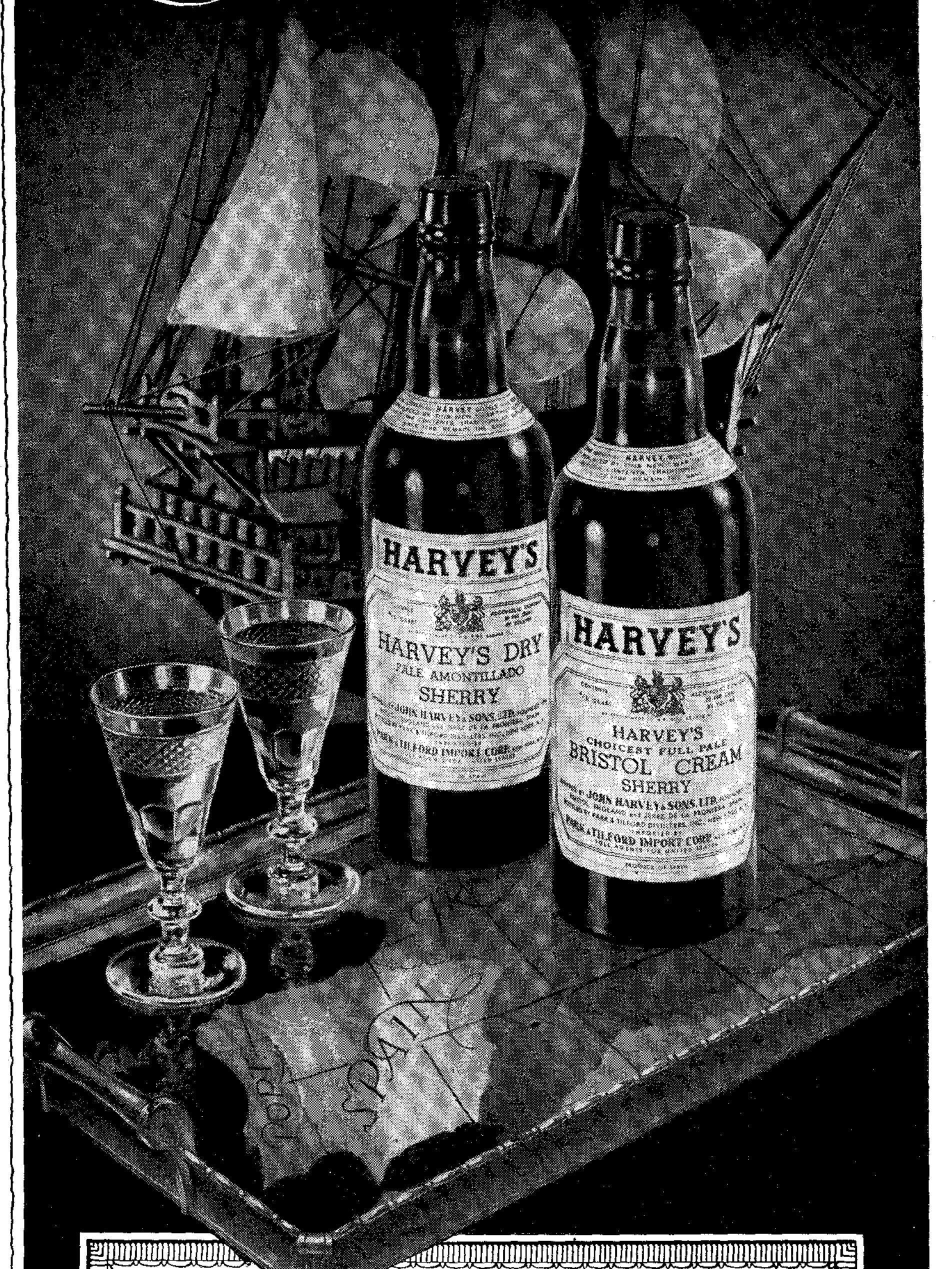

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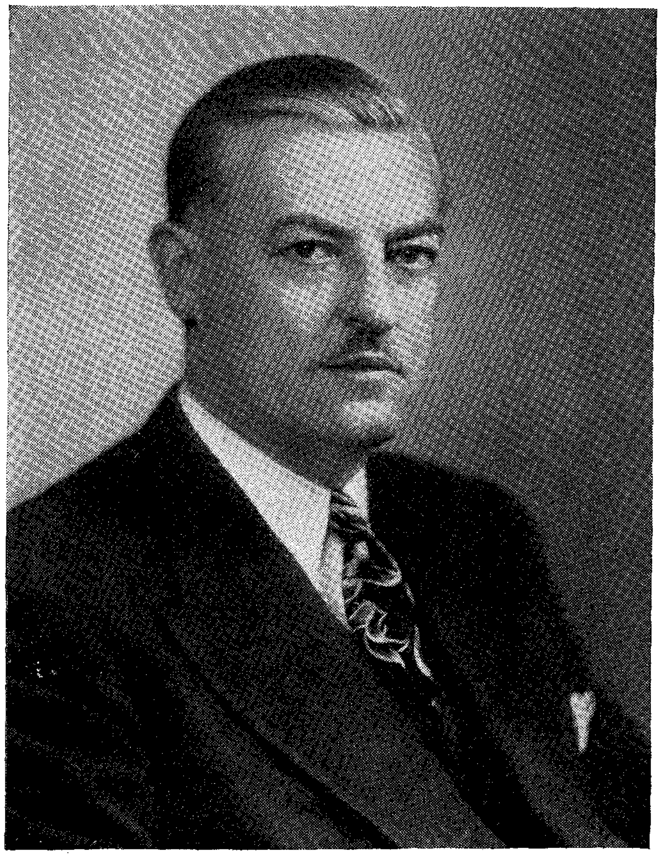

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semicircle. One of the men stepped out in front and bowed to the audience and the entertainment began. There were singers and dancers and a man who recited a poem of his own very energetically. After the entertainment there was another break and then more speeches, which lasted until five.

When the meeting was over, George and I went out with the Dalmatian delegates. We all walked back along the railroad track. The night was running out and the valley beginning to take shape out of the darkness. Some of the delegates sang quietly as they walked. There was another farmhouse near the one George and I were living in, and George took us to it. "We will eat here first," he said. "It is a special congress breakfast." A group of women were in the kitchen, preparing food by candlelight. George said that they were in the Yugoslavian anti-Fascist women's organization and had gathered from this valley and the next one to cook for the delegates. We got plates of food and carried them outside and sat on the grass to eat with the others. The food was the standard rice and lamb, but it tasted pretty good and there was tea to go with it. George and I ate slowly, then handed in our plates, said good night to the others, and started up a hill toward our house. When we got to the top, we turned around and looked down at the valley. It was light enough to see now. The valley was very quiet, but if you listened hard you could hear the faint rumble of gunfire from the other side of the mountains. We stood there for a long time, looking out over the valley. —Walter Bernstein

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

Alexander H. Stevens, Senator from Georgia and later Vice-President of the Confederacy, was the smallest man in the Senate, weighing less than eighty pounds, and standing less than five feet (5′) high. A huge Western Congressman once frothed at the mouth, seeking to answer him. "You! You! Why I could *swallow* you and never know I'd et a thing!" "In that case, you'd have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head," purred Stevens killingly.—*"Speaker's Desk Book," edited by Martha Lupton, 1937.*

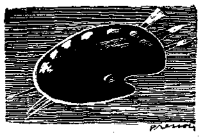
"I and Bob Swift (Tigers' catcher) had different ideas how to pitch this guy. Bob signed for a fast ball, and when I shook him off, he came out to argue. I told him, 'Get back there behind that dish. I'm sore enough to bite your head off and swallow it.'

" 'If you do,' he says, 'you'll have more brains in your stomach than your head.' "

—Dizzy Trout, quoted in an article by Red Smith in the Saturday Evening Post, Mar. 31, 1945.

THE ART GALLERIES

Landscapes, Cyclists, and Nudes



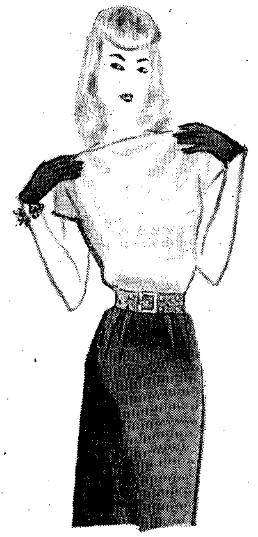
EVERY nation, I suppose, has to go through its period of growing pains, when it suddenly gets the idea that it's a mighty big fellow and can hardly resist showing off a little. It is a time, inevitably, of shouting and bluster, and the mood is reflected in the national art, which may run to either the bombastic or the naïve but is certain to center on the grandiose. In England, this mood appeared in the Victorian era and was best expressed in the writings of Rudyard Kipling, while in Germany it came in Bismarck's time and had Richard Wagner as its musical spokesman. We saw it here during the Civil War and the great expansion westward that preceded it, and it gave rise to the first truly native school of painting this country (till then pretty much an appendage of Europe artistically) had ever known. This was the Hudson River School of landscape painting, which reached its height in the middle portion of the nineteenth century—or, say, in the years 1830 to 1870—and which the Whitney Museum is now celebrating with a loan exhibition of some hundred and sixty canvases by members of the school.

To be sure, a great many signs of European influences are visible in the work of these artists. Most of them made the Grand Tour through France, Germany, and Italy, and there are traces of Claude Lorrain and the Dutch landscapists, as well as of the more rococo Magnasco and Salvator Rosa, all through them. But there was something really native about them, too. They were called collectively the Hudson River School because the members—Thomas Cole, Thomas Doughty, John Kensett, Frederick Church, Asher Durand, and so on—lived at one time or another in New York and painted extensively up the river. But as a matter of fact they weren't a school at all, in the sense that there was a close friendship or community of aims, and, once started, they went much farther afield in search of material.

What impelled them was not any theory of art, such as later motivated the Impressionists in their excursions. What they wanted was to see nature and see it big, and in this they were, incidentally, in perfect accord with the mood of the times. The opening of the West had awakened everyone to the size and majesty of the continent. People wanted to know about it, so when Church brought back pictures of the volcanoes of Mexico (it wasn't part of the United States, but what the hell, people thought, we might take it over any time), others of the Great Lakes, and still others of various mountain fastnesses, they were greeted with interest and appreciation. It is too bad that the paintings were so corny, but that, too, I think, was in the cards. Everyone, the artists included, was proud of just being an American in those days, and a little overawed besides; to be part owner, in a way, of such marvels as Pike's Peak and Niagara was a source of continual wonderment. The trouble is that none of these emotions—pride, awe, and wonder—is valid artistically. What the artist needs is something deeper than that, which is understanding, and since most of these men lacked it, or didn't try to attain it, their work, for all its "majesty" of concept and grandiosity, remains superficial.

Thomas Cole was the best of the lot. He had a kind of Old Testament sternness, an almost Biblical feeling for the loneliness and frailty of man in the face of the elements, that gave some of his paintings real impact (see "John the Baptist in the Wilderness," the green "Mount Washington from the Upper Saco Intervale," and "The Catskill Mountains," with its powerful diagonals), and the show devotes more attention to him than to any other painter. He had a taste for the fantastic, too, as revealed in some of his imaginary landscapes and allegories, that has led a few critics to compare him to the modern Surrealists. I think that relation is more accidental than real, for on his side it was largely a flowering of his interest in the metaphysical side of nature and had only the simplest philosophical overtones. But it did find expression in such weird creations as "The Titan's Goblet" and the series called "The Voyage of Life," all curiously evocative paintings.

As for the others of the group, I think it is as well to take them collectively. They had their separate characteristics—Inman was polite and Kensett suave, Durand tended toward the magniloquent, Doughty was serene and, by comparison with the others, delicate—and once in a while, by sheer persistence, they turned out a really good canvas, such as the small, closely particu-



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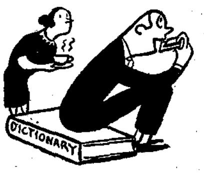

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larized "The Storm" by Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Doughty's "Landscape (House on Cliff and Pool)," and John Kensett's "Rocky Coast at Newport," but for the most part they painted such similar scenes with such similar emphasis that frequently it's difficult to tell them apart. They are historically interesting rather than artistically, and their main accomplishment is in the sheer pertinacity with which they covered so many square yards of canvas with so much leafage, boulders, and other sylvan detail. With it all, too, they're fun, or the show is, and my only regret is that they came before the Grand Canyon of the Colorado had been discovered. What they would have done with that is anybody's guess.

AT the Associated American Artists, there is a show of new paintings by William Gropper. Gropper certainly is one of our ablest cartoonists, but his painting has never kept up with his black-and-whites; at best, it lagged a little, and now it shows traces of definitely falling behind. A good many of his pieces in the show are tired-looking, careless-looking, and rather lacklustre in their inspiration, and in general the old fire that made a Gropper really a Gropper seems lacking. I liked, though, the cruel study of a congressman called "For the Record," the "Boy with a Book," and the morbidly exact "Villagers." . . . At Pierre Matisse, through this Saturday, there is a group of eleven nudes by as many modern artists, ranging from Balthus and Chagall to Matisse and Picasso. The Chagall, a tidbit called "Nu sur Vitebsk," looks as if he'd decided to see whether he could paint something really fleshly, just for the fun of it, but the cream of the lot is the Masson "Nu à la Flamme"—precise, swiftly sinuous, and thoroughly enjoyable. . . . Fernand Léger's obsession this year is lady cyclists, and his new show, at the Valentine, contains at least a half-dozen paintings on this theme. They are hard, sound, sure, solid, and everything else one usually says about Léger. But unfortunately, apart from a few of them ("Les Belles Cyclistes, No. 2" and "Le Passage à Niveau," for example), they are not much more. No advance, is what I guess I'm trying to say.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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ALLO ALLO?

PRETTY nearly everyone knows that, except for "important persons," it takes quite a little while to have a residence telephone installed these days. The ordinary householder has to wait in line, so to speak, often for several months. This is a wartime novelty to most Americans, but to some, those who have lived in Paris, it is quite reminiscent of the process one used to have to go through in that city to get a telephone not so long ago—up to 1935, when M. Mandel became Minister of Communications in charge of the P.T.T. (*Postes, Télégraphes, et Téléphones*) and straightened things out.

I remember well the trouble my wife and I had getting a telephone installed —and officially recognized—in a furnished apartment we rented in the Rue Cassini, a little street only a block long, out beyond the Luxembourg Gardens, near the Observatoire. There was no telephone in the place when we signed the lease and moved in, but to us that fact had no importance. What could be simpler than to get a telephone? The nearest post office, I knew, was the place to apply, and apply I did, setting down my data on the prescribed official form, a piece of stamped paper, a *papier timbré*, costing about three francs. And a week or so later, there came in the morning's mail a telephone contract from the P. T. T. It was in duplicate, and one copy was to be signed and returned with check or money order for two hundred and fifty francs as a deposit.

There seemed to be something cockeyed about the contract, though, as I read it over. It was apparently a two-year contract, binding us to keep the telephone for two years from the date of signing. A mistake, obviously. I took it around to the post office right away.

The woman at the *guichet* where telephone affairs were transacted was one of those gray-haired, nondescript little old women who sit by the thousand behind the post-office *guichets* in France and either snap your head off if your questions bore them, as is usually the case, or listen sympathetically if you happen to catch their interest. This one seemed to find my questions about the contract highly fantastic.

"But what you are asking, Monsieur, is to have a temporary telephone installed in your home!" she exclaimed. "That is quite impossible. A telephone can be installed for a shorter period than two years only in a fair, an exposition, or some other enterprise of essentially temporary nature. A telephone in one's home is not included in that category. The P.T.T. considers a home a permanent establishment, Monsieur."

"But we are to be in France for barely a year, Madame," I said. "After that we shall be moving back to our home in America."

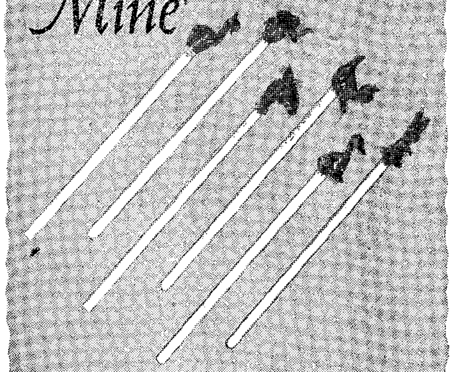
"*Est-ce possible!* We here are not accustomed to such mobility, though I dare say it is a question of *habitude*, like everything else. No, Monsieur, if you wish a telephone in your French home, you will have to sign the two-year contract."

"And keep on paying for the telephone after we leave the country?" I asked.

Madame smiled at the naïveté of the question. "Naturally you will continue to pay the basic monthly charge during the entire two-year period, Monsieur, unless the person who takes over your apartment when you move out wishes to take over the telephone as well. In that case, which is rare, the remainder of the contract can be turned over to him. Otherwise, the Ministry will remove the instrument and reserve it for you, so that you may have it installed elsewhere later if you wish —within the two-year term, that is. When your contract terminates, and if you do not renew, your deposit will either be returned to you or credited on your bill."

There seemed to be no getting around it. The charges which Madame quoted were very low—far below American telephone rates. The cost for two years would be no more than one year's bills at home. So I signed, and handed Madame the contract and a check. "When can I expect to have the telephone installed, Madame?"

"*Ah, Monsieur, cela dépend!* Sometimes it goes quickly, sometimes slowly, depending on the circumstances. I should say, however, that if unforeseen difficulties do not arise you can expect



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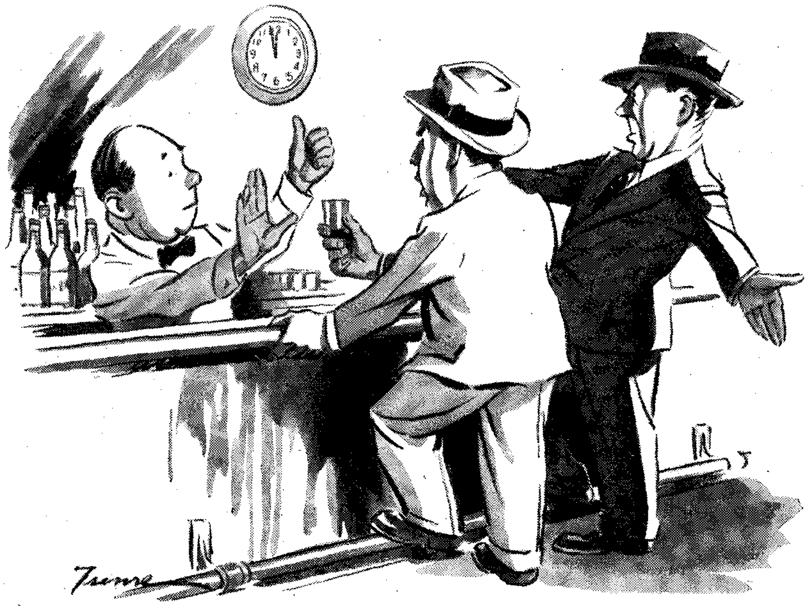

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to have your telephone in about three months."

"Three months! Is there really no way of getting the instrument a little more quickly than that, Madame?"

But now Madame's good humor was beginning to wear a little thin. "*Chacun à son tour, Monsieur,*" she said severely. "Turn and turn about; that is the rule in France. Nothing can be done to hasten the process that I know of, Monsieur."

MY wife, though, thought that *she* knew of something that could possibly be done. She had lived in France longer than I, and knew the advantage—indeed, almost the necessity—of doing anything of any importance *par relations.* Using one of the public telephones in the post office, she called up an old friend of hers who was some kind of functionary in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and asked his advice about what steps could be taken. He said he'd inquire into the matter and asked her to call back, and when she did, the next day, he had good news. "I've spoken to a chap I know over at the P.T.T.," he said, "and he says he'll be glad to do what he can for you. He's a dependable fellow, so I think you'll have your phone as quickly as anybody could. There's just one detail he asked me to pass on to you. When the men come to put in the instrument, they'll expect to have it made worth their while. You see, they'll be attending to you out of turn, and naturally they'll want some proof that it was the proper thing to have done. Do you get what I mean?" My wife said she got it perfectly and expressed her warmest thanks.

Several weeks went by—several weeks during which we kept running over to the post office to make our telephone calls. And then one day, slightly less than a month after we'd signed the contract, the telephone men appeared. There were three or four of them, and they did a lot of tapping and measuring outside the house as well as inside. It seemed that, although telephone cables had been incorporated in the construction of our rather modern little apartment house, no one had ever had a phone put in, and it was a question of locating the cables so that a connection could be made. There was, the men told us, one other telephone in the block, in a house a few doors away.

For the better part of a day the men worked hard, and then they found the cables and installed the instrument. "*Ça sonne bien!*" they said, exchanging glances of self-congratulation, when the bell gave its first welcome ring for the test calls. "*Allo allo, Mademoiselle?*" each one of them said experimentally into the mouthpiece. "*Allo allo allo?*" Finally their work was done. We proved, apparently to their satisfaction, that they had done well to come to us so quickly, and they said friendly farewells.

Our first call on the new phone was to thank my wife's friend at the Foreign Office. He seemed awed—in fact, almost alarmed—by the speedy success of his *démarche*. "*Ça doit être le record!*" he exclaimed. "*Le record mondial!* Are you sure the instrument is connected properly in every detail?" He sounded rather dubious.

However, we had no difficulty. We telephoned anybody we wanted to, and those friends to whom we telephoned the news and gave our number had no trouble in telephoning us. Our telephone seemed a great success, and we wrote our families at home how much we were enjoying it.

THEN, one Sunday evening, after we'd had the telephone about a month, we came home from a drive in the country to be greeted breathlessly by a pretty little maid in cap and apron whom we didn't know but who came running up to us from somewhere down the street the minute she saw us arrive. "You have had a telephone call from New York, Monsieur and Madame!" she cried. "The call came to our house instead of yours, because your telephone is not known. I was the only one at home. I myself heard the New York operator speaking!"

A call from New York! That was something to get excited about in those days. We asked her to tell us all about it.

"The people in New York didn't know your telephone number," the maid said. "They only knew your address and the fact that you have a telephone. The operator here in Paris didn't have any telephone listed for anybody with your name, but she was most intelligent: she called our house because it's the only one on the street for which she had a telephone listed, and she thought that New York might have made a mistake in the name and address. I assured her that there were some Americans with a telephone at the address the people in New York gave her, but she said she had no record of it and could do nothing. I came to tell you this, Monsieur and Madame, but you were out, and I have been watching for you all afternoon."

We heartily thanked the little maid, and then I went rather hastily to the

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telephone and tried to find out something about the call from New York. But my efforts were in vain. Neither the local operator nor the long-distance operator I got hold of had any record of the call. "How could we have the call in our records if we never had any telephone number to record it under?" the long-distance operator asked rather indignantly.

"But why in the world haven't you got our telephone listed?" I demanded. "We've had it almost a month."

"Almost a month! That is your answer, Monsieur. That is precisely why it is not listed. It is too recent to be included in the directory, and the supplementary list is most chaotic, most chaotic always, Monsieur. If you have an idea of the identity of the person in New York who telephoned you, I suggest that you communicate your telephone number to that person so that he may call you by number. That is the only safe procedure until one is listed in the directory, Monsieur."

So we cabled our telephone number to our families. Both of them lived in New York, and the call had almost certainly come from one of them. The next morning the call came through successfully. And as soon as it was finished, my wife telephoned once more to her friend at the Foreign Office and told him the story.

"Aha! I thought it was a little too soon for things to be going perfectly," he said. "There are often difficulties until a new telephone is officially listed, but I will communicate again with my friend at the P.T.T. and I have no doubt that he will see that you get full satisfaction."

During the next few days we learned from various French friends who didn't have our number that they, too, had had difficulty in reaching us. The operator had in several cases denied any knowledge of our telephone, and only by securing our number from other friends had they succeeded in getting through. "But it's always that way with a new telephone," they said. "*Que voulez-vous? C'est normal.*" They hadn't even bothered to tell us about it.

THEN, a week or so later, we received full satisfaction.

We answered a ring of the doorbell one afternoon about five, and there stood a gentleman in formal clothes—black Homburg, striped trousers, and all the rest of it. He bowed and presented his card. He was a functionary of the P.T.T.—a customers' man, apparently. "The Minister has asked me to call on you," he said, "to express his formal regrets concerning your transatlantic call. It is deplorable that such a mistake should have occurred and the Minister hopes that you will accept his sincere apologies."

We declared ourselves only too ready to do so, especially if we could be sure that in the future the Paris operators would be aware of the fact that we had a telephone.

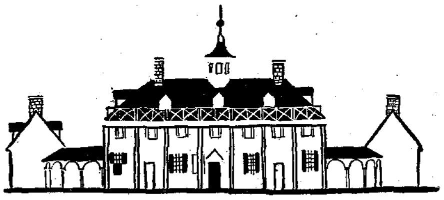
"*Soyez tranquilles,*" the gentleman urged us. "I can assure you that you need have no further worries on that score. The new directory will not be ready for another month or two, but your name and number have been definitely placed on the supplementary list. The Minister has given orders to that effect. Anybody is now able to telephone you, whether he knows your number or not. Everyone at the P.T.T. now knows that you are among our valued subscribers."

That was very nice to know.

"You see," the gentleman went on, "your telephone was put in so very quickly that in a sense it got ahead of the records. The normal delay of three months or more in the installation of a telephone takes care of most of that kind of difficulty. By the time the average telephone is installed, the number has usually been listed somewhere. Not always, of course. A new telephone . . . *Il y a souvent des ennuis, il faut l'avouer.*"

And as for the two-year contract, which I asked him about, the functionary was most regretful that I had not got in touch with my friend before signing it. Yes, two years was the rule. But of course there are always exceptions to rules. Some loophole could have been found, some reclassification made. Even now it was probably not too late. If I wished him to investigate the matter . . .

I thanked him, but I said I thought not. There had already been sufficient telephone detail in our lives, I felt. It would be easier to let the contract run its normal course and hope that our successor in the apartment would be willing to take it over. So the subject of the conversation was gracefully changed. We had some begonias standing around in pots. They were beautiful, beautiful, the gentleman said. They were, in fact, his favorite flower. In the



garden of his little house in Neuilly, a modest place, of course . . .

And then, after begonias had been touched on sufficiently and after we had each drunk a glass of *porto* and taken a *petit four* or two, the gentleman rose to go. We thanked him from the bottom of our hearts. Should I offer him anything more than the *porto* and the *petits fours*, I wondered. I debated, and because he was so elegantly turned out, so very *digne*, I decided not to. My wife's friend in the Foreign Office shrugged when I told him about it, a day or two afterward. "You could have," he said. "It wasn't strictly necessary, of course, but you could have, you could have."

At any rate, our telephone service was perfect after that. We didn't have any more calls from New York, but no one in Paris had any trouble getting us. It was the formal visit by the P.T.T. gentleman that had marked the official recognition of our telephone—that was clear. A residence telephone, installed and in full working order, in less than two months—*le record mondial!* Scarcely that, as we well knew, being Americans. But it wasn't bad, two months—in Paris. And it wouldn't be bad today, two months—in New York.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

•

Mrs. Harrison Williams, whose name has been synonymous with sartorial chic and luxury for decades, is telling friends in Palm Beach there's nothing like learning all of the angles in wartime travel.

Mona, with maid, dog and several pieces of luggage, was bound for Palm Beach when she was initiated into the intricacies of travel in a day coach. Due to military expediency, the drawing room train on which she had secured accommodations to the Gold Coast could not be routed through.

When her train pulled into the station at Baltimore all of the passengers were put out of their drawing rooms and told to trek over to another string of cars just forming. So Mona, her maid and pooch, minus a porter, had to carry their bags over the bridge at the station and into a day coach.—*The World-Telegram.*

Will this ugly war never be over?

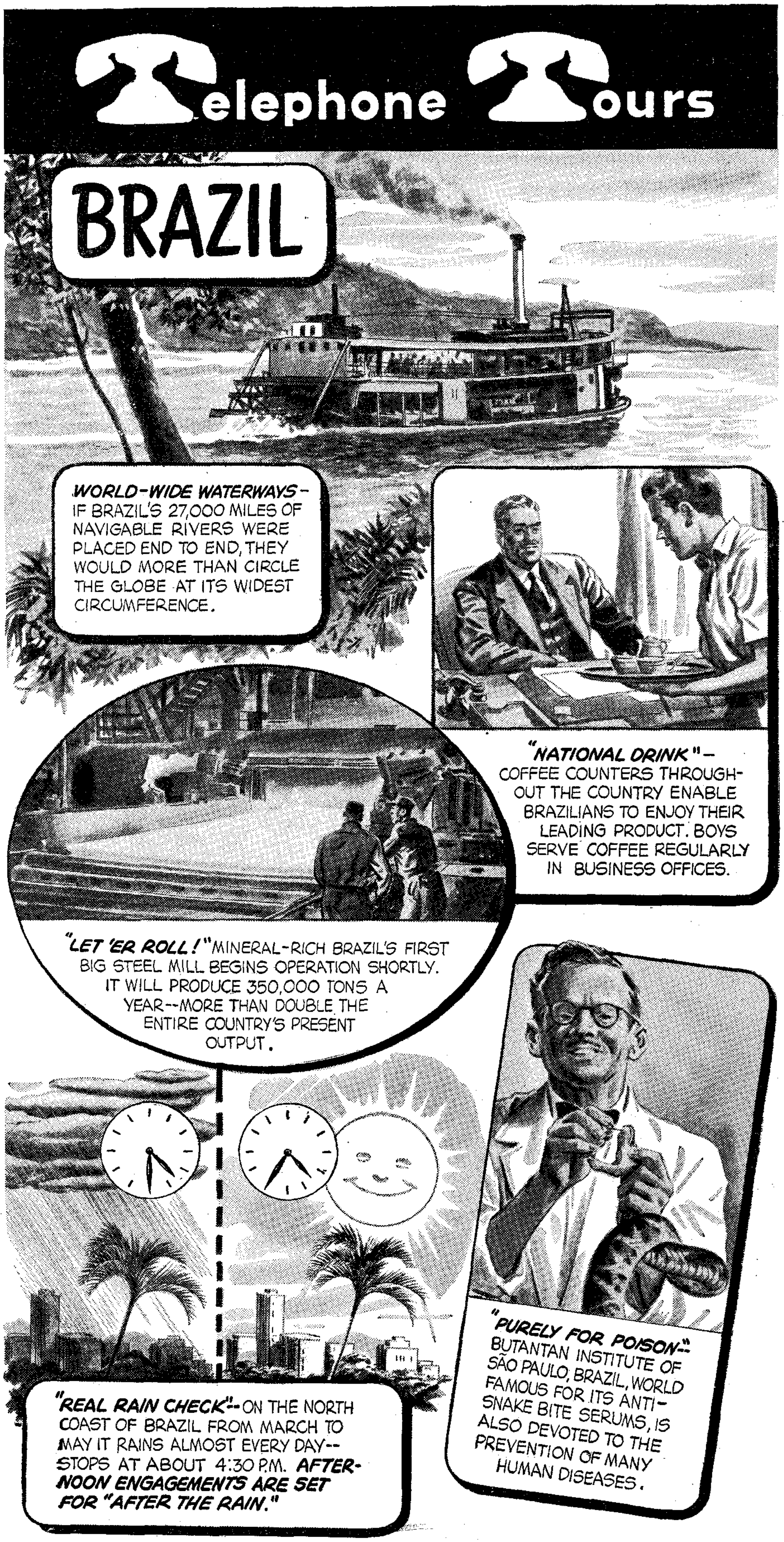
•

O PIONEERS DEPARTMENT

[*From a Missouri paper*]

The Oklahoma highway patrol is going to make sure Lord Halifax, British ambassador, has every chance possible at bagging a wolf.

It has arranged for an airplane with a loudspeaker system to fly above the hunting party. When a wolf is spotted from the air, J. M. Gentry, state safety commission, will announce to the party below the location of the animal.



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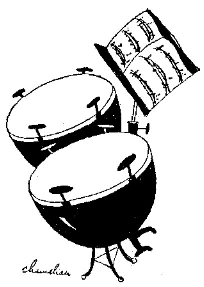
MUSICAL EVENTS

More Opera

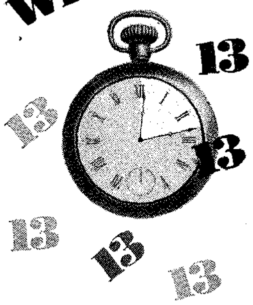


THE City Center Opera Company has Wagner's "The Flying Dutchman" and Gounod's "Faust" in its current spring repertory, along with many of its excellent productions of other seasons. "The Flying Dutchman" isn't performed very often these days and perhaps it wouldn't be performed at all if it didn't happen to be a bit of early Wagner. It's a spotty opera, with a bounding, romantic overture, some effective dramatic moments, and a good deal of indifferent music that gets attention only because its composer later wrote better operas. People who are interested in the development of Wagner as a musician find "The Flying Dutchman" reasonably fascinating, but as an opera the work isn't particularly important. I should add that the audience at the City Center performance I attended greeted it with obvious pleasure, and it wasn't an audience of professionals, either.

Among the newcomers to the City Center troupe for "The Flying Dutchman" was Doris Doree, who has sung at the Metropolitan. She drew the difficult and somewhat unrewarding rôle of Senta and made a considerable success of it. The Flying Dutchman was Frederick Destal, who took care of his assignment capably and resonantly. Two other recent City Center arrivals—Enid Szantho, who, like Miss Doree, has been heard at the Metropolitan, and a young tenor, Giulio Gari—were helpful as Mary and the Steersman, respectively. William Horne sang the unattractive leading tenor rôle of Erik with so much feeling that he made it believable, and Sidor Belarsky was an efficient Daland. As for the rest, I thought that the girls' chorus outsang the men of the ensemble. Under the diligent direction of Laszlo Halasz, the orchestra kept going vivaciously. José Ruben's staging was straightforward, and Richard Rychtarik's scenery was pleasantly Byronic.

"Faust," of course, is something of a self-starter, and the company managed to pull it off to the satisfaction of the listeners, but it was scarcely a model exhibition. Its greatest asset was Doro-

WHISTLE STOP



AN AMAZING STORY OF AIR TRANSPORT AT WAR

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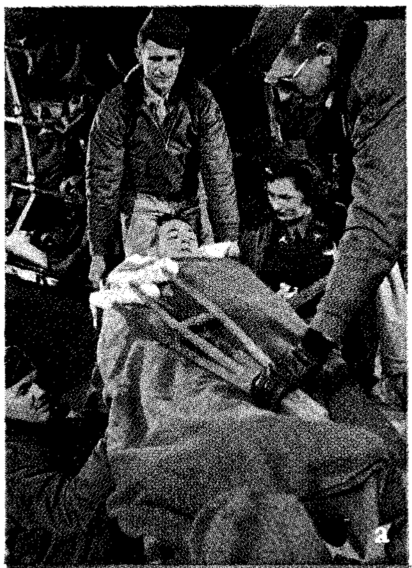
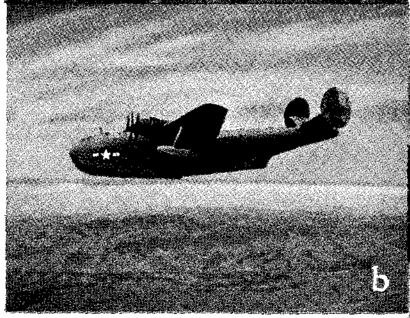
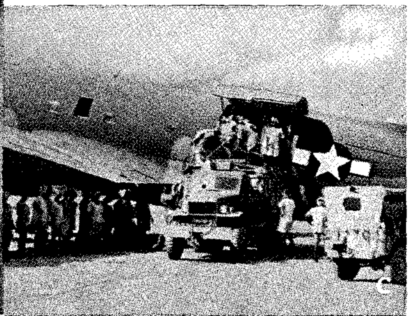
Few Americans are yet aware of the full meaning of all this to our way of life, to our outlook and to our incomes, but these facts are significant: The best estimates indicate that there will be 20 million airline passengers within three years after the war, at rates you are used to paying for first-class travel by rail . . . *The chances are you will travel by air!*

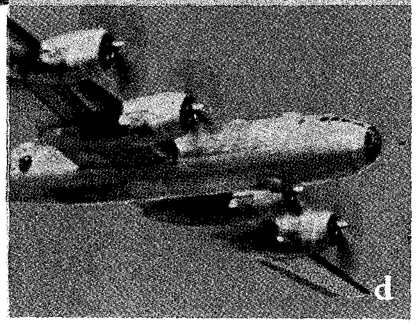
Such equipment as the new Curtiss Commando can profitably transport air cargo at a small fraction of pre-war rates . . . *The chances are you will ship by air!*

With millions of jobs resulting either directly or indirectly from American aviation, and with business already basing its plans upon planes . . . *the chances are you will profit from the air!*









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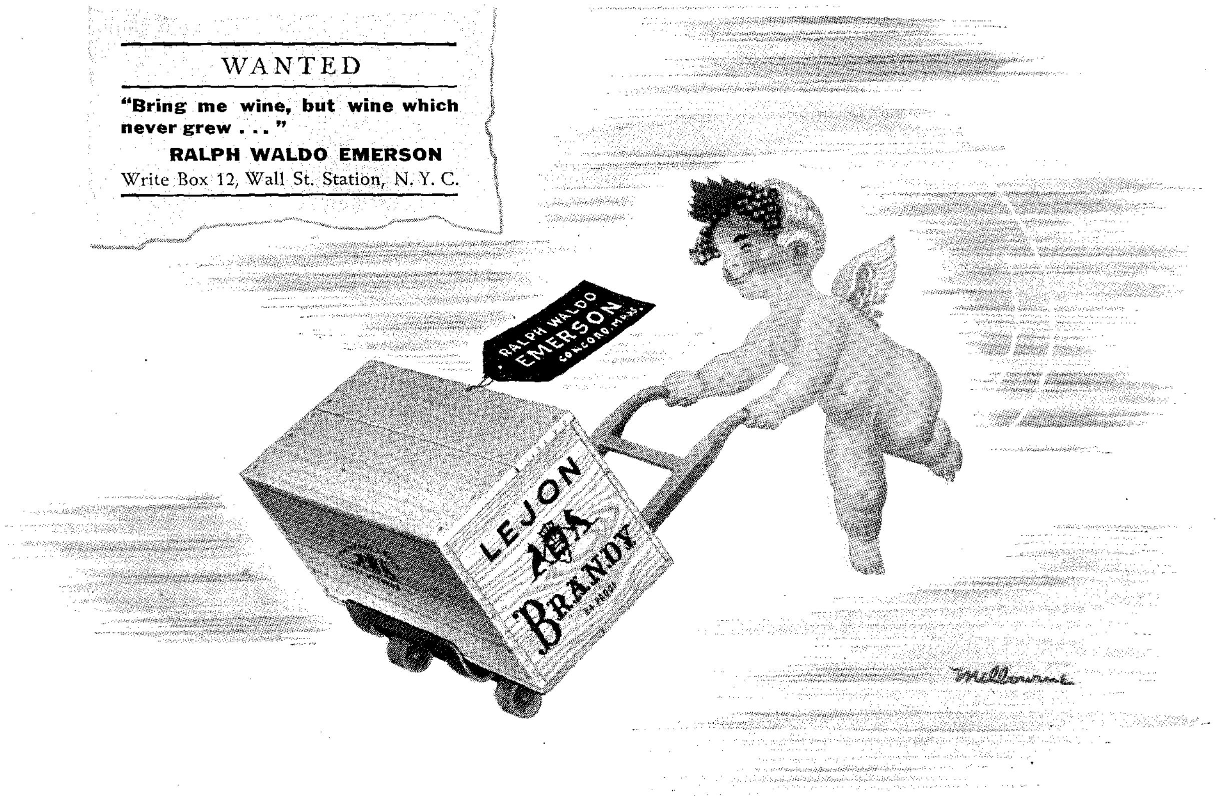

WANTED

"Bring me wine, but wine which never grew . . ."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

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Dear Mr. Emerson: It seems that your advertisement in the Concord, Mass., Gazette has caused quite a little talk as to what you really wanted. Fortunately, a connoisseur like yourself forwarded it to us as a court of last resort and we are unhesitatingly shipping you a case of LEJON Brandy••• In truth, it *is* a "Wine which never grew" because LEJON Brandy is a master blend of the very essence of fine wines distilled with precious care••• Your essay on Experience has ever been a source of inspiration to us, practicing the Vintner's art here, at Chateau LEJON. We hope and expect our product will serve you as well.

LEJON

*For Brandy Connoisseurs: We have a booklet, "The Spirit of the Grape".**
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thy Kirsten's Marguerite, which was not only handsomely sung but also imaginatively acted. Apparently, there had been some notion of having the part of Siebel sung by a tenor (not a novelty, though, because this was done by another company in the late twenties), but the plan was dropped. The only innovation of consequence that I spotted, except for a few surprises caused by first-night stage mishaps, was the omission of Valentin's popular air. Since there were no articulate complaints from the audience, the elimination of a song hit wasn't important, I suppose. Dramatically, this "Faust" was hampered by the fact that the scenery left very little space for action. Marguerite, in one scene, couldn't even find a suitable place to put down her headdress and had to drop it behind her spinning wheel.

AT a special Schola Cantorum concert for the benefit of Armed Forces Master Records, an organization which supplies phonograph records for the services, there was a novelty in the juxtaposition of two musical versions of St. Francis's "Canticle of the Sun." The first, by Leo Sowerby, was a colorful and finely wrought work for chorus and orchestra, in which Matthew Arnold's English translation of the canticle was used. The second was Charles Martin Loeffler's setting of a modern Italian translation for soprano solo and small orchestra. In this, the principal feature was the superb singing of Ellabelle Davis. The Loeffler music itself seemed one of the lesser efforts of a sensitive craftsman. The choir of the United States Naval Reserve Midshipmen's School assisted the Schola in the long program, which was conducted by Hugh Ross with his customary devotion and understanding.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Old and Hot

VICTOR has just released six albums of interesting reissues under the general title of "Hot Jazz Classics." Each album, which has four discs, is devoted to the work of a single band, and it is the company's hope (or so the company says) that the new series will be made the basis for a serious study of the genre in colleges and universities. In any event, if you happen to be at all interested in jazz, you will probably want to hear Victor's classics. The bands are McKinney's Cotton Pickers, Benny Goodman's Trio and Quartet, the

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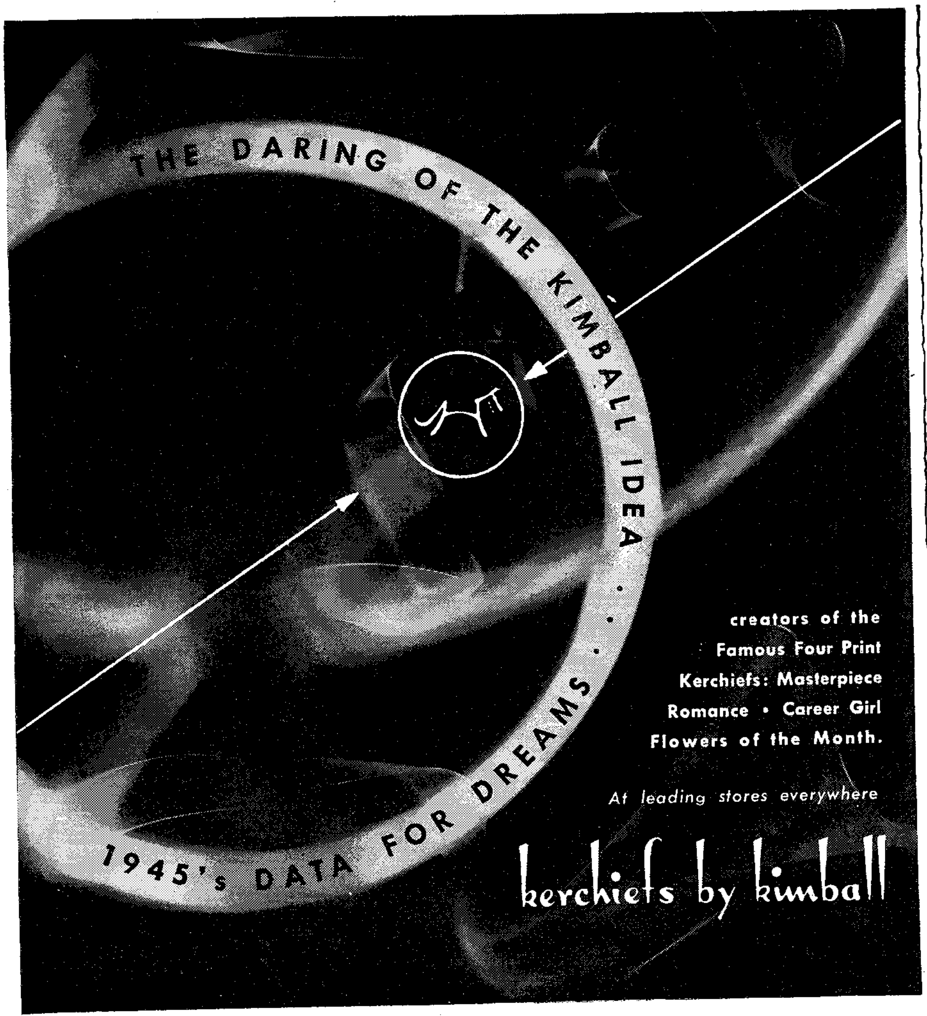
Quintet of the Hot Club of France, and combinations of various sizes under the supervision of Jelly-Roll Morton, Lionel Hampton, and Louis Armstrong.

The educational value of the choices is pleasantly high. You'll find, for example, Jelly-Roll Morton, surrounded by some fine New Orleans musicians, relaxing in his own "Red Hot Pepper" and Armstrong demonstrating his bedrock approach in "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues." The Cotton Pickers offer, among other things, "Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble." The French Quintet applies its surprisingly Fifty-second Street ideas to "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." Goodman, with the help of Teddy Wilson and Gene Krupa, provides a sober and tender ornamentation for "Body and Soul," and Hampton does exhilarating things with his vibraphone in "Buzzin' Round with the Bee." Each album contains the customary interpretive leaflet, written by Charles Edward Smith, whose comments are helpful and encouragingly restrained.

THE Commodore Music Shop, which believes that there is good music to be had outside the archives, continues to issue its own new hot jazz recordings. The most recent is a pair made by Edmond Hall and his quartet (Commodore 557). In addition to Hall and his clarinet, the group consists of Teddy Wilson, piano; Billy Taylor, bass; and Arthur Trappier, drums. Hall and Wilson work out a fast, intricate lacery around the melody of "Caravan" while Taylor's bass runs up and down the scale in a rolling sort of rhythm. There are interesting solos by the two melody instruments in this item. The quartet, in ensemble, does nicely in a slower tempo in the other number, "It's Only a Shanty in Old Shanty Town." Other recent issues by this house are "Memphis Blues" and "Sweet Sue," played by Muggsy Spanier and his Ragtimers (Commodore 1519), and "St. Louis Blues" and "Peg o' My Heart," performed by Miff Mole and his Nicksieland Band (Commodore 1518), both of which are very good indeed.

ONE of the abler cantatrices is Jo Stafford, whose musical talents are many and, as they say, varied. Her style is peculiarly her own, even though several of its elements may occasionally remind you of certain of her contemporaries. You may, for instance, detect the intimacy of Dinah Shore, the in-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tensity of Bea Wain, the spontaneity of Ella Mae Morse, the invention of Billie Holiday, and the abandon of Mildred Bailey. However, these references are fleeting and purely accidental, representing, as they do, vogues of the times rather than imitation. Anyway, she works to very good and artistic purpose in two of her new recordings—"Out of This World," from the Paramount picture of the same title, and "There's No You," both on Capitol record 191. The accompaniments, which are furnished by Paul Weston and his orchestra, are inclined to be symphonic and a bit precious. This doesn't seem to interfere much with Miss Stafford's singing, though.

THE dance records in the current crop are fairly numerous, but only a few of them struck me as being particularly good. My choices are:

LAURA and A SONG TO REMEMBER—Freddy Martin and his orchestra. The themes which helped to "create mood" for two very successful motion pictures are given a slow and likable ballad treatment by Martin and his interpreters. "A Song to Remember," as you probably know, is a fox-trot version of Chopin's E-major Etude. (*Victor 20-1655*)

CALDONIA and HAPPINESS IS A THING CALLED JOE—Woody Herman and his orchestra. An outstanding example of the versatility of the Herman aggregation. "Caldonia" is a shouting, jamming sort of thing and very fast. Frances Wayne sings the chorus of "Happiness" with considerable poise, against an orderly, rather sensitively harmonized arrangement. (*Columbia 36789*)

ANY OLD TIME and ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. A pair of smoothly played pieces in Dorsey's mellow, latter-day style. The vocals are engagingly presented by Billy Usher in "Any Old Time" and by the Sentimentalists in "On the Sunny Side of the Street." (*Victor 20-1648*)

—OFFBEAT

•

WHAT ISSUE OF "TIME" D'YA READ?

Let *Time's* tribute to a great American be the words our editors wrote then [*Time*, Nov. 29, 1943]: *"As future visitors . . . gaze at the mementos of Franklin Roosevelt, they will be well aware that he was an extraordinary man, with an extraordinary consciousness of history and of his part in it. . . ."—Time, April 23, 1945.*

As future visitors to that Presidential museum gaze at the mementos of Franklin Roosevelt, they will be well aware that he was an extraordinary man, with an extraordinary consciousness of history and of his part in it. But those future visitors may be able to answer with more assurance than the citizens of 1943 the question: How well and truly did President Roosevelt and the American people carry on the great heritage of the Republic?

—*Time, November 29, 1943.*

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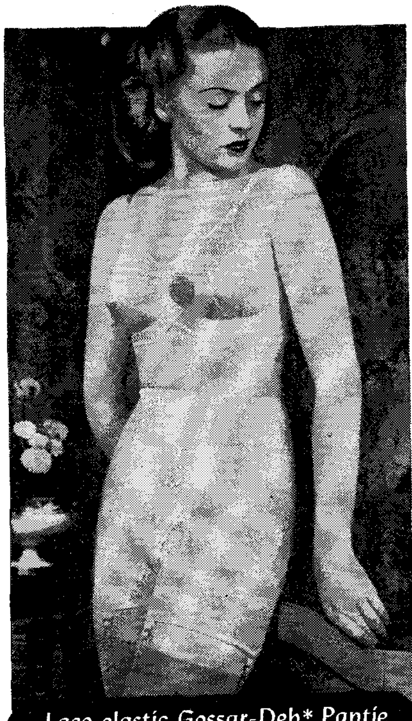

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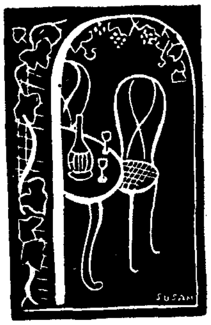
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE Salt Box Shop at McCreery, a useful spot to prowl in when you are looking for summer-cottage furnishings, has unearthed some more of those table lamps for which the place has come to have a certain reputation. Even before lamps became really scarce, the shop was hard at work scouting for old oil-burning ones to convert to electricity, so it has rarely been without a reasonably good supply. The present crop consists of some fat and comfortable-looking metal lamps of the font type, which originally were coated with nickel but have been stripped down to the basic brass and buffed to a handsome polish. They're $27.50 each, including a glass half-globe in green or white; the same sort of lamp without a shade is $22. There are other, smaller lamps, which are reproductions, but quite nice enough to be used along with old things in a simple setting—on writing desks, say, or in pairs on a dressing table. These have marble bases, metal shafts, and colored glass fonts (green, turquoise, or amethyst), and, without shade, are $6.95 and $7.95.



The Salt Box is also responsible for a small group of assorted tables, for outdoors, which should be able to stand up to any kind of summer weather. The metal bases of old stoves and sewing machines have been painted black and covered with gray-white marble tops. In coffee- and end-table sizes, respectively fifteen and twenty-five inches high, they are $19.95 and $22.50.

That perennial McCreery special, the reproduction of a tall-backed Boston rocker in black with gold decorations, is still on hand, by the way, in the adjacent furniture department; $24.95, and almost a requirement on cottage porches, especially if the cottage happens to be painted white.

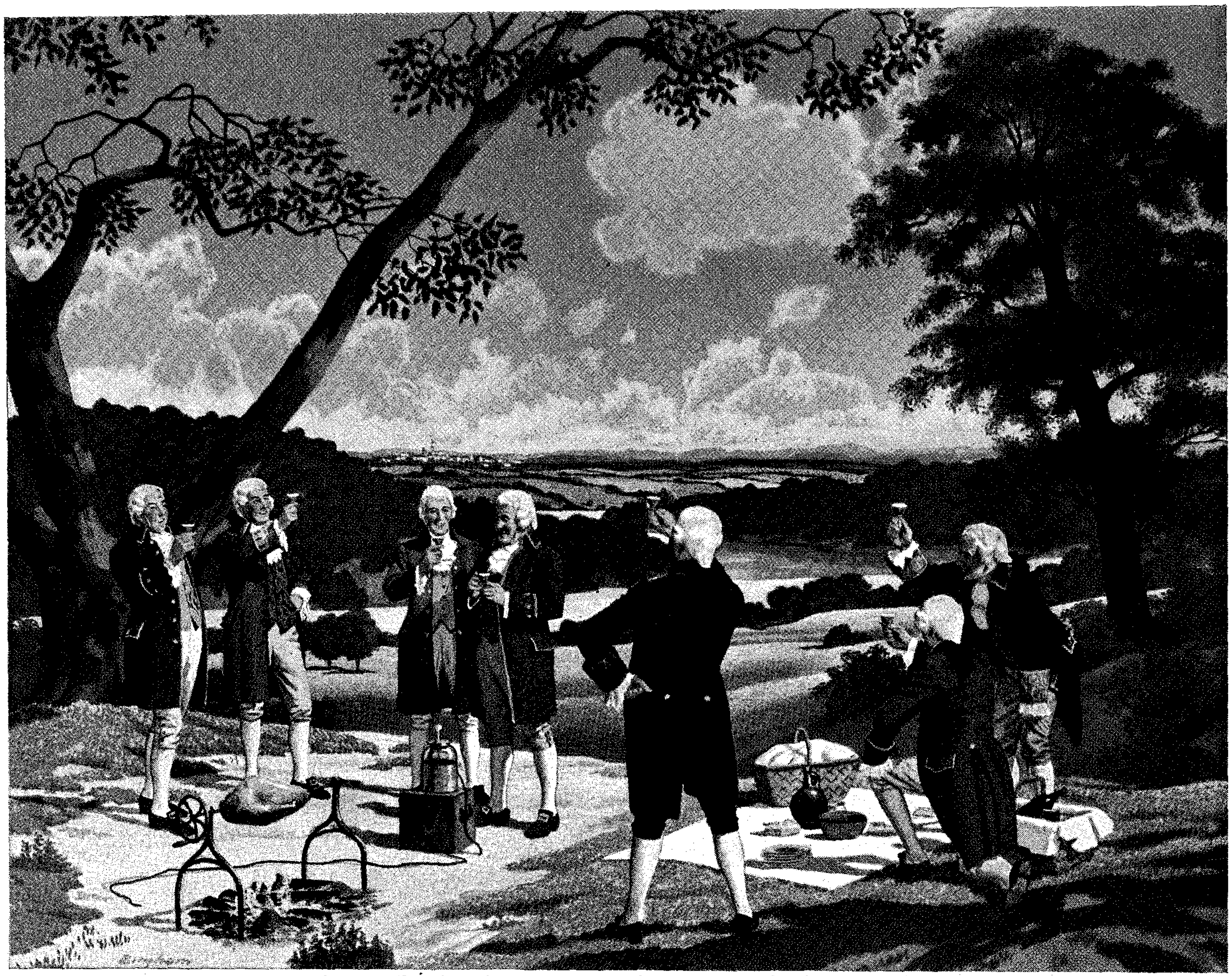
NOTHING could be in greater contrast to furnishings of this order than the clear-cut modernity of the Hans Knoll chairs and benches, in Bloomingdale's outdoor-furniture section. In the collection this year, you will still find those chairs with the curved, basketweave-webbing seats which lift out of the chair frames to serve as lawn or floor back rests. In addition, there are several new but somewhat similar pieces—armchairs, sofa benches, and rockers. There is no fuss about any of these things. The newcomers have plain, sturdy, forthright lines (the framework of the rocker sort of resembles a hobbyhorse, to give you an idea), and, like the earlier pieces, webbing seats and backs, made from rejected parachute belting which has been dyed in handsome versions of cherry red, citron, brown, gray, and green. The wood framework is natural-finish cypress and birch, treated in some fashion or other to stand a reasonable amount of weather.

Some of the earlier pieces appear this year for the first time in a white lacquer finish, very stylish with the brilliant latticework of their colored webbing. Up to now they have been done only in natural-finish woods. It won't hurt to remind you, while we are still on the subject, that any of these chairs can be fitted out with alternate seats—one in the webbing, for summer, and a padded one upholstered in tweed or some other appropriate men's suiting, for an indoor life in winter.

OUTDOOR furnishings of still another order are at Mayhew-Copley, 603 Madison Avenue (57th). The supply of old iron outdoor furniture having fallen well behind the persistent demand for it by people with city back-yard gardens to outfit, the shop has reproduced, in aluminum, which is once again appearing in civilian life, typical examples of the familiar little rococo benches and chairs, which can be painted any color you like. They weigh a good deal less than the iron originals, of course, but otherwise they can't be distinguished from them.

Mayhew's barbecue group, on the other hand, is right down to earth. There are footed charcoal grills that seem entirely practical and at least reasonably sturdy, and there is a table that I haven't seen elsewhere—a square, wrought-iron affair, approximately bridge-table size and height, which has one grill-topped charcoal chamber set in its tiled top and, in addition, a second, vertical grill built up at one side, with a spit for roasting a joint or fowl in true rotisserie style. The table has front wheels and a handle for pushing it—fortunately, for it's a weighty thing.

—B. B.



Benjamin Franklin's "Electrical Picnic" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1749*

Philadelphia

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> *Letter from Franklin to a scientific friend, 29 April 1749*

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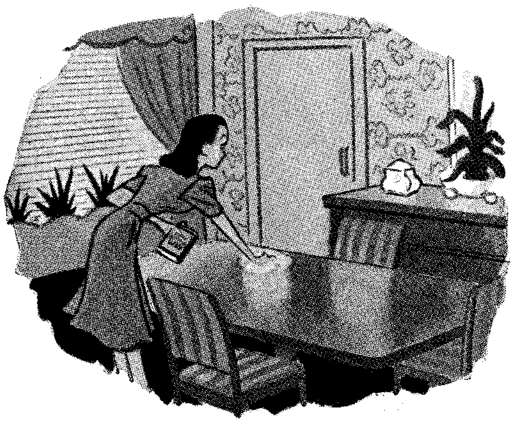

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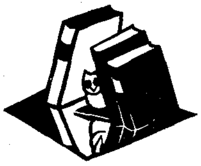
BOOKS

Cavemen, Cimbrians, and Christopher Columbus

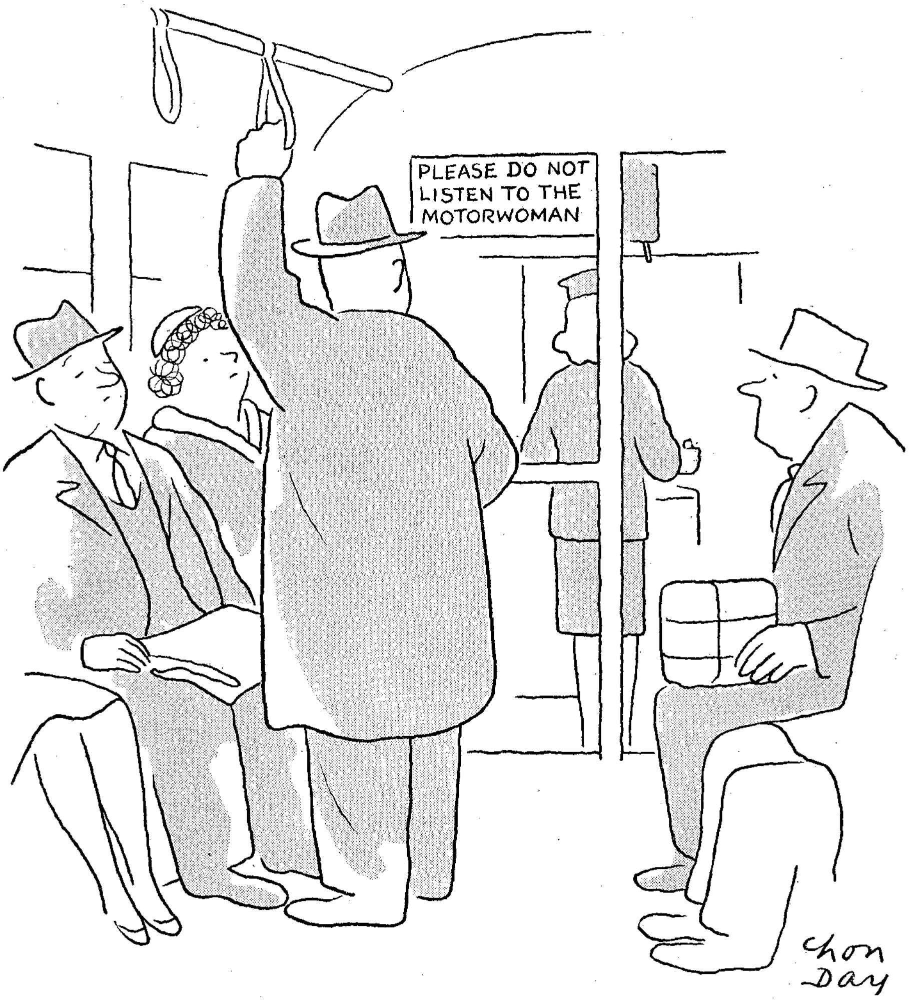


JOHANNES V. JENSEN's "The Long Journey" (Knopf), a one-volume edition of the long and ambitious trilogy that won the Nobel Prize in 1944, is not a new novel. Mr. Jensen, a Danish writer whose position in his country is comparable to that of Sigrid Undset in hers and of Thomas Mann in pre-Nazi Germany, wrote it in the early part of this century. The first volume, "Fire and Ice," appeared in an English translation in January, 1923; the second, "The Cimbrians," came out in September of the same year; the third, "Christopher Columbus," was published in March, 1924. The books were received with a proper amount of respect, even with a burst of enthusiasm here and there, but that was about all. Americans don't go in much for epics, particularly an epic that sets out to tell the story of man's upward striving from the time of the cavemen to the discovery of this country, and Mr. Jensen was soon forgotten. Now that he has won the Nobel Prize, something his publishers will unquestionably let no one forget, he is not unlike a pitcher who, after a brief stay in the big leagues, drifts back to one of the provincial circuits and then is brought, with a great outcry, back to the majors as the hottest performer since Bob Feller or Dizzy Dean. Mr. Jensen isn't as good as that, prize or no prize, but it's obvious that he doesn't belong in the Buckeye League, either.

The author, in his trilogy, has turned out what must be the longest and most complicated story about a family ever written. Considering that his family is the human family, ranging all the way from a fellow called "The Man" to Daniel Boone, it could hardly be otherwise. It does make for a slightly crowded canvas, however, and the action, which manages to involve most of the major events in man's history from the coming of the Ice Age to Charles Darwin's voyage in the Beagle, also gets crowded at times. Mr. Jensen, a good storyteller, keeps things moving right along, though, and even those who usually get the trembles when exposed to an epic ought to be able to read this one without fidgeting too much.

Of the three books that make up Mr. Jensen's trilogy, the one I like best is "Fire and Ice." The author, who plainly believes that the place to begin is the beginning, goes back to prehistoric times, when it was rather hard to tell the human animal from any of the other ones, and builds the drama of this book around man's terrible struggle with nature and his first great triumph over his physical environment—the discovery and domestication of fire. Cavemen are not my favorite people, and I'd rather have my evolution straight, but Mr. Jensen makes his gallery of fur-wearing primitives, as they go through the pangs of being the origin of the human species, considerably more creditable than a lot of recent fictional characters who have got far enough along in the evolutionary process to wear store clothes. The author has obviously been reading plenty of anthropological, geological, and evolutionary literature, including such standbys as Frazer's "The Golden Bough," but his book is no mere recasting of facts in fictional form. Mr. Francis Hackett, in an appreciative preface for this new edition of Mr. Jensen's work, speaks of the author's great scientific knowledge and his "anthropological eye." Both are important, of course, but what strikes me as being more important is the author's imagination. Our scientific information about the social and family life of primitive man is relatively limited, and Mr. Jensen's eye as a novelist is much more valuable, for the business at hand, than his eye as an anthropologist. What Mr. Jensen is doing, since it is completely impossible to be altogether correct scientifically about things that were going on a few geological epochs ago, is offering his conception of what happened. Professional anthropologists, I feel sure, would want to quarrel with him on a hundred points, but I can't see that this matters. All that really counts in a novel is that we believe in it; the illusion of correctness is more important than correctness itself. What is called the "life" or "truth" of a novel derives not from a collection of fictionized facts but from the spinning of a web of imagined or remembered details that unites the actual existence of the reader with the pretended existence of the characters. And this, in "Fire and Ice," is just what Mr. Jensen has done.

He isn't nearly so successful in his two other books in the trilogy. In both of them—"The Cimbrians," which re-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There's Mr. Carey, Mrs. Carey, Alice, Fay, and Edith,
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Till Uncle Irving died, it seems, and left them
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And then they get their legacy, and everything
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SIMON AND SCHUSTER

volves about the Cimbrian invasion of Italy in the second century before Christ, and "Christopher Columbus," which is about the explorer and a lot of other things—he depends more on facts and less on his imagination. Theoretically, and according to the rules that seem to govern the writing of the informed nonsense that constitutes the bulk of modern historical novels, this ought to bolster the illusion of correctness, but it does just the opposite. The fertility of Mr. Jensen's imagination is always evident, but "The Cimbrians," persuasive though it is at times, often reads like a loose reworking of Plutarch and some of the Roman historians. Except for those passages that tell of the adventures of Norne Gaest, the central figure of Norse legend, who is used here as a symbol of the desperate hunger of man's mind and soul, it isn't very much better, on the whole, than "Ben Hur" or "Quo Vadis."

Mr. Jensen, in the first part of "Christopher Columbus," hits his stride again. We know considerably more about Columbus than we know about the cavemen, but since this knowledge is so fragmentary, particularly when it comes to the day-by-day details of his first voyage of discovery, the author can let his imagination go to work again. The result is that we get a wonderful picture of that voyage—the mounting fear of the men, the energy and single-mindedness of the explorer, the alternate periods of hope and despair. It may or may not be historically correct, but I, for one, am quite prepared to believe that that was the way (or nearly the way) it happened. Not all of "Christopher Columbus," unfortunately, is as good as that. I was more than a little surprised to find Norne Gaest turning up as Quetzalcoatl, the White God of the Aztecs, and I felt, on toward the end of the book, when I ran into Charles Darwin in the Beagle, that things were beginning to get quite out of hand. They don't often, however, and Mr. Jensen's trilogy, for all its sprawling six hundred and sixty-seven pages, is a reasonably disciplined book. Considering the sobriety of its theme, it is also a very readable one. It remains an epic, ornate at times and overreaching at others, but I certainly wouldn't let its being an epic frighten me off. —HAMILTON BASSO

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

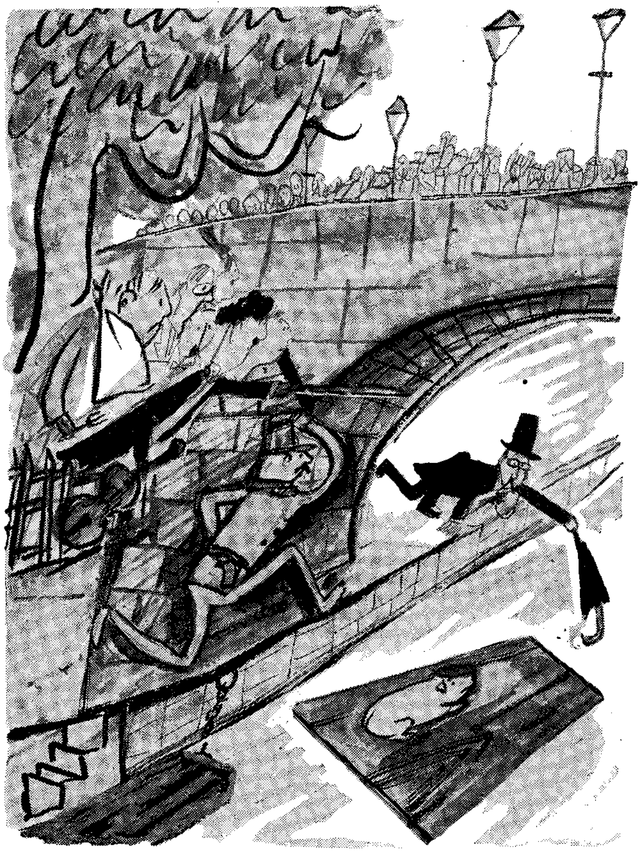
THE PRISONER, by Ernst Lothar, translated by James A. Galston (Doubleday, Doran). As a novel, this account of the spiritual unmaking of a Nazi is nothing remarkable, but as a record of the easy life of German prisoners of war in this country and their extraordinarily well-organized political activities inside the camps, it will be absorbing reading for Americans. Herr Lothar is a solid novelist, rather uncompromisingly serious, and it is to be presumed that he knows what he is talking about.

The Ghostly Lover, by Elizabeth Hardwick (Harcourt, Brace). A first novel that explores seriously and with considerable originality, through the mind of a rather frustrated young girl, the complicated relationships of a middle-class Kentucky family. Miss Hardwick has a dozen faults, chief among which is an elaborately obfuscated style that may very well put you off her story almost at the start. The novel does, however, manage to generate a certain emotional force, and there are some nice flashes of insight that indicate it may be worth keeping this author in mind.

Now That April's There, by Daisy Neumann (Lippincott). A minor problem that must be confronting many British households these days is adjustment to returning evacuees who have grown from childhood to adolescence in America. Miss Neumann takes this theme, so patently full of delightful possibilities, and makes a dullish tale, told in words of only slightly more than one syllable, of the return of a brother and sister to their quiet Oxford home after four years of lively American life. Let's hope that this pallid little novel will not discourage an author with a sharper wit than Miss Neumann's from reporting on the same subject.

GENERAL

Surrender on Demand, by Varian Fry (Random House). The exciting story, told here for the first time, of how a small band of Americans got together to rescue the anti-Fascist intellectuals of Europe after the fall of France left them no asylum on the Continent. Mr. Fry, the committee's agent, went to Marseille in the summer of 1940 and organized an underground railroad which sneaked hundreds of very scared famous men out of the Gestapo's greedy clutch. Among those he saved were Lion Feuchtwanger, Heinrich Mann, Marc Chagall, and Franz Werfel. The author, obviously keeping his temper, does little more than hint at



Out of his wry genius Bemelmans ...has written "his best book." —LEWIS GANNETT, Herald Tribune.

"More than the highly gifted raconteur . . . He writes with the same insouciance, the same biting deceptive artlessness, the same humorous turns of characterization; but what he says goes deeper than entertainment."—ROSE FELD, *Herald Tribune Book Review.*

"Bemelmans at his best . . . a beautifully sad, tender, bitter and haunting story."—STERLING NORTH, *N. Y. Post.*

"It is Bemelmans and beautiful all through."—KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON, *Harpers.*

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CHRISTOPHER MORLEY SAYS:

"Mr. Espey's 'heresies,' and how innocent and delightfully humorous they are, consist of bringing gaiety to Presbyterianism. This winning, unpretentious little book describes a childhood spent in a Presbyterian mission in one of the native quarters of Shanghai. I rather suspect that one might learn from it more of Chinese character than from many more ambitious volumes. . . . It is only a casual record, the author tells us, of a few years of American youth, that happened to be played against a Chinese background; but under the admirable comedy of the episodes a great love for a great people is plain to see. . . . The Espey childhood, recollected in tranquillity, seems truly enviable. Chinese servants and nursemaids, hilarious practical jokes, the guileless comedy of some missionary ideas—and sometimes the heroism, too—compile a record that sparkles with both fun and feeling."

—*Book-of-the-Month Club News*

Some chapters of *Minor Heresies* have appeared in *The New Yorker*

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the obstructionist tactics of certain of our State Department officials, who were apparently some of the toughest of the forces opposing him, but even so, the book should make unpleasant reading for those few American diplomats who seemed to care more about Marshal Pétain's feelings than about the victims of Nazi fury.

THE FUTURE OF EUROPE, by Johannes Steel (Holt). The young author of this book, whose news analyses on the radio have often been marked by almost hysterical shrillness, has written what for him is a sober-minded study of the shape of postwar Europe. Glib and dogmatic as usual, Mr. Steel nevertheless offers some sharp observations on the dangers of the pan-German movement (he seems to be able to smell out a pan-German in any guise), the value to the world of a strong France, organized religion in politics, and other questions which will account for many chewed pencils on the peace table.

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS, by Frank Lloyd Wright (University of Chicago). Beginning with a spirited, enthusiastic attack on the American machine-made way of life, especially on the centralization in our vertically congested cities, the famous architect goes on to give his ground plan for a more truly democratic society. Mr. Wright is an evangelical artist who believes that, since politics, religion, philosophy, and economics have failed, "organic Architecture is perhaps the only interpreter now that can light the way." He casts a cold eye on current concepts of money, rent, full employment, and housing, and excoriates the selfish forces which he thinks keep American economy muscle-bound. In spite of a style that is little short of deplorable—"The old City is nothing more than much more of the already much too much in all the Hell there is"—what he has to say is interesting and deserves attention. There are photographs of models of the kind of community architecture Mr. Wright advocates.

THE BEST FROM YANK (Dutton). A selection of what *Yank's* editors consider the best text and pictures so far printed in the Army's global weekly—a best that is very good indeed. The book contains combat stories and articles from every battle front, soldier verse and humor, a section of notable war photographs, and, of course, Sad Sack.

NO VOICE IS WHOLLY LOST, by Harry Slochower (Creative Age). Taking as his text a canon of Hesiod—"No voice is wholly lost that is the voice of many men"—an acute and unorthodox literary critic discusses and attempts to analyze the important writers and thinkers of the past twenty-five years who have struggled for self-integration and, using themselves as microcosms, have sought to relate man to the world he lives in. Many of the writers in question are the restless ones—the Joyces and Prousts, the Thomas Manns and Thomas Wolfes—who, despite their stature as artists, were never satisfied that they had come to a full understanding of the conflicting forces in civilized society. Others, like Spengler, Freud, and Marx, are men who, each in his own way, felt they had discovered a system of thinking by which the modern world could be explained to modern man. To thread a way through the confused currents of the latter years of wrath and war is a hazardous venture, probably beyond the ability of any living man. Even though Professor Slochower seems sometimes to lose himself, it must be conceded that this is a brilliant try.

BETIO BEACHHEAD (Holt). An account of the bloody assault on Tarawa. The book, the work of four Marines, three of them combat correspondents, is in a now familiar pattern, describing the action hour by hour, play by play. Seventy-two photographs, unfortunately without captions, fill out what is one of the most comprehensive documents on any of this war's battles.

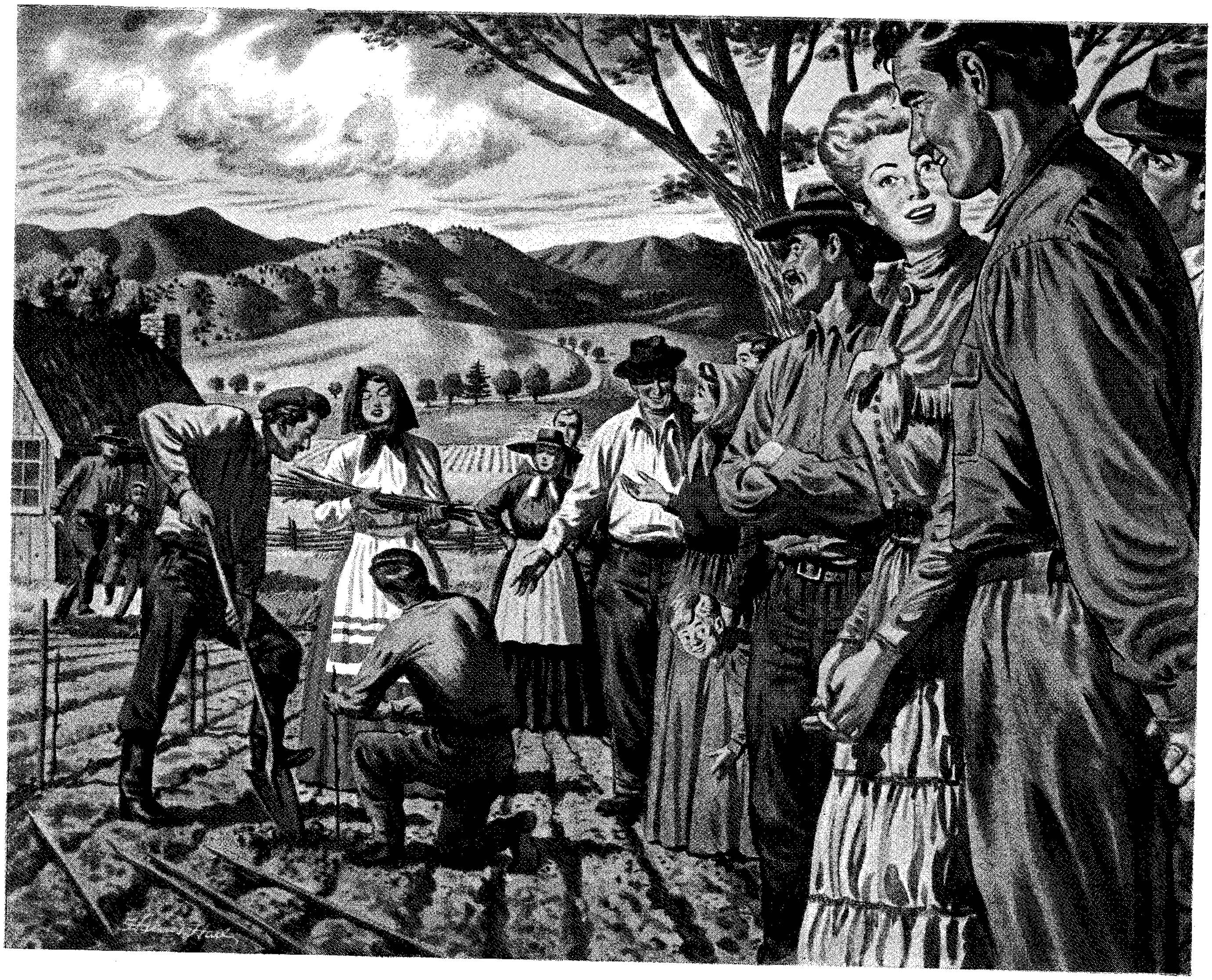
MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER ON A TANGENT, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday, Doran). A good deal of bickering among the social workers at Talbot House, a welfare center in a Connecticut town, ends in the murder of the bookkeeper, an unprepossessing lady who evidently knew too much about the death of a social worker twenty years before. The county detective, O'Neill by name, eventually gets his murderer, on the strength of some fairly slender clues. Slow, but with a good background.

●

Woolens temporarily may be rather tight, but this is not a situation that is causing any particular concern.—*Washington tip sheet.*

The devil it isn't! Hand us those scissors!



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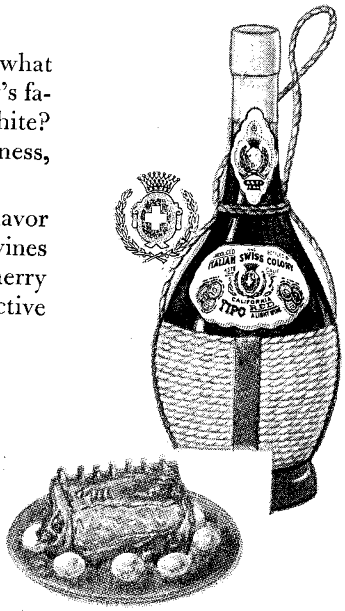

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